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THE NEW YORKER

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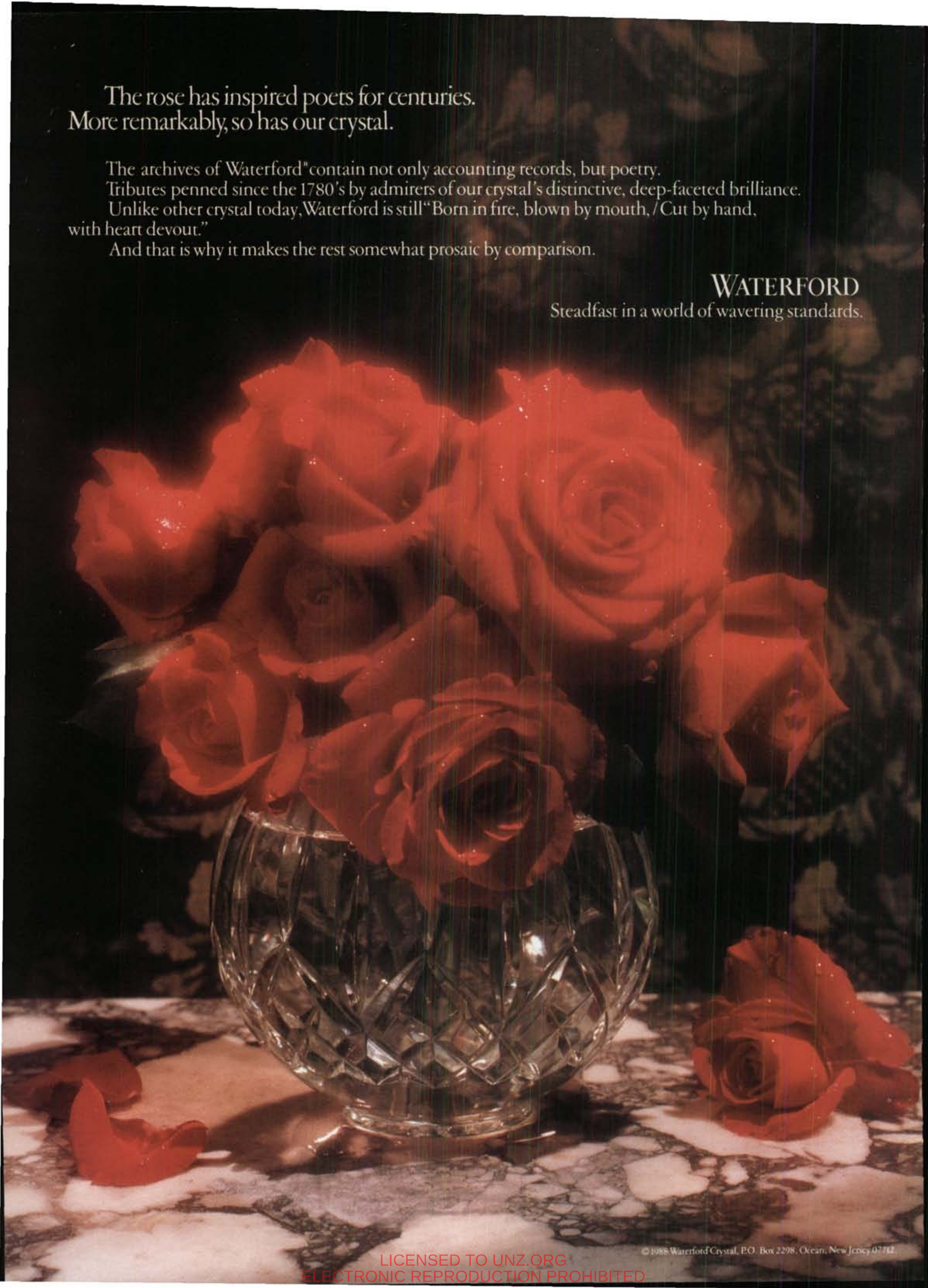

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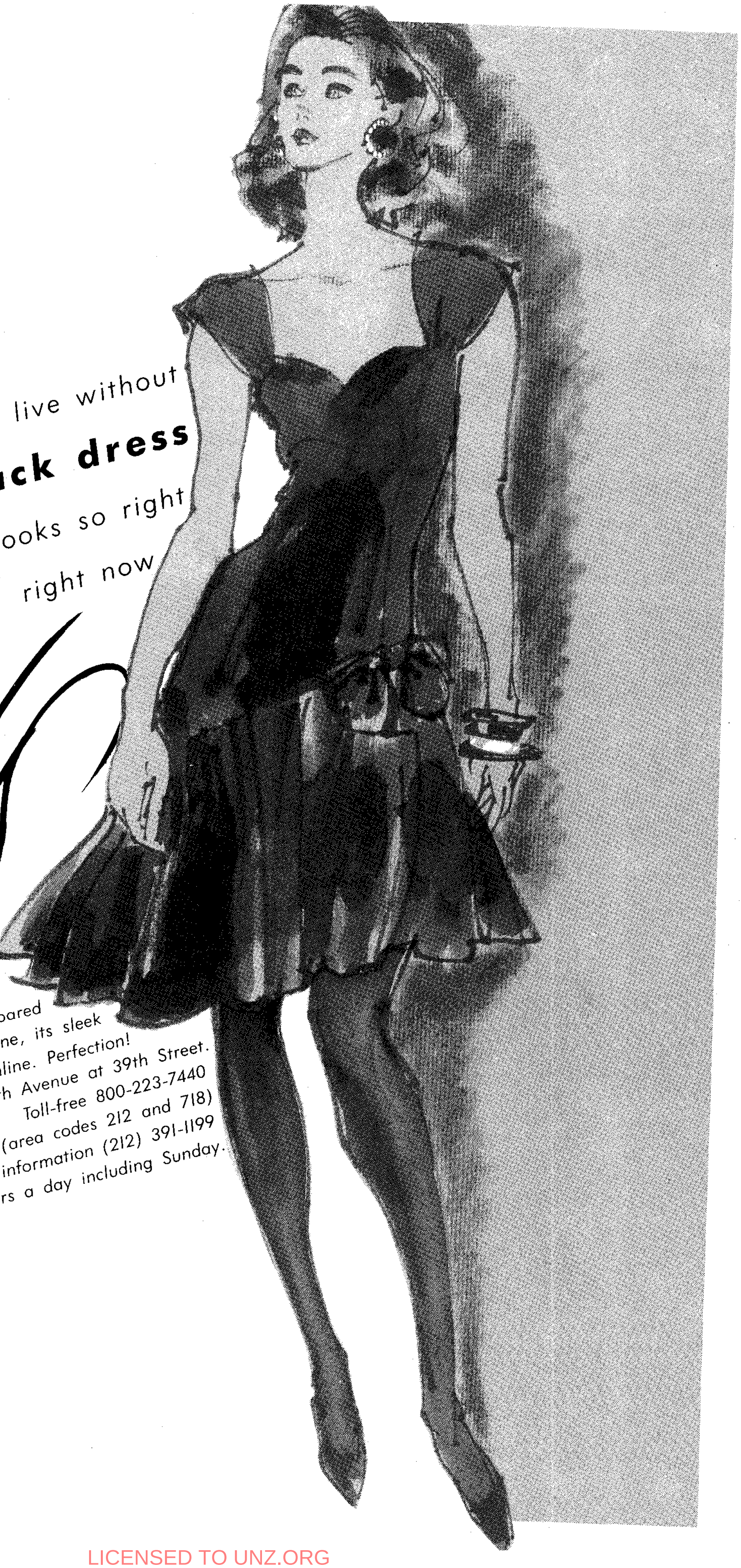

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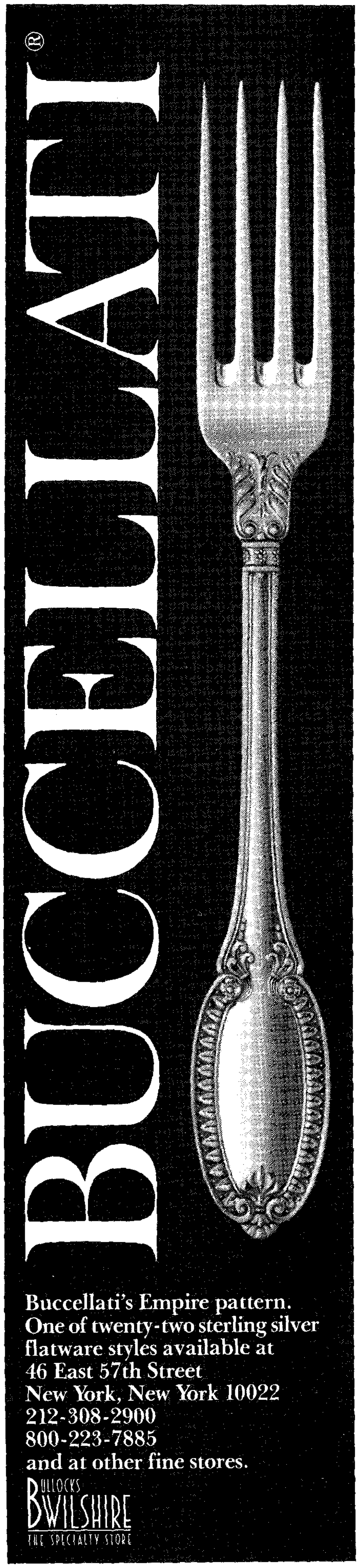

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Anything Goes—Under the clever direction of Jerry Zaks, this exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The libretto, as revised from the original by Timothy Crouse and John Weidman, is consistently entertaining. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, Patti LuPone, Anthony Heald, and Kathleen Mahony-Bennett, does more than justice to the words and score. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/2/87.) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Birthday Party—This revival of Harold Pinter's first full-length play, directed by Carey Perloff, will be of interest to anyone eager to see a difficult playwright's work correctly done. The play may seem empty and a little inept now, but this production, with a company led by the wonderful David Strathairn, is cast almost as perfectly as it is visually conceived (and only an American matchbook is out of place on Loy Arcenas's clever set). (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesdays, except May 3, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 22.)

Boys' Life—Directed by W. H. Macy, Howard Korder's engrossing new play is an eminently quotable postmodern comedy of manners that makes an intelligent contribution to the dialogue on the battle between the sexes. (3/28/88) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

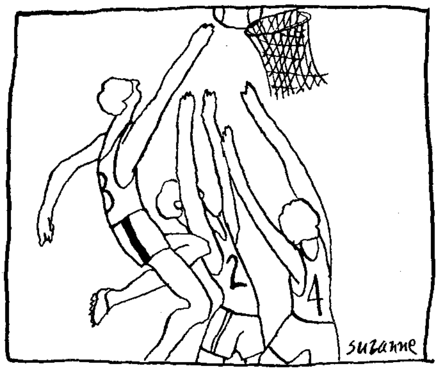
Burn This—A play by Lanford Wilson, with Eric Roberts as a foulmouthed restaurant owner who woos and wins his dead brother's dancing partner. The supporting cast includes Jonathan Hogan and Lou Liberatore. Marshall W. Mason was the director, and the distinguished setting was designed by John Lee Beatty and lighted by Dennis Parichy. (10/26/87) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cabaret—This tasteful revival of the 1966 musical by John Kander and Fred Ebb (directed by Harold Prince) has a gloriously muted Joel Grey re-creating his role as the Emcee and a sterling performance by Alyson Reed, who plays Sally Bowles as she was always meant to be played. (11/2/87) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Chess—This noisy rock musical is a British import about an international chess match between a bad-tempered American and a more equable Russian who falls in love with the American's beautiful second. There is a lot of plot, but through the hyperactivity and the electronic blare there is also life on the stage. Judy Kuhn, David Carroll, and Philip Casnoff give splendid performances in the leading roles. Trevor Nunn directed the American company. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—**BORDERLINES,** two mildly unpleasant one-act plays by John Bishop, both on the theme of masculine role expectations, both catering to the very appetites and tendencies they pretend to criticize. That the acting rarely rises above the level of television drama is probably due to the heavy-handed writing and to the leaden direction, by Robert Bailey. (4/25/88) (99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 8.)

Emily—Stephen Metcalfe's heroine, a successful stockbroker, has an intense, if sporadic, love affair with an unemployed actor. Lisa Banes and Brian Kerwin, as the lovers, are all any dramatist could hope for, and Heidi Landesman's scenery, much of it projections of photographs of Manhattan, is original and delightful. Directed by Gerald Gutierrez. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 8.)



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Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune—Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue in the Fifties. Kathy Bates and Kenneth Welsh are remarkable, under the direction of Paul Benedict. (11/9/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Gospel at Colonus—A revival of Lee Breuer and Bob Telson's adaptation of "Oedipus at Colonus." We'd be lying if we said that the show has much to do with Sophocles' play, but it is a roof-raising celebration of black music and culture. (4/4/88) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Into the Woods—The new musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The amusing first half is like a musical staging of Bruno Bettelheim's "The Uses of Enchantment." The rather nasty second half degenerates into cheap philosophy. The costumes (by Ann Hould-Ward) and sets (by Tony Straiges) are pretty to look at, and the songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. The cast, which includes Phylicia Rashād and Joanna Gleason, is directed by Mr. Lapine. (11/16/87) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jackie Mason's "The World According to Me!"—A return engagement of the comedian's one-man show. Opens Monday, May 2. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Joe Turner's Come and Gone—August Wilson's stirring play, the third in his series about the black experience in America in the twentieth century, is set in a boarding house in Pittsburgh in 1911. Its principal story is of a man who was captured and enslaved by the white plantation owner Joe Turner and who has been searching for his lost wife ever since he was set free. Delroy Lindo gives a strong performance in the role, sharing the honors with Ed Hall, who, as a benign healer, is the presiding spirit of the show. With Mel Winkler, L. Scott Caldwell, and Angela Bassett, among other good actors. Lloyd Richards was the excellent director. (4/11/88) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.)

Lambs Theatre Company—Presenting **ST. HUGO OF CENTRAL PARK,** a comedy by Jeff Kindley. Opens Monday, May 2. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesdays through Saturdays and Monday, May 2, at 8. Matinées Tuesdays, except May 3, and Thursdays at 1, and Saturdays at 2.)

The Love Talker—A play by Deborah Pryor. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. The Friday, May 6, performance will have two sign-language interpreters. Closes Sunday, May 15.)

Lucky Stiff—A perky, if silly, little musical with a refreshing and melodic score by Stephen Flaherty. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Macbeth—The much-talked-about vehicle for Christopher Plummer and Glenda Jackson is not, as one might have been led to expect from the adverse publicity, giggle-makingly bad, merely uniformly and numbingly boring. No one (least of all Shakespeare) is well served by the production, which received "original direction" from Kenneth Frankel, "additional direction" from Zoe Caldwell, and uncredited direction from Robin Phillips. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Madame de Sade—The Pan Asian Rep's production of Yukio Mishima's 1965 play. Translated from the Japanese by Donald Keene. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 21.)

Mail—A chipper little musical about a young writer who leaves home for a few months and then returns to deal with stacks of unopened letters. Book and lyrics by Jerry Colker, and music by Michael Rupert, who appears in the leading role. (4/25/88) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

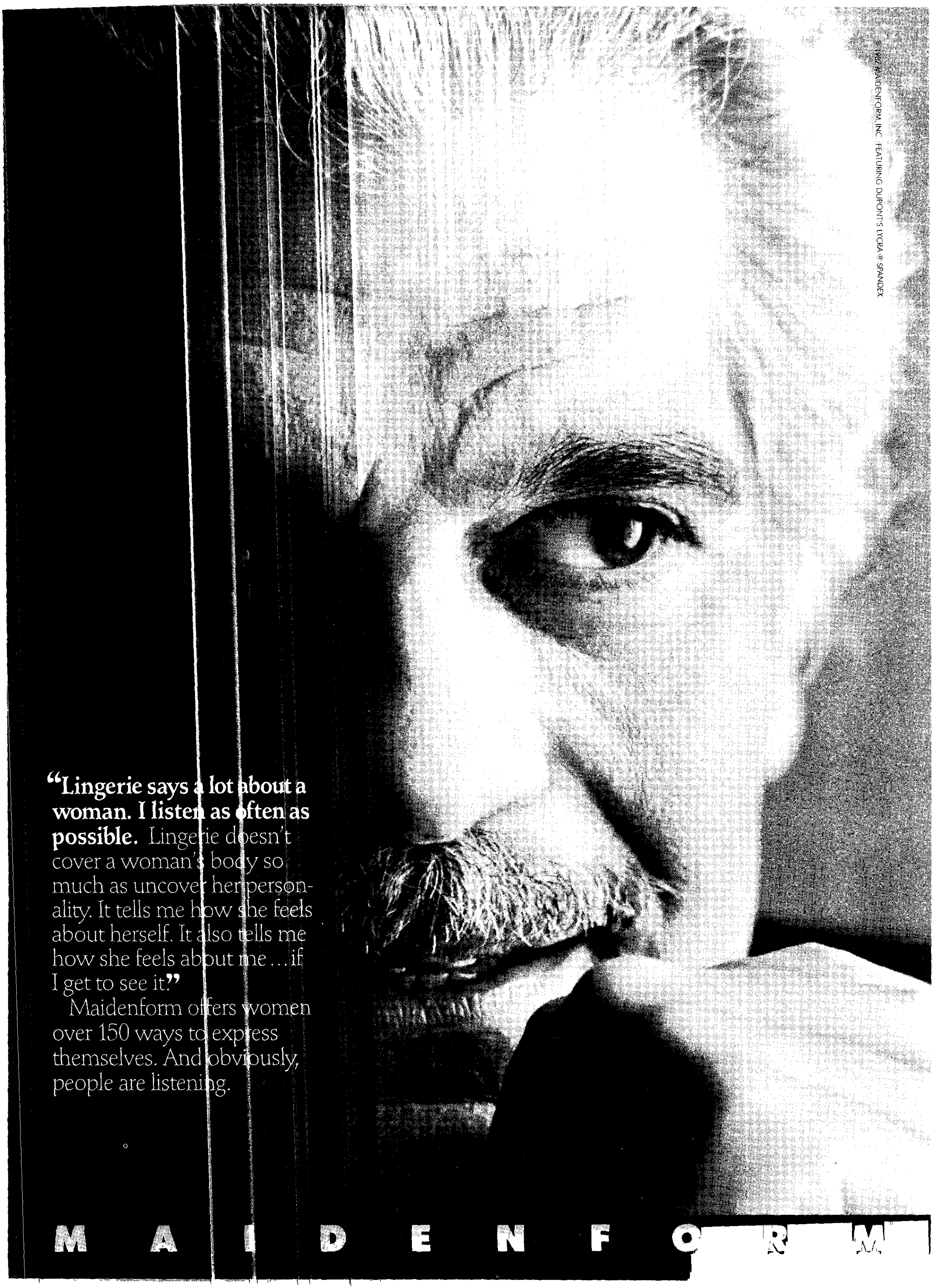
M. Butterfly—David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play is based on an actual case: in 1964, a French diplomat took as his mistress a star of the Beijing Opera, and some twenty years later—when they were both charged with being spies—discovered that "she" was a he. John Lithgow, in the leading role, gives an exceptional performance, and so does B. D. Wong as his lover; Lori Tan Chinn, George N. Martin, and Rose Gregorio give them sound support. (4/11/88) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The No-Frills Revue—An unpretentious, jokey show conceived and directed by Martin Charnin. Most of the lively songs—words and music—were written by Mr. Charnin, and the two funniest sketches were contributed by Thomas Meehan. (2/22/88) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No Time Flat—A play by Larry Ketron, with Daniel Ahearn. Preview Tuesday, May 3. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 4. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oba Oba—A Brazilian musical revue, with a company of fifty singers, dancers, and musicians. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Oil City Symphony—Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Debra Monk, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny, very musical musical. Mr. Hardwick and Miss Monk, by the way, are



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE–Cont'd

alumni of "Pump Boys and Dinettes" of blessed memory. (1/18/88) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Phantom of the Opera—The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible, including the overhyped performances by Michael Crawford and Sarah Brightman in the leading roles. Patty Cohenour substitutes for Miss Brightman at the Thursday evening and Saturday matinée performances. (2/8/88) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Road to Mecca—An absorbing, if somewhat elusive, play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard, about an aging woman sculptor who is mystical and independent, and who resists the attempts of a local minister to persuade her to go into an old-people's home. The performances, by Yvonne Bryceland, Mr. Fugard himself, and Amy Irving, as a young disciple of the sculptor, are impeccable. Mr. Fugard directed. (4/25/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Romance/Romance—A musical by Keith Herrmann (score) and Barry Harman (book and lyrics). Scott Bakula and Alison Fraser head the cast, which is directed by Mr. Harman. First seen last November at the Actors' Outlet. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sarafina!—This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. It is a show about a show that is put on by a brave group of high-school students in Soweto, and that dramatizes the events in their lives. The events are bleak, but the spirits are blazing and the acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (11/9/87) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Shayna Maidel—A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler era. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson and is enhanced by two extraordinary performances: one from Gordana Rashovich as a concentration-camp survivor and the other from Paul Sparer as the father who failed to get her and her mother out of Poland. The year 1946 is perfectly evoked by William Barclay's setting. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (11/30/87) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Speed-the-Plow—Joe Mantegna, Ron Silver, and Madonna in a new play by David Mamet. Gregory Mosher is the director. Preview Monday, May 2. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 3. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Tuesdays through Saturdays and Monday, May 2, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesday, May 11, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. No performances Wednesday, May 4.)

Splendid Mummer—A one-man show, written by Lonne Elder III, that displays the impressive talent of Charles S. Dutton, who was last seen here as the murderous young musician in "Ma Rainey's Black Bottom." The "mummer" he portrays is Ira Aldridge, a black American actor who became a great success in Europe during the nineteenth century. Woodie King, Jr., directed. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 8.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—A pedestrian revival of the Tennessee Williams classic, directed by Nikos Psacharopoulos. You're better off seeing the 1951 movie. (3/28/88) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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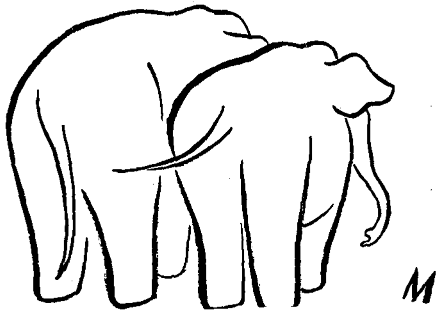
Tamara—A participatory theatrical encounter, in which the audience must literally follow the characters as they move from room to room in what is supposed to be Gabriele D'Annunzio's villa. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. 628-8334. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays, except May 8, at 3.)

A Walk in the Woods—Lee Blessing's absorbing play is set near Geneva and consists entirely of the conversations, over a year or so, of an American and a Soviet diplomat who have gone there to negotiate an arms treaty. No agreement is reached, but a friendship grows and deepens. Under the direction of Des McAnuff, Sam Waterston and Robert Prosky give distinguished performances. (3/14/88) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**broadway bound:** In the third of his trilogy of autobiographical plays, Neil Simon takes us from Brooklyn to Manhattan, from ignominy to the promise of fame. Directed by Gene Saks. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cats:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery and costumes by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **driving miss daisy:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 11,664 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **fences:** Billy Dee Williams has the lead in August Wilson's powerful play. Lloyd Richards directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **me and my girl:** A fifty-year-old British musical starring Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **les misérables:** Gary Morris and Anthony Crivello star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **nunsense:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **psycho beach party:** A romp through early-sixties beach-blanket movies, written by Charles Busch. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **starlight express:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **steel magnolias:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana, and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



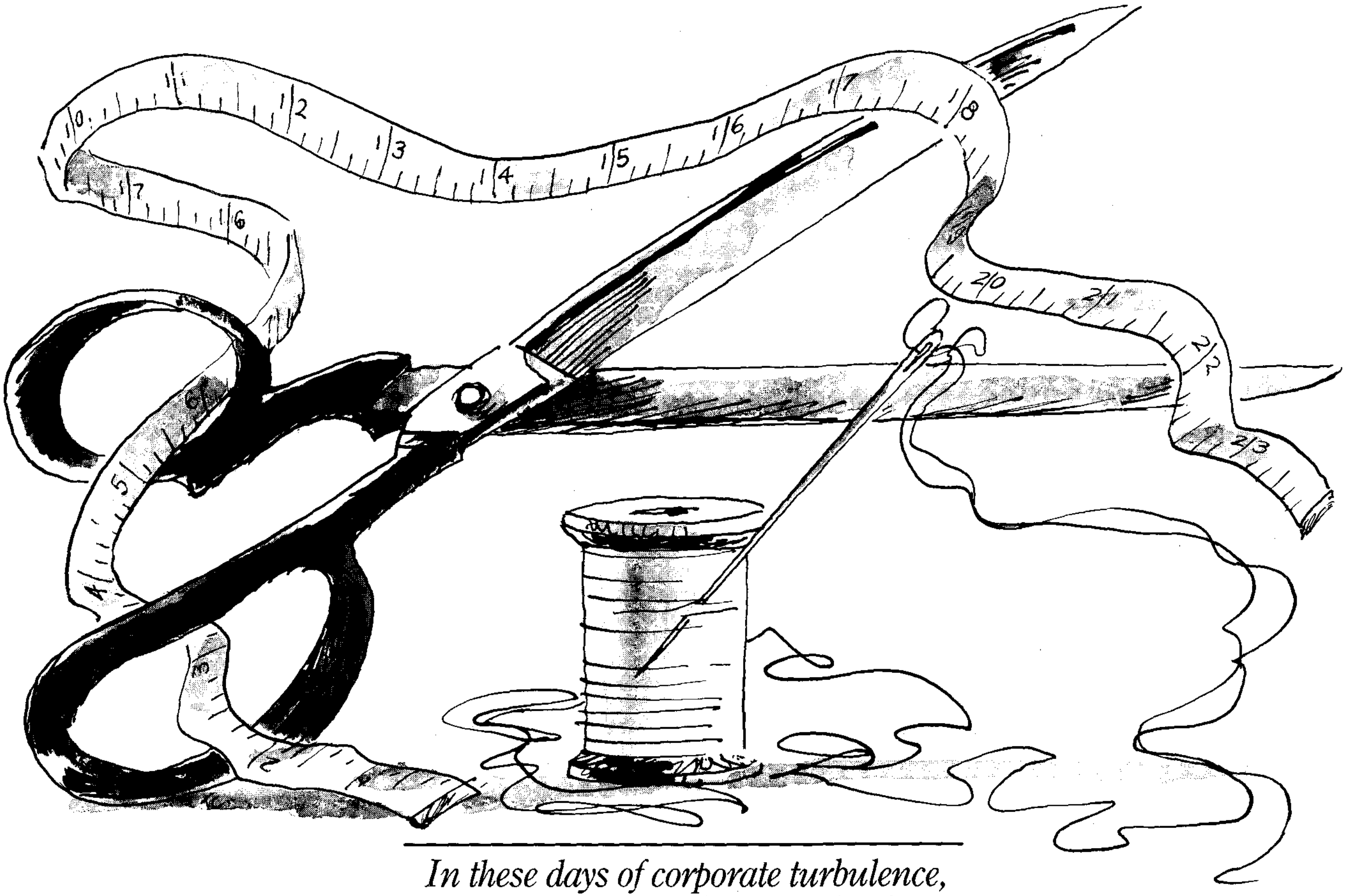
MISCELLANY

Michael Feinstein in Concert—A program of popular songs of the twenties, thirties, and forties. Feinstein's knowledge of the genre is exhaustive: he knows all the old songs *and* their intros, so the show becomes a meeting place for the timeless and the charmingly dated—a must for lovers of show tunes and the people who wrote them. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Without You I'm Nothing—Sandra Bernhard in a one-woman show. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 5:30 and 9.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—The festival of American music and dance, with appearances by a number of guest performers, continues through Sunday, May 15. Tuesday evening, May 3: "Into the Hopper," "Tarantella," "The Unanswered Question" (with Peter Longiaru, piano, and Paul Zukofsky, violin), and "Who Cares?" Joan Morris, mezzo-soprano, and William Bolcom, piano, will also perform. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 4: "Interplay," "Ives, Songs" (with David Evitts, baritone), and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, May 5-6: The premières of "Woodland Sketches," "The Waltz Project," and "Space," and "Sonatas and Interludes" (company première). . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 7: "Interplay," "Ives, Songs" (with Mr. Evitts), and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 7: The premières of "The Newcomers," "Black & White," and "Behind the China Dogs," and "Western Symphony," a repertory work. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 8: "Into the Hopper," "Tarantella," "The Unanswered Question" (with Mr. Longiaru and Mr. Zukofsky), and "Who Cares?" Miss Morris and Mr. Bolcom will perform again. . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 8: "Woodland Sketches," "The Waltz Project," "Space," and "Sonatas and Interludes." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 10: "Set of Seven" (première; with Virginia Eskin, piano), "Ivesiana," "Tea-Rose" (première; with Michael Tilson Thomas, piano and conductor), and "Ecstatic Or-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

DANCE–Cont'd

ange." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 11: "The Newcomers," "Black & White," "Behind the China Dogs," and "Western Symphony." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. The regular season will run through Sunday, June 26.)

American Ballet Theatre—Monday evening, May 2: "Raymonda Grand Pas Classique," "The Leaves Are Fading," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 3; Wednesday matinée and evening, May 4; Thursday and Friday evenings, May 5-6; Saturday matinée and evening, May 7; and Monday evening, May 9: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 10: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "The Informer" (première), and "Raymonda Grand Pas Classique." . . . ¶ Wednesday matinée, May 11: "Stravinsky Violin Concerto," "Pillar of Fire," and "Raymonda Grand Pas Classique." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 11: "Bruch Violin Concerto No. 1" (New York première), "The Informer," and "Gaîté Parisienne." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 11.)

Dan Wagoner and Dancers—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, May 3, at 7:30, and Wednesday, May 4, at 8: "Oh Moon!" (première), duet from "Changing Your Mind," "To Comfort Ghosts" (première), and "Flee As a Bird." . . . ¶ Thursday, May 5 (a benefit performance), and Friday, May 6, at 8: "Evening Star," "Lila's Garden Ox," and "To Comfort Ghosts." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 7, at 8, and Sunday, May 8, at 2: "Oh Moon!," duet from "Changing Your Mind," "To Comfort Ghosts," and "Flee As a Bird." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 8, at 7:30: "Evening Star," "Lila's Garden Ox," and "To Comfort Ghosts." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Donald Byrd / The Group—A program of contemporary dance. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday through Saturday, May 4-7, at 8.)

Nancy Meehan Dance Company—A program of new and repertory works. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 924-0077. Friday through Sunday, May 6-8, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**MONTGOMERY, PLANT & STRITCH,** a one-man, two-woman vocal trio, sing and patter in close harmony in the woody nook known as the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A neat-as-a-pin cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. Rita McKenzie sings a salute to a mighty New York voice, Ethel Merman's, at nine Tuesdays through Thursdays and at nine and eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A bemirrored jazz club with a spectacular piece of neon art on the back wall (the Manhattan skyline and attendant celestial bodies) and with bright clusters of musicians on the dais. A quintet run by guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS** and a quartet led by clarinettist **EDDIE DANIELS** trade sets Tuesday through Sunday, May 3-8; **ERROL PARKER,** the Algerian-born pianist and drummer, leads a band on Monday, May 9; **FREDDIE HUBBARD,** a trumpeter who came up in the hard-bop fifties and hit it big in the funk-and-fusion seventies, brings in a combo on Tuesday, May 10. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Music for many kinds of people, including rock-and-roll fundamentalists, unreconstructed folkies, Village bopcats, and persons who hum "Cattle Call" or "Tumbling Tumbleweeds" or the theme from "Bonanza" when they're riding the subway to work.

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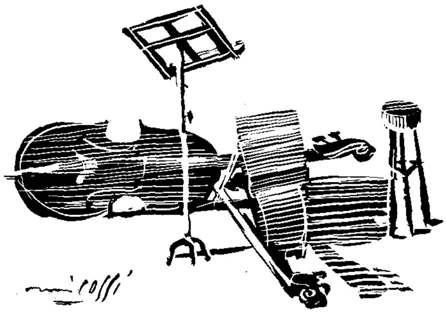
RIDERS IN THE SKY, a Nashville-based trio that roams the country in a Ford Econoline van emblazoned with a picture of a cowboy and his pony against a full moon, will be here on Monday, May 9, to perform some trail and bunkhouse favorites and some material of their own devising. The Riders are **RANGER DOUG GREEN** (a.k.a. the Idol of American Youth, and a yodeller of note); **WOODY PAUL CHRISMAN** (a fiddler who also does rope tricks, including the "dangerous vertical loop" and the more difficult "quantum leap through the quantum loop"); and **FRED (TOO SLIM) LA BOUR** (who plays bass fiddle, has a bandit's mustache, and does a good imitation of a talking horse that got started in silent pictures). **JOHN HARTFORD** shares the bill with the Riders. The rest of the lineup: Monday, May 2, French folk guitarist **PIERRE BENSUSAN;** Tuesday, May 3, **JANE SIBERRY,** a Canadian singer and composer of the art-rock persuasion; and Thursday through Saturday, May 5-7, the **SMITHEREENS,** a New Jersey rock band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good pianists (who play the concert grand that Paul Desmond bequeathed to the proprietor) and bassists. **HANK JONES,** whose piano is a model of delicate swing, teams up with **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, May 7; **NIELS LAN DOKY** joins Mr. Drummond on Sunday, May 8; and on Monday, May 9, **RANDY WESTON,** a pianist more inclined than Hank Jones to rumbling and rolling, goes to work with **JAMIL NASSER.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—It's so nice in here—silken woodwork and long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. **IRENE REID,** a blues-minded singer who came to notice in 1948 (she wowed an Amateur Night audience at the Apollo) and toured with the Basie band in the early sixties, sings here Tuesday through Sunday, May 3-8; a sextet run by **STEVE TURRE** (who plays trombone and an assortment of conch shells) comes in on Tuesday, May 10. **HAMIET BLUIETT,** the baritone voice of the World Saxophone Quartet, directs his big band on Mondays. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The pastel uptown spa known as the Café Carlyle is home to **BOBBY SHORT,** fave rave of *tout le haut monde*, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sets at ten and midnight. On Friday, May 6, Marti Stevens pinch-hits for Mr. Short. . . . ¶ Over in the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** sings and plays the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A red-velvet-and-mirror-walled jazz lair. Alto saxophonist **PHIL WOODS** will be here with his **LITTLE BIG BAND** (his regular quintet, plus three horn men) Tuesday through Sunday, May 3-8; **SUSANNAH MC CORKLE,** a California-born singer who moves easily between songs that Astaire and Rogers danced to and contemporary fare (Jobim, Frishberg, Frank Underwood, Paul Simon), begins a six-night run on Tuesday, May 10. Mondays remain in the hands of guitarist **LES PAUL.** Music from eight. Dining.



J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—A room with a view (of Broadway) and with jazz (mostly of the mainstream type). **DICK HYMAN,** who has Jelly Roll Morton and James P. Johnson and a library of pop songs at his fingertips, performs on Mondays, May 2 and 9. The rest of the lineup: Wednesday, May 4, drummer **JIMMY MADISON'S** trio; Thursday, May 5, guitarist **JOHN PIZZARELLI'S** trio; Friday, May 6, singer-pianist **RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT;** and Saturday, May 7, clarinettist **KEN PEPLOWSKI'S** band. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **JOHN COLIANNI,** a young Washington, D.C., pianist who spent a couple years in Lionel Hampton's big band, will be here Tuesday through Saturday, May 3-7, along with bassist **BOB FIELD; JOHN BUNCH,** a Herman, Goodman, and Rich alum, swings into action with **PHIL FLANIGAN** on Tuesday, May 10. On Sundays and Mondays, a twenty-year-old New Orleans-born pianist named **HARRY CONNICK, JR.,** plays Monk ("Blue Monk") or Rodgers and Hart ("Blue Moon") or the Beatles, and, occasionally, in a light, unrefined voice, sings something like "When I Take My Sugar to Tea." Music from about nine-thirty.

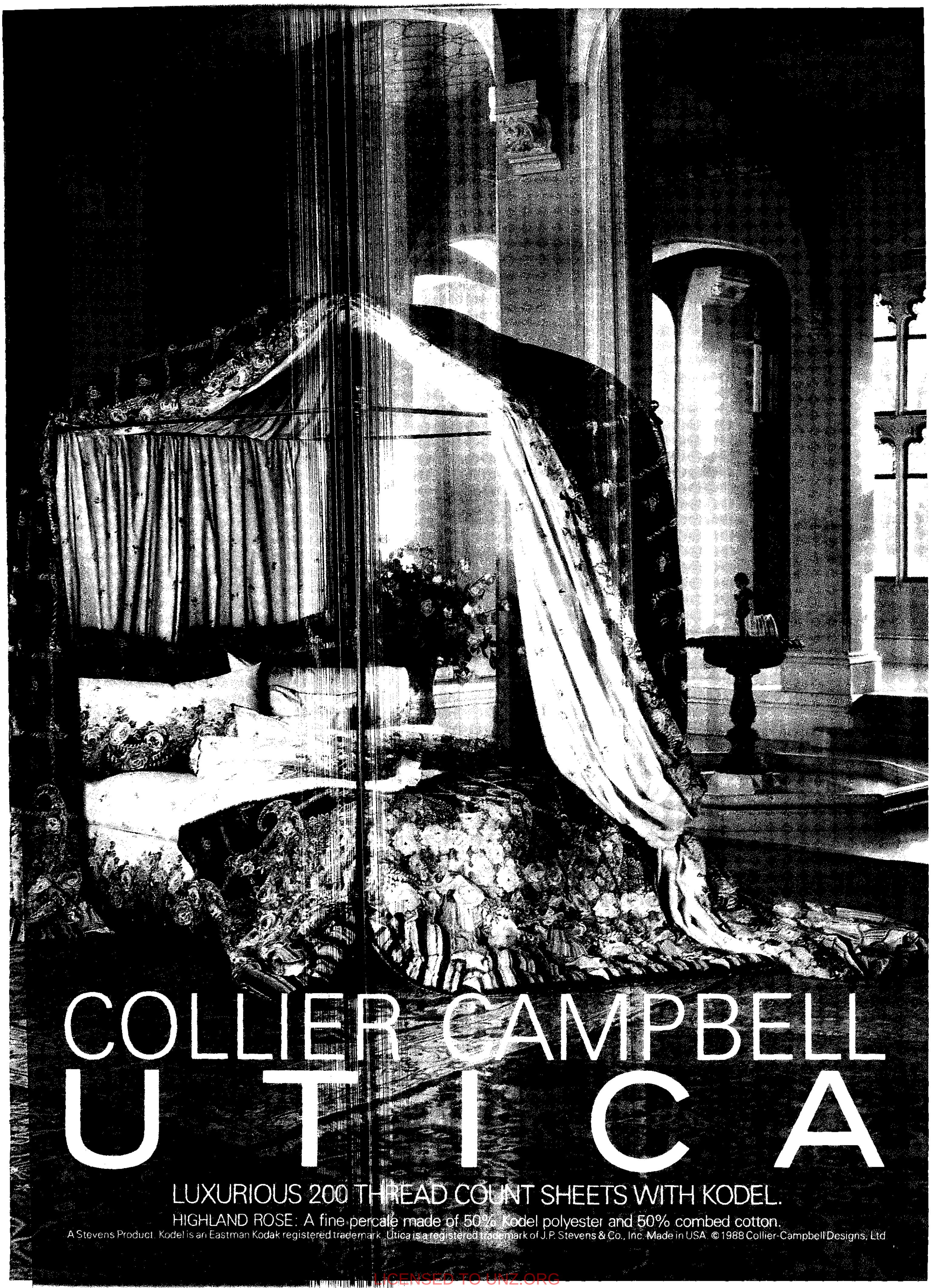
Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music and performing space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the post-ness of postmodernism. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin, whose views on such things as cover charges are enlightened. German vibraharpist **KARL BERGER** leads a group on Mondays, May 2 and 9; **GABRIEL YACOUB,** a French folksinger, performs on Wednesday, May 4; on Thursday, May 5, drummer **ANDREW CYRILLE** and saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN** collaborate, and make way later in the evening for the German multi-instrumentalist **GUNTER HAMPEL** and his followers; and on Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, avant-funk drummer **RONALD SHANNON JACKSON** leads his **DECODING SOCIETY.** Music after nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Jelly Roll Morton claimed to have "personally originated jazz in New Orleans in 1902." **JAMES BROWN** doesn't say exactly where or when he cooked up soul music, but he does say that it is "the music that with God's help I created." The co-creator, who is now somewhere in his mid- or late fifties, will be in action in this cramped New York version of a Texas bar on Thursday and Friday, May 5-6. **JERRY JEFF WALKER,** the upstate-New-Yorker-turned-Texas-honky-tonker, precedes Mr. Brown on Monday and Tuesday, May 2-3, and **JOHN CEPHAS** and **PHIL WIGGINS,** who play the almost gentle country blues of the Piedmont Plateau, follow him on Sunday, May 8. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and their high-heeled foxes. **JULIE WILSON,** a singer who's always in motion and whose emotions are always visible, is concentrating on the songs of Jule Styne. Shows Tuesday through Saturday, May 3-7, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Jazz and jazz-enriched music (jazz-rock, Latin jazz, jazz-funk) to eat and drink by. **ROBBEN FORD,** a guitarist who moves in jazz-rock circles (Tom Scott and Miles Davis have employed him), is here with his band on Friday and Saturday, May 6-7. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll of the Present Moment—and, occasionally, of the Classical Era (the fifties), the Romantic Era (the sixties), and the OPEC Era (the seventies)—in a big, fancy thirties-era ballroom. Once in a while, management brings in an exotic, such as **QUEEN IDA,** an eminent Louisiana-bayou accordionist, who will be



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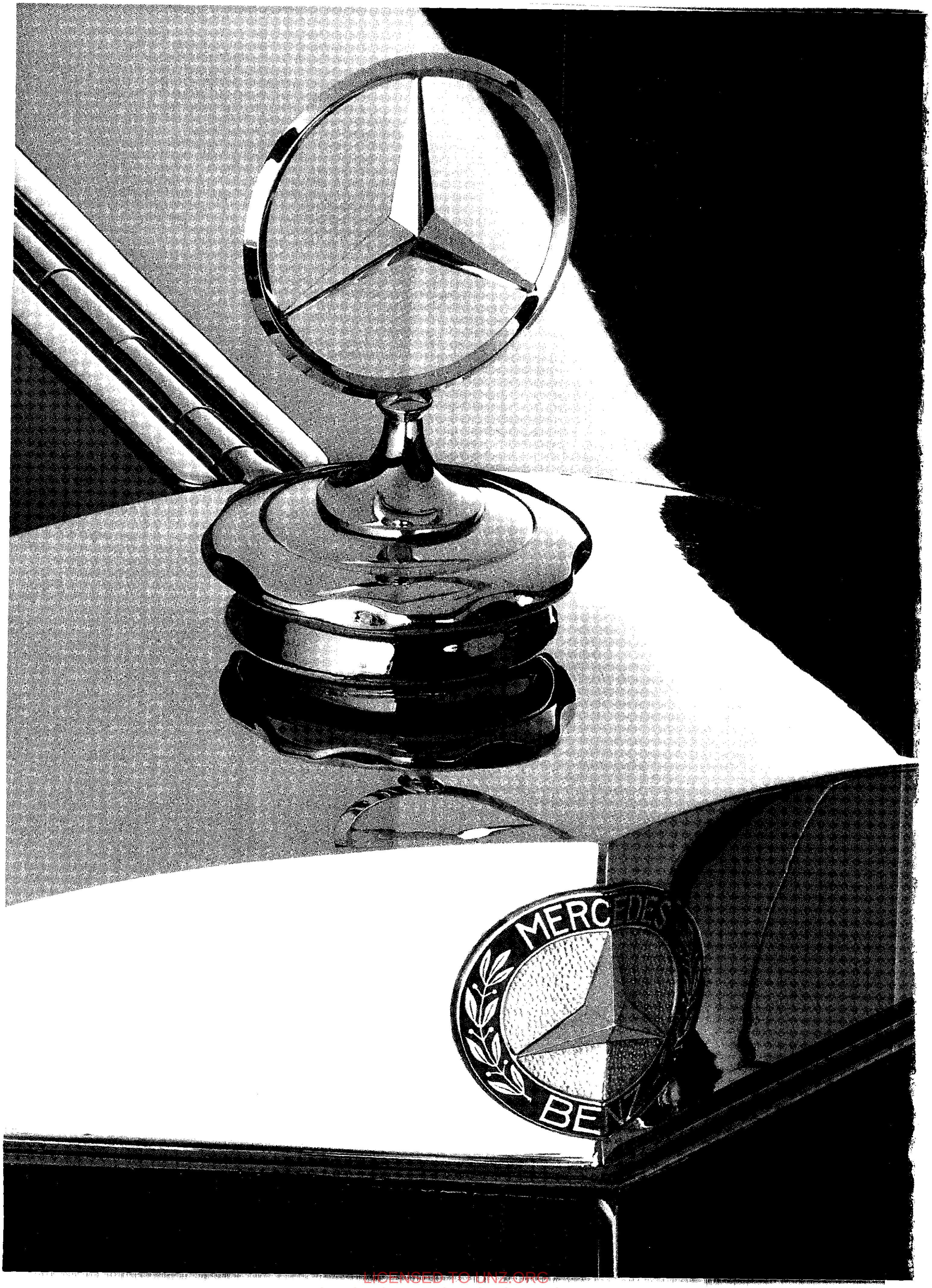
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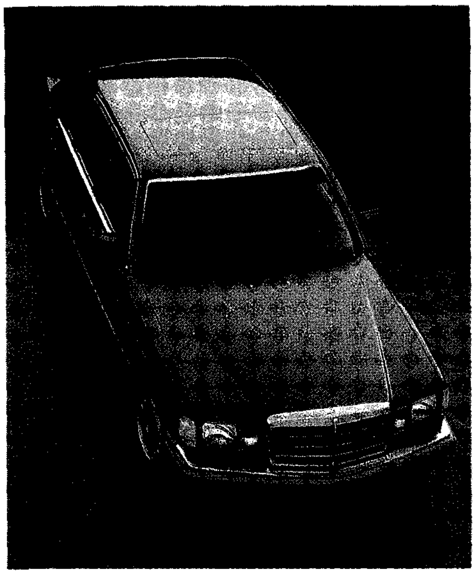

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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NIGHT LIFE—Cont'd

here on Wednesday, May 4, with her **BON TEMPS ZYDECO BAND.** Thursday, May 5, belongs to a Welsh rock band called the Alarm, and Friday, May 6, to the **FALL,** an ancient English punk band whose work is popular with young anti-melodists here and in Iceland. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A musical melting pot: samba bands, African pop bands, reggae people, zydeco outfits, and salsa ensembles all pass through this former luncheonette. Monday and Tuesday, May 2-3, **CULTURE,** a reggae group; Wednesday and Thursday, May 4-5, Latin-jazz pianist **EDDIE PALMIERI;** and Friday, May 6, **LOREMIL MACHADO Y SARAVA BAHIA.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—The site, many moons ago, of Rienzi's, a coffee-house on the beaten path; nowadays, it's home to folkies, blues people, bluegrass fiddlers, lonesome cowboys, and a stray rock person or two. Aztec Two-Step, a sweet-sounding folk-rock duo whose name is lifted from a Ferlinghetti poem, performs on Friday and Saturday, May 6-7. Music from about eight-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled *boîte,* crowded with jazz fans from Japan, France, Germany, Denmark, Greenwich Village, and other countries. **DAVID MURRAY,** the tenor voice of the World Saxophone Quartet, leads his octet through his rowdy, bracing music (Charles Mingus looms large in it) Tuesday through Sunday, May 3-8; bassist **CHARLIE HADEN** and a band of West Coasters move in on Tuesday, May 10. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

SWEETWATERS, 170 Amsterdam Ave., at 67th St. (873-4100)—What would a night club be without smoke, mirrors, and a white piano? It wouldn't be this sleek jazz and soul room. **DAKOTA STATON** knocks out some blues and ballads on Friday and Saturday, May 6-7. Starting Wednesday, May 11, **DOROTHY DONEGAN** will be on the premises. A Donegan performance usually features a whirligig display of Art Tatum-style piano (during which one is likely to hear stride passages, rhapsodic Gershwin, a patch of Rachmaninoff, an ornate bossa nova) and a fair amount of mugging and foot-stomping fooling around. She accompanies her playing with humming and low, satisfied "aw"s; she hobnobs with the customers; she plays standing up and one-handed; she hitches up her skirt in a getting-down-to-business gesture, cocks an eyebrow, and heads into some rocking boogie-woogie. Music after nine. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple, no-frills blues and rock club attached to an Irish pub. The **SURREAL MC COYS,** a local country band, call this place home on Mondays. **LOUIS MYERS,** a veteran Chicago bluesman best known for his work in the fifties with Little Walter, brings his band here Friday and Saturday, May 6-7. Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A bi-level operation. In the downstairs room, which is as big and unbeautiful as a mess hall, **BABA OLATUNJI** and his African-drumming-and-dancing troupe perform Friday and Saturday, May 6-7. Sets at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Salsa bands have the floor on Mondays. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, the piano-bass team of **HAROLD MABERN** and **JAMIL NASSER** is on duty Tuesday through Sunday, May 3-8; **KENNY BARRON** and **LARRY RIDLEY** take over on Tuesday, May 10. On Tuesdays, the visiting duo trades sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio. Music from ten Wednesdays through Sundays, and from nine-thirty on Tuesdays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now in its second half century, this establishment has been described by Max Gordon, the wise, elfin, cigar-smoking proprietor, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." The **MINGUS DYNASTY BAND,** a sextet managed by the bassist's widow and led by **JIMMY KNEPPER** (a trombonist who looks like a science teacher and plays like a wizard), performs some of the master's music Tuesday through Sunday, May 3-8; **LARRY CORYELL,** a flamboyant guitarist who recorded with Mingus in the seventies, brings in his quartet on Tuesday, May 10. Mondays are reserved for the **MEL LEWIS** big band. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, video games, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. Saxophonist **PETE YELLIN** leads a quartet Wednesday through Sunday, May 4-8. Music from about nine. Dining.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A bright, spacious, lightly forested bar and restaurant with an in-between room from which music issues, putting an end to some discussions and inspiring others. **RUBY BRAFF,** a cornettist who makes you lean forward when he descends into the secret chamber that is his lowest register and sit up when he rises to a rare high note, will be here through Saturday, May 7, supported at every turn by pianist **DICK KATZ** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE; JOHN CAMPBELL,** a pianist who has worked behind Mel Tormé, joins Michael Moore on Monday, May 9. Sundays are claimed by guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and—who else?—Michael Moore. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

BOBBY MCFERRIN—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Tuesday, May 3, at 8.

FRANK MAYA—La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 3-4, at 8.

CARLOS BARBOSA-LIMA—Tuesday, May 3, at 8: With Sharon Isbin. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 5, at 8: With Bobby Scott. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall.)

WALTER THOMPSON BIG BAND—Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Wednesday, May 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

ISRAELI MUSIC AND DANCE—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Thursday, May 5, at 8.

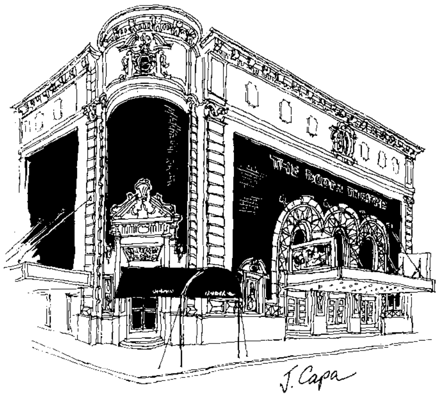
AMERICAN JAZZ ORCHESTRA—With Jon Hendricks. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Thursday, May 5, at 8. For information about tickets, call 529-5694.)

TOM MURRIN—La Mama. Thursday through Saturday, May 5-7, at 10.

SHELLEY HIRSCH, DAVID WEINSTEIN, DAVID GARLAND, AND ANNA RUBIN—Dia Art Foundation, 155 Mercer St. Friday, May 6, at 9. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

RAMSEY LEWIS TRIO—Jazzport, 210 Front St. 608-7889. Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, at 8 and 10.

FLUTE CONCERT—With Stefani Starin, Steve Gorn, Frank Wess, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Saturday, May 7, at 9.)


J. Capa

BANG ON A CAN FESTIVAL—With Philip Glass, California E.A.R. Unit, Pauline Oliveros, Rolf Schulte, and others. (RAPP Arts Center, 220 E. 4th St. 529-6160. Sunday, May 8, from 2 P.M. to 2 A.M.)

AFRICAN AND CARIBBEAN MUSIC AND DANCE—With the Women of the Calabash, the Marie Brooks Caribbean Dance Theatre, Dyane Harvey, Orlando (Puntilla) Rios y Nueva Generación, and Roots of Brasil. (Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 690-4100. Sunday, May 8, at 3.)

PETER GORDON—With Blue Gene Tyranny. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St. 966-4444. Wednesday, May 11, at 8.)

P.S. 122—The third annual Veselka Performance Festival. Wednesday through Sunday, May 4-8, at 9:30: The Otrabanda Company. . . . ¶ Friday through Sunday, May 6-8, at 9: Steve Gross. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, at 11: Beth Lapides. (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.)

BEACON THEATRE—Friday, May 6: King Sunny Adé. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 7: Astor Piazzolla, with the New Tango Quintet and the Orchestra of St. Luke's, conducted by Lalo Schifrin. (Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Evenings at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

GEORGE AULT (1891-1948)—Paintings and drawings in a broad range of styles by an artist usually identified as a Precisionist. Through June 4. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

FORREST BESS (1911-77)—A retrospective of paintings by this visionary primitivist. Through May 14. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

LISA COLLADO—Figurative collages. Through Saturday, May 7. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 E. 61st St.)

PAUL DELVAUX AND RENÉ MAGRITTE (1898-1967)—Paintings and drawings by these Belgian Surrealists. Through June 18. (Elkon, 18 E. 81st St.)

SIMON DINNERSTEIN—New paintings. Through June 3. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

ALBERTO GIACOMETTI (1901-66)—Pencil drawings. Through May 14. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

JAMES GILLRAY (1756-1815) **AND HONORÉ DAUMIER** (1808-79)—Graphics by two caricaturists. Through June 6. (McCarron, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays.)

AHARON GLUSKA—A three-gallery show of new nonobjective paintings on paper and on canvas. Through May 28. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St. . . . ¶ Stark, 568 Broadway. Opens at noon. . . . ¶ Siegeltuch, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

NEIL JENNEY—Paintings and sculptures dating from 1967 to 1972. Through May 31. (Horan, 35 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

LOIS LANE—Dark new paintings and drawings. Through May 21. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

PIERRE LESIEUR—Loosely executed (in oil washes or pencil) interiors and still-lifes. Through May 21. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

JOEL CORCOS LEVY—Landscapes. Through June 4. (Babcock, 20 E. 67th St. Closes at 4 on Saturdays.)

SANDRA MACKINTOSH—Slender black wood sculptures representing birds. Through Saturday, May 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

RAFAEL MONTAÑEZ-ORTIZ—A retrospective documenting the career of the sculptor, video artist, and performer who used the name Ralph Ortiz. Through May 22. (Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—Paper collages in red and black, some incorporating fragments from

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART—Cont'd

musical scores. Through May 12. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

David Seccombe—An installation, plus maquettes. Through May 28. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Augusto Torres—Paintings and drawings by this Uruguayan modernist. Through July 31. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Nada Nadežda Vitorović—Paintings derived from Yugoslavian fairy tales, some comprising as many as nineteen interchangeable canvases. Through Saturday, May 7. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Vaclav Vytlacil (1893-1984) / **Joan Thorne**—Paintings from the twenties and thirties by this American modernist. Through June 10. / Abstract paintings and pastels. Through May 26. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—Works on paper dating from 1905 to 1926. Through May 21. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St.: *Drawings by artists from the nineteenth* and twentieth centuries, including Klee, Picasso, Matisse, Pollock, and van Gogh. Through May 26. (Open Mondays.) . . . **la boetie,** 9 E. 82nd St.: Works by Popova, Modersohn-Becker, Delaunay, Krasner, Gray, and other women artists of the early-twentieth-century avant-garde. Through May 31.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Anne Abrons / Robert Berlind—Symbolic still-life paintings by a realist. / Paintings depicting oak trees and vineyards in Provence. Through May 25. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Anne Arnold / Peter Loftus—Animals carved in wood. / Romantic landscapes. Through May 21. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Luis Cruz Azaceta—New paintings on unstretched canvases, including "Life Is a Series of Holes" and "Latin American Victims of Dictators, Oppression, Torture, and Murder." Through May 28. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

Mattie Berhang—Hanging sculptures, each a patchwork of metal parts that come together like notes on a sheet of music. Through Saturday, May 7. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Anthony Caro—Seven abstract sculptures in waxed steel, which were composed with the temple of Zeus at Olympia in mind. Through June 10. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Paul Jenkins—Paintings and collages. Through May 14. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Bill Jensen—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, May 7. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Edward Kienholz and Nancy Reddin Kienholz—A joint exhibit of constructions using found objects and other materials to make ersatz TV sets and radios. Through May 14. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Henry Moore (1898-1986)—Sculptures, drawings, and prints. Through June 15. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Barnett Newman (1905-70)—A loan show of thirteen paintings. Through Saturday, May 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

B. J. O. Nordfeldt (1878-1955)—Images of fish and seagulls, among other things, integrated into impastoed abstractions. Through May 25. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Paintings, sculptures, and prints from 1950 to 1973. Through June 17. (Krugier, 41 E. 57th St.)

Tony Robbin—Geometric welded-steel-and-Plexiglas sculptures that, with some help from special lighting and 3-D glasses, suggest four dimensions. Through May 21. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

George Segal—Sculptures, one of which is a twenty-six-foot-long urban tableau entitled "The Street." Through June 4. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

John Sloan (1871-1951)—Paintings and works on paper. Through May 28. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

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George Tooker—Figure paintings by an artist who works exclusively in egg tempera. Through May 14. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joyce Treiman—Recent paintings. Through May 21. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Andy Warhol (1930-87)—Line drawings. Through May 27. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Silk screens the artist made from F.B.I. Most-Wanted posters. Through June 30. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near Eleventh Ave.)

William Wegman—New paintings. Through May 28. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At **davis & langdale,** 231 E. 60th St.: Works on paper dating from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, by Charles Demuth, Anne Ryan, Thomas Gainsborough, François Bonvin, and others. Through June 3. . . . **galerie lelong,** 20 W. 57th St.: Abstract paintings by Peter Halley, Sherrie Levine, and Christopher Wool, among others. Through June 4. . . . **marian goodman,** 24 W. 57th St.: Works by Bernd and Hilla Becher, Gerhard Richter, and others. Through Saturday, May 7. (Open Mondays.) . . . **grand central art galleries,** 24 W. 57th St.: American Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings, including works by Childe Hassam, George Inness, Theresa Bernstein, and Gladys Rockmore Davis. Through May 28. (Open Mondays.) . . . **kent,** 41 E. 57th St.: Works that suggest the imprint of technology on the artistic imagination. Many express a fear of nuclear holocaust or, more broadly, a wonderment at the Earth's finiteness. In Tom Otterness's "Life After Death," for instance, a bronze globe cracks apart while the Grim Reaper sits staring at his watch; Edward Ruscha's painting "It's a Small World" seems to present the Earth as if viewed from a spacecraft—floating alone in a vast blue universe. Annette Lemieux, Nancy Dwyer, Ashley Bickerton, and others are also represented. Through May 14. . . . **tilton,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Rebecca Purdum, Richard Tuttle, and Ruth Vollmer, among others. Through May 31.

GALLERIES—SoHo

John M. Armleder—Paintings and sculptures. Through May 28. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Andrea Belag—Abstract paintings. Through May 21. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Howard Ben Tré—Abstract cast-glass sculptures. Through May 28. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

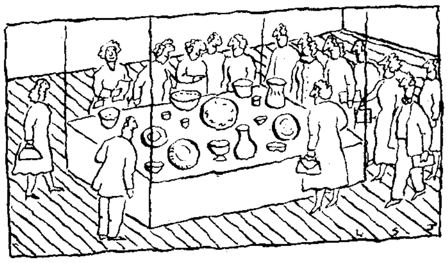
Jennifer Bolande—Sculptures. Through May 21. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Gregory Botts—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 7. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Xavier Corberó—Half a chess set carved in basalt. The queen is about fifteen feet tall. Through June 11. (Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St.)

Sophia Corwin—Abstract paintings, sculptures, and prints—both new and old. Through May 15. (Noho, 168 Mercer St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Gregory Crane—Recent landscape paintings. Through May 21. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)



Dorothy Dehner—Early surreal drawings, plus a recent nine-foot brushed-steel sculpture entitled "Fist." Through May 28. (Twining, 568 Broadway.)

Sari Dienes—Freestanding and wall sculptures from this veteran artist whose mediums include bottles, hubcaps, string, and bone. Through May 14. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Ellen Driscoll—Recent freestanding sculptures. Through May 21. (Brandt, 568 Broadway.)

Heide Fasnacht—Painted wood sculptures. Through Wednesday, May 11. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Joel Fisher—Freestanding bronzes. Through May 21. (Brown, 560 Broadway.)

DeWitt Godfrey—Large-scale sculptures and drawings. Through May 28. (Erpf, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Juan Gonzalez / Michael Gregory—Surreal landscape paintings dating from 1975 to the present. / Oil-and-tar landscape paintings on horizontal canvases. Through Wednesday, May 11. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Ian Hornak—Vivid, detailed paintings of bouquets of flowers, often surrounded by birds, butterflies, or seashells; in some cases the paintings extend onto their large wood frames. Through Wednesday, May 11. (Perlow, 560 Broadway.)

Yvonne Jacquette—New paintings of Manhattan, including a series on Times Square. Through Wednesday, May 11. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Ilya Kabakov—For his first exhibition in the United States, this Russian artist has transformed the Feldman gallery into complete living quarters for ten fictitious tenants—one of them has built a spaceship, and another has never thrown anything away. Through June 4. (31 Mercer St.)

Christopher Le Brun—Primarily abstract paintings, each with a representation of a coniferous tree. Through Saturday, May 7. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Chris Macdonald—Recent sculptures and works on paper. Through May 28. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

Arina Malukova / Harmony Hammond—Highly stylized paintings of female figures and animals. / Monoprints. Through May 21. (Trabia-MacAfee, 54 Greene St.)

Brice Marden—New abstract paintings. Through Saturday, May 7. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Matta—Early paintings and drawings by this Chilean Surrealist. Through May 28. (Davidson, 415 West Broadway.)

Henri Michaux (1899-1984)—Paintings and drawings. Through May 28. (Nolan, 560 Broadway.)

Saul Ostrow—Paintings and works in mixed mediums which repeat certain images, among them a foot stomping an object, and a hand covering a mouth. Through May 14. (Bryers, 111 Greene St.)

Anne and Patrick Poirier—Stainless-steel sculptures in the style of Greco-Roman columns. Also, photographs with Greek texts painted over them in red, like graffiti. Through Saturday, May 7. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Joanna Pousette-Dart—Abstract paintings. Through May 24. (Hanson, 415 West Broadway.)

Matthew Radford—Hazy, sombre cityscapes. Through May 14. (Bernarducci, 560 Broadway.)

Marion Ranyak/Phyllis Janto—New landscapes./ Laminated and polychromed wood sculptures. Through May 21. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon; open Sundays, 1 to 4.)

James Rosenquist—New paintings. Through May 14. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Robert Therrien—Paintings and sculptures. Through May 21. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Bernard Tschumi—Architectural drawings and models, including recent studies for an outdoor space at the Parc de la Villette, a cultural complex under construction in Paris. Through May 21. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Not Vital—New sculptures and drawings by this Swiss artist. Through May 21. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **Allen,** 560 Broadway: Paintings relating to jazz and accompanied by it (on tape). Includes works by Jane Dickson, Duncan Hannah, and Richard Merkin. Through May 27. . . . **The Drawing Center,** 35 Wooster St.: A selection of sixty-nine drawings that the curator has categorized as art that copies art. Michelangelo, Dürer, Watteau, Cézanne, and Picasso are among the copiers. Through July 23. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **Steinbaum,** 132 Greene St.: Furniture, drawings, and photographs in an exhibition that chronicles the role of women in twentieth-century furniture design; pieces by Eileen Gray, Florence Knoll, Judy Kensley McKie, Gail Fredell Smith, and others. Through May 14.

OTHER GALLERIES

Jean-Michel Basquiat—Paintings and works on paper. Through June 11. (Baghoomian, 661 Broadway.)

Sergio Camporeale—Figurative watercolors. Through May 15. (Humphrey, 37 E. 7th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Robert Gober and Christopher Wool—Paintings and sculptures by two artists who work together and separately. Through Sunday, May 8. (303 Gallery, 513 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Harry Gottlieb and Riva Helfond—Paintings, drawings, and prints from the W.P.A. period. Through May 15. (Sragow, 436 E. 11th St., near Avenue A. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Fariba Hajamadi—A show by an artist who prints black-and-white photographs on canvas, then colors them in with oils. Through May 21. (Burgin, 270 Lafayette St.)

Mary Heilmann—Paintings. Through May 22. (Hearn, 735 E. 9th St., just west of Avenue D. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Peter Hopkins—Paintings. Through Sunday, May 8. (American Fine Arts, 511 E. 6th St., near Avenue A. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Christian Marclay—Sculptures that make use of objects having to do with sound: records, speakers, and gramophone parts, for instance. Through May 21. (Cugliani, 508 Greenwich St., at Spring St.)

Rona Pondick—Recent sculptures. Through May 22. (Fiction-Nonfiction, 155 Avenue B, at 10th St. Open Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

P.S. 1—"Brazil Projects" is part exhibition and part festival; it includes works by nearly seventy Brazilian painters, sculptors, photographers, video artists, and architects. For information about film screenings and musical performances, which will be held at various places, call 1-718 784-2084. Through June 12. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Show—Howardena Pindell has selected works in a variety of mediums by twenty women artists, including Ana Mendieta, Alison Saar, and Kay WalkingStick. Through May 27. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Margaret Bourke-White (1904-71)—Photographs taken for industrial clients and for *Fortune* and *Life*. Through June 4. (Photofind, 138 Spring St.)

Lee Friedlander—A series of photographs depicting industrial workers. Through May 14. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Gerald Incandela—Photographs of figures by an artist who alters his prints with a brush as he develops them. Through May 28. (Kasmin, 580 Broadway.)

Group Show—Works by three artists (Les Levine, Jochen Gerz, and Roger Welch) who integrate photography into conceptual art projects. Levine, for instance, has mounted a three-wall installation conceived around a *Life* photograph of President Nixon in China. Through May 14. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. —Ninety paintings and drawings by Paul Klee, a gift to the museum from Heinz Berggruen. Starts Friday, May 6. . . . ¶ Fifty-one Dutch and Flemish paintings on loan from the Hermitage. Through June 5. . . . ¶ A show of Fragonard's paintings and drawings, which has travelled here from the Grand Palais, in Paris. Through Sunday, May 8. Complementing this is the display of "The Progress of Love" at the Frick Collection (see below). (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Drawings by Paul Cézanne taken from five sketchbooks that are on loan from the Kunstmuseum in Basel. Through June 5. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show that tracks collage and assemblage as explored by exponents of every ism from Cubism to Abstract Expressionism and beyond. The works are by Picasso, Duchamp, Ernst, Chamberlain, Rauschenberg, Nevelson, and Anne Ryan, among many others. Through May 22. . . . ¶ A large retrospective of Josef Albers' work includes paintings, objects, and photographs. Through May 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Paintings and drawings from the past twelve years by Elizabeth Murray. Through June 26. . . . ¶ Drawings by the contemporary artists George Condo, Mike Kelley, Ellen Phelan, and Janis Provisor. Through July 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A survey of Donald Sultan's paintings and drawings dating from 1981 to 1987. Through June 13. . . . ¶ A drawing and a sculpture each by forty contemporary Israeli artists, including Pinchas Cohen-Gan, Teresa Gejer, and Osvaldo Romberg. Through June 27. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of Tiffany dazzlers from the past century and a half, including the 128.54-carat Tiffany diamond and a 75-carat emerald brooch set with diamonds. Through June 5. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

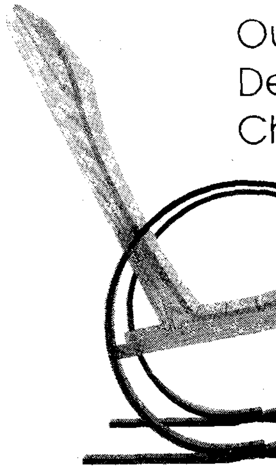
China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of neolithic Chinese jades—amulets and ceremonial objects—in a range of shades running from off-white to nearly black. Through June 18. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Arts and Crafts Movement in America (1875-1920) is represented in a display of about two hundred objects, including stained glass, silver, books, furniture, jewelry, and textiles. Through June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

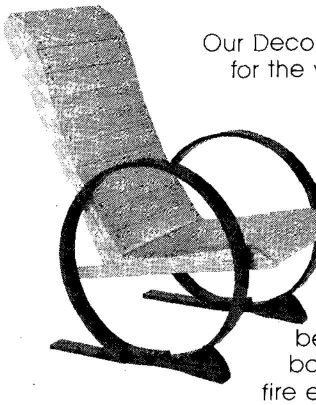
Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—All fourteen canvases of Fragonard's "The Progress of Love" are on view (as usual), complementing the comprehensive show (ending Sunday, May 8) of the artist's work at the Metropolitan. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Works by the painter-sculptor Arbit Blatas, whose subject is stars of the New York music and theatre worlds, past and present. Appearing in the show are Toscanini and Bernstein, Pavarotti and Sutherland. Also, paintings of scenes from the current "Cabaret," with Joel Grey. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Some of New York's architectural history is recounted in a show that includes twelve views (in sketches, blueprints, and photographs) of Cass Gilbert's

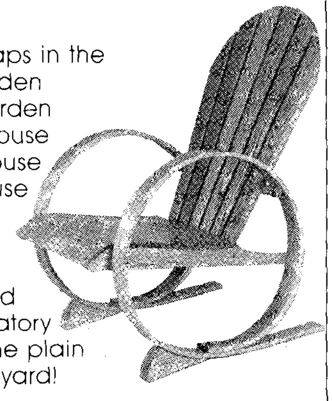


Our
Deco
Chair



Our Deco Chair is
for the veranda
balcony
terrace
piazza
patio
beach
deck
dock
lawn
porch
belvedere
boardwalk
fire escape—

or perhaps in the
roof garden
herb garden
screenhouse
greenhouse
boathouse
solarium
gazebo
orchard
courtyard
conservatory
or just the plain
ol' backyard!



Our Deco Chair is taken from a classic design of the 1930's. Offered in slatback or fanback, the chair is solid wood construction in oak; hoops are available in the same clear varnish finish or in a contrasting enamel of black, burgundy or green. Chair: $285.

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ART—Cont'd

Woolworth Building and five photographs of the demolition of the El station at Sixth Avenue between Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Streets. Starts Wednesday, May 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A retrospective of paintings and prints by James Lesesne Wells. Through June 19. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall, 247-7800; and for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Zubin Mehta conducting music by Mussorgsky and Bruckner, with Martti Talvela, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday through Saturday, May 5-7, at 8.)

Pittsburgh Symphony—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting a Dvořák-Janáček program. With Linda Kelm, soprano; Myrna Paris, mezzo-soprano; Jon Fredric West, tenor; John Ostendorf, baritone; David Hart, organ; and Robert Page directing the Mendelssohn Choir of Pittsburgh. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 5, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting a program that includes the New York première of Morton Gould's "Classical Variations on Colonial Themes," and Emanuel Ax playing Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Friday, May 6, at 8; Saturday, May 7, at 7; and Sunday, May 8, at 2.)

Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra—John Nelson conducting, with Gary Hoffman, cello. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Sunday, May 8, at 7.)

Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost conducting the New York première of Mikis Theodorakis's Third Symphony. With Marianna Christos, soprano, the Metropolitan Singers, and the Greek Choral Society. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 7, at 8.)

New York Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting the première of Robert Starer's cello concerto, with Janos Starker. (92nd Street Y. Saturday, May 7, at 8, and Sunday, May 8, at 3.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside directing Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Janet Baker, mezzo-soprano, and other soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 4, at 8.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis." (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 7, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Haydn's "Creation," with an orchestra and soloists. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, May 8, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Manhattan Philharmonic—Peter Tiboris conducting the orchestra; a large, youthful chorus; and soloists in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and other works. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, May 8, at 8.)

University of Michigan Men's Glee Club—Bradley Bloom directing, with Russell Christopher, baritone. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesday, May 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

RECITALS

Alliance for American Song—Presenting song cycles by John Cage, Nicolas Slonimsky, Miriam Gideon, and others. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Tuesday, May 3, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

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Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio—Playing, among other works, the New York première of Ellen Taaffe Zwilich's trio for piano, violin, and cello. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 3-4, at 8.)

Evelyne Dubourg—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 4, at 8.)

The Art of the Early Keyboard—The last in a series of four concerts featuring Gwendolyn Toth, organ, and guest artists, this one with members of the Artek Ensemble and three vocalists, and featuring seventeenth-century German works. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Wednesday, May 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Shauna Rolston—Cello. (Americas Society, Park Ave. at 68th St. 249-8950. Wednesday, May 4, at 8.)

Lark String Quartet—Playing a new work by Peter Schickele, and works by Dvořák and Beethoven. (92nd Street Y. Thursday, May 5, at 8.)

Mozartean Players—Steven Lubin, fortepiano, conducting a Mozart-Haydn-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, May 5, at 8.)

Parnassus—Anthony Korf conducting contemporary chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, May 5, at 8.)

Jerome Hines—Bass, with Zaidee Parkinson, piano, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 6, at 8.)

Sylvan Winds—Gerard Schwarz conducting the last concert of the season, with Wendy White, mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, May 6, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—With Daniel Phillips, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Robert Routch, horn; and artists of the society in a program that includes the première of Tobias Picker's piece for string quartet and double bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 6, at 8; Saturday, May 7, at 3; and Sunday, May 8, at 5.)

Nina Beilina—Violin, in an all-Bach program. With Julius Baker, flute; Humbert Lucarelli, oboe; and an orchestra. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Saturday, May 7, at 7:30.)

Spoleto Festival Chamber Music at BAM—The last in this season's series of seven concerts, with Paula Robison, flute; Scott Nickrenz, viola; and the Ridge String Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, May 7, at 8.)

Miriam Fried—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 8, at 3.)

Bella Davidovich—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, May 8, at 3.)

Colorado String Quartet—Playing Haydn, Ginastera, and Dvořák. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 8, at 8.)

Bronx Arts Ensemble—Robert Black conducting five vocalists and ten instrumentalists in a performance of Roberto Sierra's new chamber opera, "El Mensajero de Plata." Also on the program are two other works by Mr. Sierra. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sunday, May 8, at 8.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy and Lynn Harrell—Piano and cello, in a Shostakovich, Beethoven, and Brahms program. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, May 9, at 8.)

Lucy Shelton—Soprano, with assisting artists. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, May 9, at 8.)

Tribute to Ernesto Nazareth (1863-1934)—With pianists William Bolcom, Polly Ferman, and Sonia Rubinsky. (Weill Recital Hall. Tuesday, May 10, at 8.)

Musical Elements—With Paul Sperry, tenor, in a concert honoring Jacob Druckman's sixtieth birthday. (92nd Street Y. Tuesday, May 10, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—In an all-Beethoven program. (92nd Street Y. Wednesday, May 11, at 8.)

Cleveland String Quartet—With Misha Dichter, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Wednesday, May 11, at 8.)

Aulos Ensemble—In a program of Vivaldi concertos and sonatas. With Dennis Godburn, baroque bassoon. (Rutgers Presbyterian Church, 236 W. 73rd St. Wednesday, May 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 567-4089.)

Ravi Shankar—Sitar, with his son, Shubho Shankar, sitar, and Kumar Bose, tabla. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 11, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Shea Stadium is 1-718 507-8499, and for Yankee Stadium 293-6000.)

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Atlanta, Monday and Tuesday, May 2-3, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Houston, Wednesday and Thursday, May 4-5, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Friday, May 6, at 7:35, and Saturday and Sunday, May 7-8, at 1:35. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 10-11, at 7:30.

Basketball—National Basketball Association Eastern Conference Playoffs: Knicks vs. Boston Celtics. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Wednesday, May 4, at 8; and, if necessary, Friday, May 6, at 8:30.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; through Monday, May 9. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 7. . . . **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1; starting Wednesday, May 11. . . . **churchill downs,** Louisville: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 7.

Tennis—Eagle Tournament of Champions: Andres Gomez, John McEnroe, Stefan Edberg, and Brad Gilbert, among others. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. 1-718 268-2300. Monday through Friday, May 2-6, at noon; semifinals Saturday, May 7, at noon; and finals Sunday, May 8, at 1:45.)

Trotting—At **meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30. . . . **yonkers raceway:** Monday and Tuesday, May 2-3, at 8. . . . **roosevelt raceway:** Nightly at 7:30, from Wednesday, May 4, through Wednesday, June 15.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Anthony Burgess reading from his own prose. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, May 9, at 8.) . . . ¶ Maria Tucci, Anthony Hecht, Sam Waterston, and Jonathan Galassi reading poems about Venice, Florence, and Rome, by Auden, Wordsworth, Hardy, and others. (Celeste Bartos Forum, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Wednesday, May 11, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.)

American Craft at the Armory—A show and sale of contemporary clay, fibre, glass, wood, paper, and metal objects. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Friday and Saturday, May 6-7, from 11 to 8, and Sunday, May 8, from noon to 6.)

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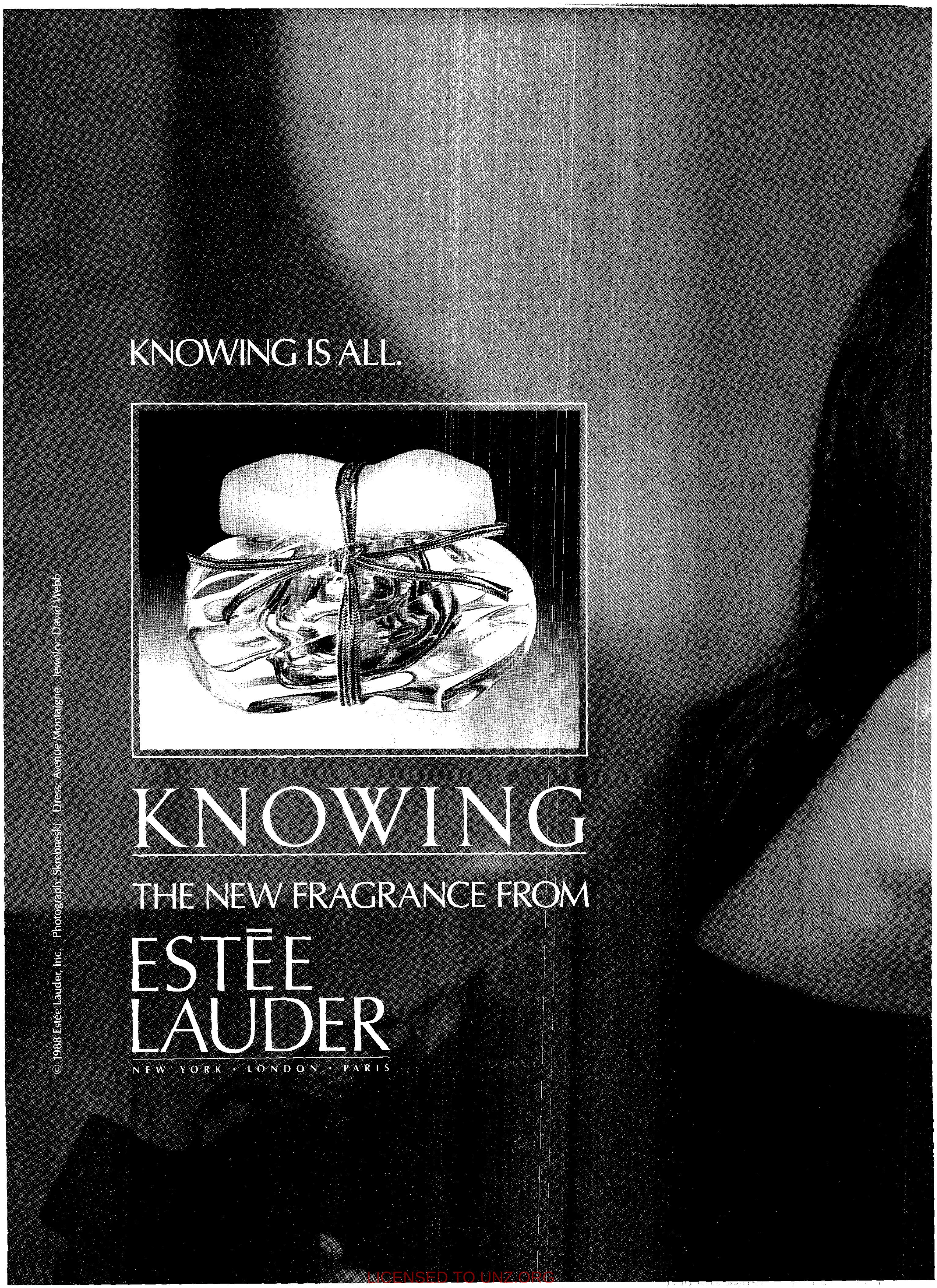
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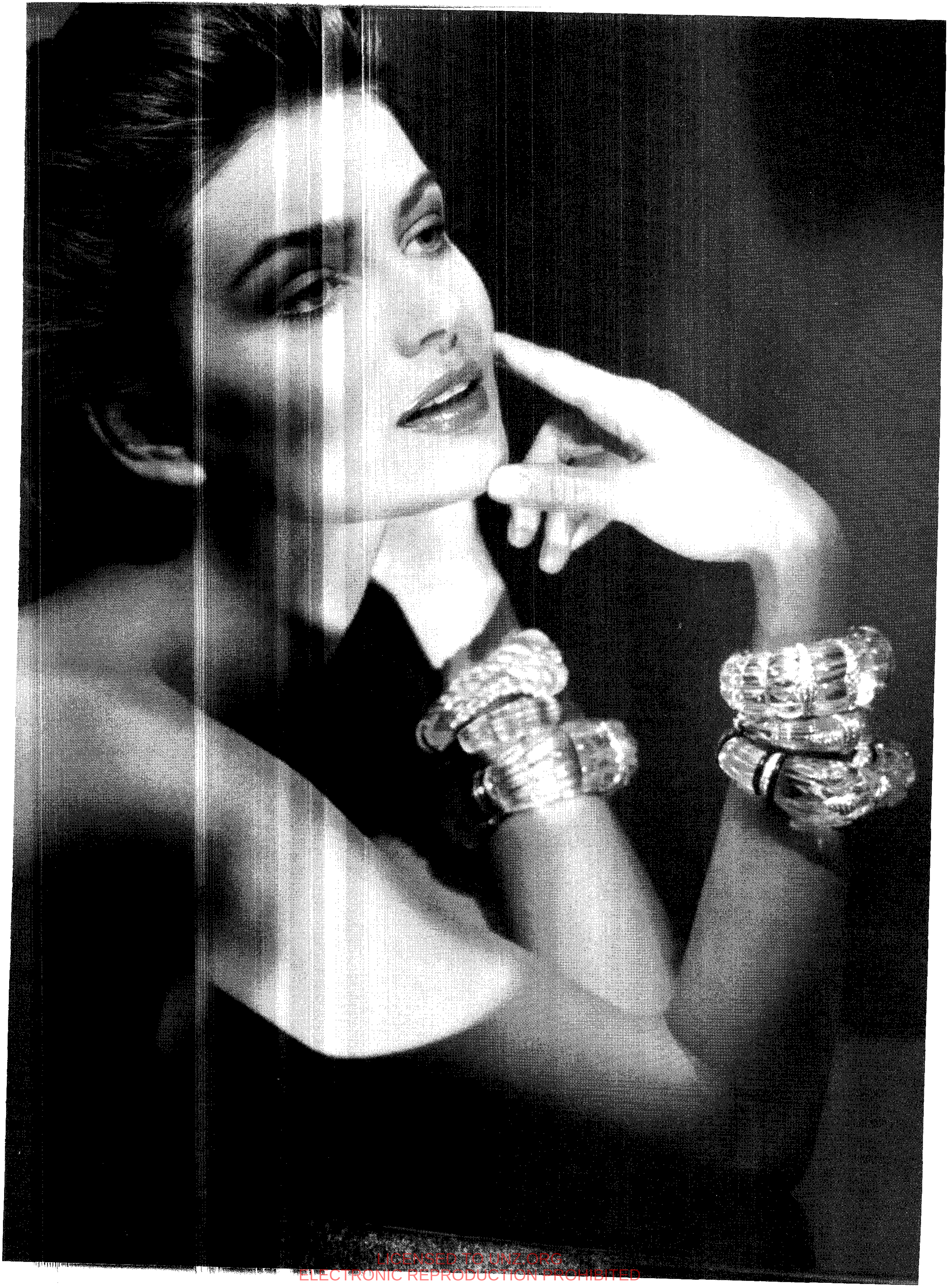


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A festival of Orson Welles films.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Beetlejuice" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "The Seventh Sign" (directed by Carl Schultz), with Demi Moore, Michael Biehn, and Jürgen Prochnow. From May 6: "Salsa" (Boaz Davidson).
Theatre 3: "Sunset" (Blake Edwards), with Bruce Willis and James Garner.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Colors" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).
Theatre 3: "Critters 2" (Mick Garris).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Beetlejuice" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through May 5: "Tokyo Pop" (Fran Rubel Kuzui), with Carrie Hamilton.
From May 6: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Casual Sex?" (Genevieve Robert), with Lea Thompson.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"A Time of Destiny" (Gregory Nava), with William Hurt, Timothy Hutton, and Melissa Leo.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Moderns" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through May 5: "Moonstruck" (†). From May 6: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "Beetlejuice" (†). From May 6: "Shakedown" (James Glickenhaus), with Peter Weller and Sam Elliott.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 5: "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" (†).
From May 6 (tentative): "Judgment in Berlin" (Leo Penn), with Martin Sheen.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick.
Theatre 2: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through May 5: "Eat the Rich" (Peter Richardson). From May 6: "In a Shallow Grave" (Kenneth Bowser), with Michael Biehn.
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "Two Moon Junction" (Zalman King). From May 6: "Salome's Last Dance" (Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Sunset" (Blake Edwards), with Bruce Willis and James Garner.
Theatre 2: "Stormy Monday" (Mike Figgis), with Melanie Griffith, Tommy Lee Jones, Sting, and Sean Bean.

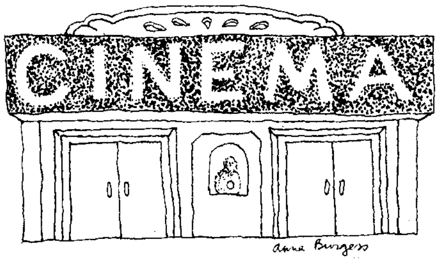
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Colors" (†).
Theatre 2: "Permanent Record" (Marisa Silver).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"I Hate Actors!" (Gérard Krawczyk; in French).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through May 5: "Biloxi Blues" (Mike Nichols), with Matthew Broderick.
From May 6: "Salsa" (Boaz Davidson).



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Colors" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "Critters 2" (Mick Garris). From May 6 (tentative): "Shakedown" (James Glickenhaus), with Peter Weller and Sam Elliott.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through May 5: "Bloodsport" (Newt Arnold), with Jean Claude Van Damme. From May 6: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "Two Moon Junction" (Zalman King). From May 6: "Dead Heat" (Mark Goldblatt), with Treat Williams and Joe Piscopo.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through May 3: "A Hungry Feeling: The Life and Death of Brendan Behan" (directed by Allan Miller), a documentary. From May 4: "Mala Noche" (1985; Gus Van Sant).
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through May 5: (Separate admissions) "Manon of the Spring" (Claude Berri; in French), with Yves Montand, Daniel Auteuil, and Emmanuelle Béart; "Jean de Florette" (†); and "Sammy and Rosie Get Laid" (†). From May 6: "Riders of the Storm" (Maurice Phillips), with Dennis Hopper and Michael J. Pollard.
Theatre 2: Through May 5: (Separate admissions) "She Must Be Seeing Things" (Sheila McLaughlin), with Sheila Dabney; and "Bellman and True" (Richard Loncraine), with Bernard Hill. From May 6: To be announced.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Hairspray" (†).
Theatre 2: "Love Is a Dog from Hell" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).
Theatre 2: "Stand and Deliver" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Hope and Glory" (†).
Theatre 2: "Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).
Theatre 3: "Mondo New York" (Harvey Keith).
Theatre 4: Through May 5: "A Time of Destiny" (Gregory Nava), with William Hurt, Timothy Hutton, and Melissa Leo. From May 6: "Dark Habits" (Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through May 5: "Two Moon Junction" (Zalman King). From May 6: "Shakedown" (James Glickenhaus), with Peter Weller and Sam Elliott.
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "Casual Sex?" (Genevieve Robert), with Lea Thompson. From May 6: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through May 5: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal. From May 6: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Dominick and Eugene" (Robert M. Young), with Tom Hulce and Ray Liotta.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Powaqqatsi" (Godfrey Reggio).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Au Revoir les Enfants" ("Goodbye, Children") (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Last Emperor" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"White Mischief" (Michael Radford), with Greta Scacchi, Charles Dance, and Joss Ackland.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
Through May 5: "A Glass Full of Snow."
From May 6: "The Mass Is Ended" (Nanni Moretti; in Italian).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Da" (Matt Clark), with Barnard Hughes, Martin Sheen, and William Hickey.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Wall Street" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Manchurian Candidate" (†).

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Bagdad Café" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "The Pointsman" (Jos Stelling; in Dutch and French). From May 6: "38: Vienna Before the Fall" (Wolfgang Glück; in German).
Theatre 3: "My Life as a Dog" (Lasse Hallström; in Swedish), with Anton Glanzelius.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Babette's Feast" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wings of Desire" (Wim Wenders; in German, French, and English).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Milagro Beanfield War" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Someone to Love" (Henry Jaglom), with Orson Welles, Andrea Marcovicci, and Sally Kellerman.
Theatre 2: "Stormy Monday" (Mike Figgis), with Melanie Griffith, Tommy Lee Jones, Sting, and Sean Bean.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Sunset" (Blake Edwards), with Bruce Willis and James Garner.
Theatre 2: "A Time of Destiny" (Gregory Nava), with William Hurt, Timothy Hutton, and Melissa Leo.
Theatre 3: "Bright Lights, Big City" (†).
Theatre 4: "Beetlejuice" (†).
Theatre 5: "Moonstruck" (†).
Theatre 6: "Colors" (†).

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Casual Sex?" (Genevieve Robert), with Lea Thompson.
Theatre 2: "The Last Emperor" (†).

Columbia Cinema, B'way at 103rd. (866-7500)
Through May 5: "Bloodsport" (Newt Arnold), with Jean Claude Van Damme.
From May 6: "Salsa" (Boaz Davidson).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through May 5: "Two Moon Junction" (Zalman King). From May 6: "Shakedown" (James Glickenhaus), with Peter Weller and Sam Elliott.
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal. From May 6: To be announced.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Beetlejuice" (†).
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "The Seventh Sign" (directed by Carl Schultz), with Demi Moore, Michael Biehn, and Jürgen Prochnow. From May 6: "Slaughterhouse Rock."
Theatre 3: "Sunset" (Blake Edwards), with Bruce Willis and James Garner.
Theatre 4: "Bloodsport" (Newt Arnold), with Jean Claude Van Damme.
Theatre 5: Through May 5: "Bad Dreams" (Andrew Fleming), with Jennifer Rubin. From May 6: "Salsa" (Boaz Davidson).
Theatre 6: "School Daze" (Spike Lee).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Critters 2" (Mick Garris).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "Bright Lights, Big City" (†). From May 6: "Riders of the Storm" (Maurice Phillips), with Dennis Hopper and Michael J. Pollard.
Theatre 3: "Permanent Record" (Marisa Silver).
Theatre 4: "Good Morning, Vietnam" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Colors" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through May 5: "Casual Sex?" (Genevieve Robert), with Lea Thompson.
From May 6: "Shakedown" (James Glickenhaus), with Peter Weller and Sam Elliott.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Above the Law" (Andrew Davis), with Steven Seagal.
Theatre 2: Through May 5: "Two Moon Junction" (Zalman King). From May 6: "Dead Heat" (Mark Goldblatt), with Treat Williams and Joe Piscopo.

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through May 5: "The Unholy" (Camilo Vila), with Ben Cross, Ned Beatty, and William Russ.
From May 6: To be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through May 8: A festival of Israeli films.
May 9-10: "Fat City" (†); and "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (1967; directed by John Huston), with Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando, Brian Keith, and Julie Harris.
From May 11: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Winter Kills" (1979; William Richert), with Jeff Bridges, John Huston, and Anthony Perkins.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 3: "Too Outrageous!" (1987; Dick Benner), with Craig Russell and Hollis McLaren; and "Myra Breckinridge" (1970; Michael Sarne), with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch.
May 4-5: "My Sweet Little Village" (1987; Jiří Menzel; a Czech film), and "Loves of a Blonde" (Miloš Forman; a Czech film).
May 6-7: "Barfly" (1987; Barbet Schroeder), with Mickey Rourke and Faye Dunaway; and "Come Back, Little Sheba" (1952; Daniel Mann), with Shirley Booth, Burt Lancaster, Terry Moore, and Richard Jaeckel.
May 8: "Bizet's Carmen" (1984; Francesco Rosi; in French), with Plácido Domingo and Julia Migenes-Johnson; and "Otello" (1986; Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Plácido Domingo.
May 9-10: "Siesta" (1987; Mary Lambert), with Ellen Barkin, Gabriel Byrne, and Julian Sands; and "Anguish" (1988; Bigas Luna), with Zelda Rubinstein and Michael Lerner.
From May 11: "The Mozart Brothers" (1987; Suzanne Osten; in Swedish); and "The Wolf at the Door" (1987; Henning Carlsen), with Donald Sutherland.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 4: "Andrei Roublev" (1969; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).
May 5: "Sanford Meisner—The Theatre's Best-Kept Secret" (1984; Nick Doob), a documentary; and "The Story on Page One" (1960; Clifford Odets), with Rita Hayworth, Anthony Franciosa, and Gig Young.
From May 6: "The Profound Desire of the Gods" (1968; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through May 3: A program of jazz films.
May 4: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955; Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish; and "Angel Face" (1953; Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum, Jean Simmons, Mona Freeman, and Herbert Marshall.
May 5: "Monsieur Vincent" (†); and "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928; Carl Dreyer; a French film, with an English narration), with Maria Falconetti and Antonin Artaud.
May 6-7: "Something Wild" (1986; Jonathan Demme), with Jeff Daniels, Melanie Griffith, and Ray Liotta; and "Citizens Band" ("Handle with Care;" 1977; Jonathan Demme), with Paul Le Mat.
May 8: "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian); and "Indiscretion of an American Wife" (†).
May 9: "RoboCop" (1987; Paul Verhoeven), with Peter Weller, Nancy Allen, and Kurtwood Smith; and "The Terminator" (1984; James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger, Michael Biehn, and Linda Hamilton.
May 10: "All the President's Men" (1976; Alan J. Pakula), with Dustin Hoffman and Robert Redford; and the David Frost–Richard Nixon interview.
May 11: "El Dorado" (†); and "Pursued" (1947; Raoul Walsh), with Teresa Wright, Robert Mitchum, and Judith Anderson.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
May 2: "L'Avventura" (1959; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Léa Massari; and "L'Amore" (1948; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Anna Magnani.
May 3: "Angels Over Broadway" (1940; Lee Garmes), with Rita Hayworth, Thomas Mitchell, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "The Lady in Question" (1940; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth and Brian Aherne.
May 4: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Alan Bates, Oliver Reed, Glenda Jackson, and Jennie Linden; and "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (1955; Marc Allégret; in French), with Danielle Darrieux.
May 5: "The Bad and the Beautiful" (†); and "Undercurrent" (1946; Vincente Minnelli), with Robert Taylor, Katharine Hepburn, Robert Mitchum, and Edmund Gwenn.
May 6-7: "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson; and "Sorry, Wrong Number" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Barbara Stanwyck and Burt Lancaster.
May 8: "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall; and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.
May 9: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "Il Bidone" (1955; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Broderick Crawford, Richard Basehart, Franco Fabrizi, and Giulietta Masina.
May 10: "Anna Christie" (1930; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion; and "Anna Karenina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone.
May 11: "The Pumpkin Eater" (1964; Jack Clayton), with Anne Bancroft, Peter Finch, James Mason, and Maggie Smith; and "The Birthday Party" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)
Theatre 1: May 2 at 2:30: A program of four short films by Stan Brakhage. . . . ¶ May 3 at 2:30 and 6: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; directed by Alain Resnais; in French, with English subtitles), with Delphine Seyrig. . . . ¶ May 5 at 2:30 and 6: Two different programs of films by Tony De Nonno. Mr. De Nonno will be present

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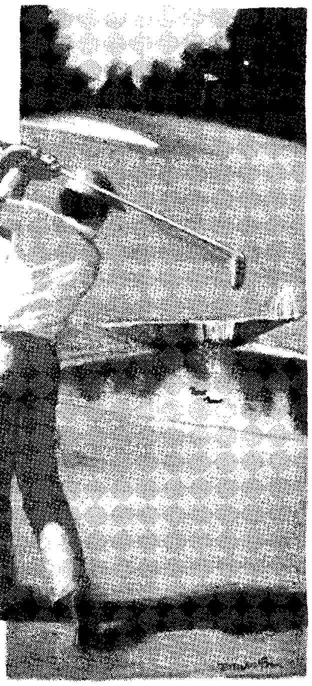

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at 6. . . . ¶ May 6 at 2:30: "Flight" (1929; Frank Capra), with Jack Holt, Lila Lee, and Ralph Graves. . . . ¶ May 6 at 6: "Ladies of Leisure" (1930; Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck, Ralph Graves, and Marie Prevost. . . . ¶ May 7 at 2: "Rain or Shine" (1930; Frank Capra), with Joe Cook, Louise Fazenda, and Joan Peers. . . . ¶ May 7 at 5: "Platinum Blonde" (1931; Frank Capra), with Loretta Young, Robert Williams, and Jean Harlow. . . . ¶ May 8 at 2: "Dirigible" (1931; Frank Capra), with Jack Holt, Ralph Graves, and Fay Wray. . . . ¶ May 8 at 5: "The Miracle Woman" (1931; Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck and David Manners. . . . ¶ May 9 at 2:30: "Forbidden" (1932; Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou, and Ralph Bellamy. . . . ¶ May 9 at 6: "Flight." . . . ¶ May 10 at 2:30: "Rain or Shine." . . . ¶ May 10 at 6: "American Madness" (1932; Frank Capra), with Walter Huston, Pat O'Brien, and Kay Johnson.

THEATRE 2: May 5 at 3 and 6:30: "Threat" (1987; Stefan Jarl), a documentary. . . . ¶ May 8 at 2:30: "On the Avenue" (1937; Roy Del Ruth), with Dick Powell and Madeleine Carroll. . . . ¶ May 8 at 5:30: "Top Hat" (1935; Mark Sandrich), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . ¶ May 9 at 6:30: A program of films by Tom Chomont, who will be present. . . . ¶ May 10 at 3: "Top Hat." . . . ¶ May 10 at 6:30: "On the Avenue."

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through June 5, a program of sixteen films by Andy Warhol. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for film and time schedules and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

JAPAN SOCIETY, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—A program of comedy films. May 6 at 6:30 and 8:30: "Heaven Sent" (1979; Yoichi Maeda; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Kaori Momoi.

MUSEUM OF BROADCASTING, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"WNET Thirteen: 25 Years on the Air," over a hundred hours of news, public affairs, documentary, music, dance, theatre, nature, science, and children's programming. The fourth and final section, featuring children's programming, is on view through May 5. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

COLLECTIVE FOR LIVING CINEMA, 41 White St. (925-2111)—May 2 at 6:30: "The Problem with Love" (1984; Helke Sander; West Germany). . . . ¶ May 2 at 9:30: "Moral" (1982; Marilou Diaz-Abaya; Philippines). . . . ¶ May 3 at 6:30: "Maeve" (1981; Pat Murphy; Ireland). . . . ¶ May 3 at 9:30: "The Gold Diggers" (1983; Sally Potter; England). . . . ¶ May 4 at 6:30: "La Negra Angustias" (1949; Matilde Landeta; Mexico; in Spanish, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 4 at 9:30: "Touki-Bouki" (1973; Djibril Diop-Mambety; Senegal). . . . ¶ May 5 at 6:30: "Burning an Illusion" (1981; M. Shabazz; England) and "Gray Area" (1982; Monona Wali; United States). . . . ¶ May 5 at 9:30: "We're Not Asking for the Moon" (1986; Mari-Carmen de Lara; Mexico) and "Trial for Rape" (1979; Italy). . . . ¶ May 6 at 6:30: "As We Were" (1976; Eddie Romero; Philippines). . . . ¶ May 6 at 9:30: "Maids and Madams" (1985; Mira Hamarmesh; England) and "Two Dollars and a Dream" (1987; Stanley Nelson; United States). . . . ¶ May 7 at 1: "Taipei Story" (1985; Edward Yang; Taiwan). . . . ¶ May 7 at 3: "A Girl's Own Story" (1984; Jane Campion; Australia) and "Sea of Roses" (1977; Ana Carolina; Brazil). . . . ¶ May 7 at 5:30: "Fertile Memory" (1980; Michel Khleifi; Palestine). . . . ¶ May 7 at 7:30: "Sambizanga" (1972; Sarah Maldoror; Angola). . . . ¶ May 7 at 9:30: "A Song of Ceylon" (1986; Laleen Jayamanne; Australia) and "No Longer Silent" (1986; Laurette Deschamps; Canada). . . . ¶ May 8 at 2: "The Sleep of Reason" (1984; Ula Stockl; West Germany). . . . ¶ May 8 at 4:30: "Touki-Bouki." . . . ¶ May 8 at 7: "Emitai" (1972; Ousmane Sembène; Senegal). . . . ¶ May 8 at 9:30: To be announced. . . . ¶ May 9 at 8: "The Strange Loves of Martha Ivers" (1946; Lewis Milestone), with Barbara Stanwyck, Lizabeth Scott, and Kirk Douglas. . . . ¶ May 10 at 8: "Le Beau Serge" (1958; Claude Chabrol; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 11 at 8: A program of four avant-garde films.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Education Division, Eastern Parkway—May 7 at 2: "The Real Julia" (1987; Dan Klugherz), a documentary. Mr. Klugherz will be present. (For information about tickets, call 1-718 638-5000, ext 233.)

RESISTANCE AND ESCAPE, 1933-45—A free series of films and videos on resistance against the Nazi regime: May 3 at 6:30: "Take Good Care of It—It's My Whole Life: Charlotte Salomon 1940-42" (1986; Hannelore Schäfer; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 6 at 6:30: "Villa Air Bel, Varian Fry in Marseille 1940-41" (1987; Jörg Bundschuh; in German, with English subtitles) and "Escape Routes of a Peace-Loving Man—The Writer Leonhard Frank" (1982; Percy Adlon). . . . ¶ May 7 at 1: "Escape Route to Marseille" (1977; Ingemo Engström; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 10 at 6:30: "Martin Niemöller: What Would Jesus Say to That" (1985; Hannes Karnik and Wolfgang Richter; in German, with English subtitles). (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. 744-8310. Tickets are issued one hour prior to screening.)

CINEMA AND OPERA—May 2 at 8: "Orfeo" (1985; Claude Goretta; in Italian, with French subtitles), with Gino Quillico and Audrey Michael. . . . ¶ May 3 at 5:45: "Don Giovanni" (1979; Joseph Losey; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Ruggero Raimondi. . . . ¶ May 3 at 9:30: "Otello" (1986; Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Plácido Domingo. . . . ¶ May 4 at 6: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 4 at 9:15: "Bizet's Carmen" (1984; Francesco Rosi; in French, with English subtitles), with Plácido Domingo and Julia Migenes-Johnson. . . . ¶ May 5 at 6: "La Voix Humaine" (1970; Dominique Delouche; in French, with no English subtitles), with Denise Duval. . . . ¶ May 5 at 7:30: "Parsifal" (1983; Hans-Jürgen Syberberg; in German, with English subtitles), with Karin Krick and Michael Kutter. . . . ¶ May 6 at 6: "The Medium" (1951; Gian Carlo Menotti), with Marie Powers. . . . ¶ May 6 at 8: "Louise" (1939; Abel Gance; in French, with no English subtitles), with Grace Moore. . . . ¶ May 6 at 10: "La Tragédie de Carmen" (1963; Peter Brook; in French, with no English subtitles). . . . ¶ May 7 at 8: To be announced. . . . ¶ May 8 at 8: "Senso" (1955; Luchino Visconti; in Italian, with French subtitles), with Farley Granger and Alida Valli. (French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. 355-6105.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Penelope Gilliatt and Terrence Rafferty.)

AU REVOIR LES ENFANTS (GOODBYE, CHILDREN)—It's set in Occupied France in 1944, when the writer-director Louis Malle was an eleven-year-old at a Catholic boys' boarding school near Fontainebleau that sheltered several Jewish boys. The Gestapo learned they were there, and sent the ones they found to Auschwitz, and the headmaster to a work camp. One of the Jewish boys was in Malle's class, but Malle didn't get to know him well and didn't realize that he was Jewish. For the dramatic purposes of the movie, he has conceived a close friendship between his alter ego, the fair-haired Julien Quentin (Gaspard Manesse), and the dark boy who is using the false name Jean Bonnet (Raphaël Fejtö). But nothing comes into clear focus—not the boys' attitudes, not even the images. The film (especially the first half) seems padded, formal, discreet. It's like watching a faded French classic. And there's something unseemly about the way Jean is used as an aesthetic object—spiritual, sensitive, exotic. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/22/88.) (Quad Cinema, and Festival.)

BABETTE'S FEAST—In a village on Denmark's gray, blustery Jutland peninsula, sometime in the eighteen-eighties, Babette (Stéphane Audran), the French servant of a pair of elderly unmarried sisters (Birgitte Federspiel and Bodil Kjer), prepares a special dinner for her employers and their guests—a lavish, one-time-only orgy of haute cuisine served to a group of devout Lutherans who are used to receiving the Lord's bounty in the form of grim little slabs of boiled fish. Adapting one of Isak Dinesen's "Anecdotes of Destiny," Gabriel Axel, the writer-director, tells this simple tale simply. He establishes a lulling, bedtime-story tone right from the start, perhaps too successfully: our eyelids begin to seem very heavy after twenty minutes or so. The whole thing turns out to be about the consolations of art, and the union of "righteousness and bliss." The film is more righteous than blissful: a more austere celebration of the pleasures of the senses would be difficult to imagine. In Danish and French.—T.R. (Cinema Studio.)

THE BAD AND THE BEAUTIFUL (1952)—Early in the year, the great Hollywood Dunciad, "Singin' in the Rain," came out, and then came this spangled, overwrought piece of Hollywoodian self-analysis. The first was a satire, the second a satire in spite of itself. A glossy melodrama about a "bad" megalomaniac Hollywood producer (Kirk Douglas) and a "beautiful" alcoholic star (Lana Turner), this is one of those movies that set out to explain what Hollywood is *really* like. It's a piquant example of what it purports to expose—luxurious exhibitionism—and the course of what is described as a "rat race" to success is the softest turf ever. The structure is all too reminiscent of "Citizen Kane," but there are also flashy, entertaining scenes and incidents derived from a number of famous careers. And the director, Vincente Minnelli, has given the material a hysterical stylishness; the black-and-white cinematography (by Robert Surtees) is more than dramatic—it has temperament. With Dick Powell as an author; Gloria Grahame as his Southern wife; Walter Pidgeon as a studio head; Barry Sullivan as a director; Gilbert Roland as Gaucho, the actor; Elaine Stewart as a starlet; and Leo G. Carroll, Paul Stewart, and Vanessa Brown. Music by David Raksin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 5.)

BAGDAD CAFÉ—After an argument with her husband on a godforsaken stretch of highway at the edge of the Mojave Desert, a fat German tourist named Jasmin (Marianne Sägebrecht) checks into a crummy motel attached to the equally crummy Bagdad Café. In this remote setting she finds herself, or something, and also changes the lives of the staff and residents of the shabby oasis. This movie, the first in English by the German director Percy Adlon (whose 1985 "Sugarbaby" was also a vehicle for Sägebrecht), is filled with eccentrics who are apparently meant to be lovable: the irascible black woman (CCH Pounder) who runs the motel and café: her wild teenage daughter (Monica Calhoun) and sensitive, piano-playing son (Darron Flagg); a retired Hollywood set painter (Jack Palance), who dresses like a demented cowboy; a sultry tattoo artist (Christine Kaufmann); and so on. The rather precious conceit of the film is that Jasmin somehow brings all these outcast characters, including herself, together in a kind of extended family; by the end, the Bagdad Café has been transformed into a popular roadside cabaret, with everyone contributing a specialty (Jasmin does magic tricks). Adlon's direction is far from magical: his skewed camera angles and his use of colored filters seem arty and arbitrary, and the American performers look a little desperate. They're trapped in a movie that treats them as merely exotic—waxwork grotesques waiting to be animated by a mysterious German touch. Eleonore Adlon and Christopher Doherty col-

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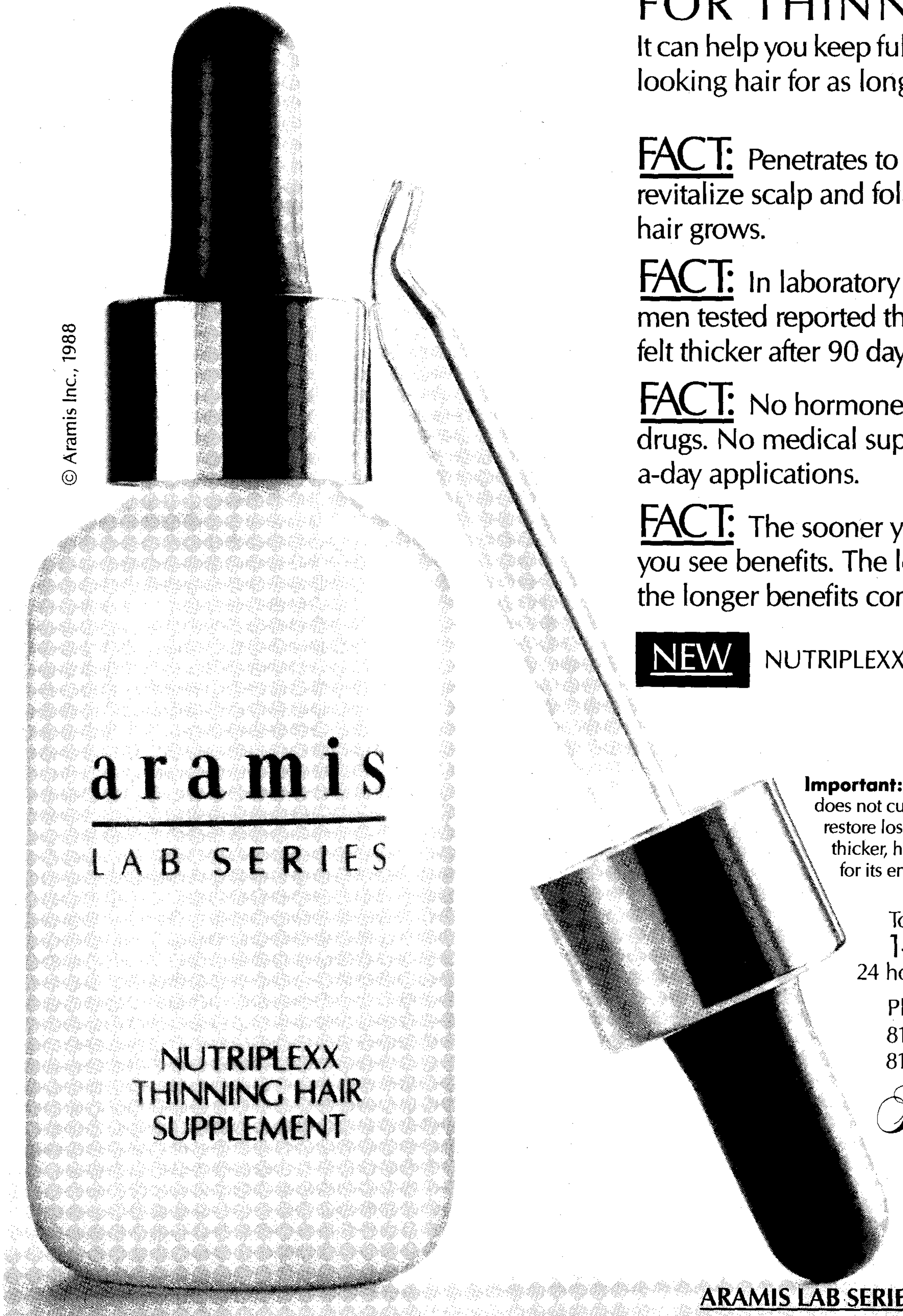

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IN BRIEF—Cont'd

laborated with the director on the screenplay. —T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

Beetlejuice—Set in an idyllic New England town, this farce about the afterlife is a variant on "Topper" (1937) and "The Old Dark House" (1932). A devoted, home-loving young couple (Alec Baldwin and Geena Davis) are drowned in a car accident, and when they return to their house as ghosts they are miffed by the redecorating of the New Yorkers who have bought it. Too mild to scare these intruders away, they call upon the services of the rutty little demon Betelgeuse (pronounced Beetlejuice). Michael Keaton plays the part, and his uninhibited comic performance is like an exploding head. He isn't onscreen nearly enough—when he is, he shoots the film sky-high. The story is bland and the movie is slow to get going, but with crazy comedy you settle for the moments of inspiration, and this picture has them. The young director, Tim Burton, takes stabs into the irrational and the incongruous; the film's blandness is edged with near-genius (and some great special effects). (4/18/88) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 34th St. East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Manhattan Twin; through May 5.)

The Birthday Party (1968)—The early Harold Pinter play, directed by William Friedkin, with an expert cast (Sydney Tafler, Robert Shaw, Patrick Magee, and Dandy Nichols). Lacking the excitement that Pinter's plays usually generate on the stage, the material becomes frozen and arbitrary. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 11.)

Bright Lights, Big City—The Jay McInerney book, which came out in 1984, is a just about perfect pop novel—so pop it's almost nothing. The hero works as a fact checker at a magazine modelled on *The New Yorker* (McInerney worked here for a little under six months in 1980) and spends his nights in the coke-snorting high wild life of the disco-party scene. The movie version, directed by James Bridges, from a script he devised with McInerney, follows the novel very closely, but drugs and AIDS have created a time warp between the early eighties and the late eighties, and the movie doesn't provide the seductiveness, the kick, the high. And, without that sexy glow, the movie has no vision. As the hero, Michael J. Fox keeps the character from being an obnoxious crybaby, and he suggests some interior life. The sly John Houseman has become a comedian at eighty-five; he gives the standout performance in the brief role of the magazine's imposing editor-in-chief, his shoulders slumped in sorrow over the factual errors that the hero has allowed to creep into the magazine. The picture isn't terrible, just terribly dull. (4/18/88) (Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Embassy; through May 5.)

Colors—This muckraking melodrama about L.A.'s two most powerful confederations of drug-trafficking youth gangs—the Bloods, who wear red, and the Crips, who wear blue—is deadened by standard cop-movie ploys. The veteran cop (Robert Duvall), who is due for retirement, and his new partner, the young fireball (Sean Penn) who likes to rough up suspects, are the only characters we get to know, and we already know them. The director, Dennis Hopper, and the cinematographer, Haskell Wexler, try for vividness, with the camera hightailing after the fast-moving gang members, and they catch images of the random violence of boys who are high on crack or PCP, and have arsenals of assault rifles and submachine guns. But despite the film's kinetic style it feels slow and long and tame. We're turned into passive voyeurs: we get a look at gang violence without being asked to become emotionally involved. Hopper isn't inside the material, except for his identification with its nihilistic view that the cops' activities are purposeless and that life doesn't make any sense. He's a visual aesthete—less a director than an artistic arranger of people in the frame. He takes us on an art tour of the graffiti-covered walls in the ghettos and barrios. With Maria Conchita Alonso, Trinidad Silva, and a cast that includes a dozen or so actual gang members. The script, by Michael Schiffer, is based on the story he devised with Richard DiLello; music by Herbie Hancock. (5/2/88) (Gramercy, Loews New York Twin, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

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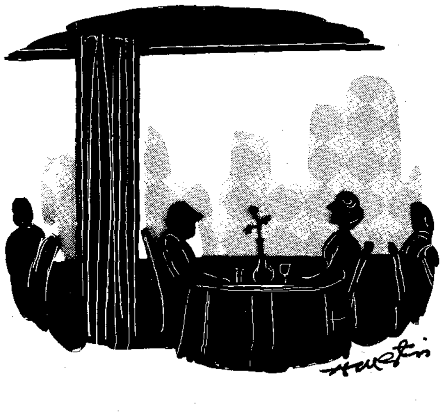
El Dorado (1967)—John Wayne and Robert Mitchum, parodying themselves while looking exhausted. When the movie starts, you have the sense of having come in on a late episode of a TV series. Mitchum plays a drunken old sheriff, and there are home remedies for alcoholism, vomiting scenes that are supposed to be hilarious, and one of those girls who hide their curls under cowboy hats and are mistaken for boys until the heroes start to wrestle with them. Except for a few opening shots, this Howard Hawks Western was made in a studio. (Thalia SoHo; May 11.)

Fat City (1972)—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston. The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training fighter who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money which men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors—mostly photographed in Stockton, California.—P.G. (Biograph Cinema; May 9-10.)

Good Morning, Vietnam—It sounded like a first-rate idea: Robin Williams doing his manic free-association comedy as a disk jockey, Adrian Cronauer, on Armed Forces Radio in Saigon in 1965. But the picture makes the character out to be a vulnerable, compassionate, respectful-of-the-Vietnamese wonderful guy, and the director, Barry Levinson, has a numbing sense of rhythm. Williams' riffs are chopped short, and the film keeps cutting to soldiers breaking up over his spiel before it's out of his mouth. There is an Adrian Cronauer, and the movie is very loosely based on his exploits, but the way the story line (from the script by Mitch Markowitz) has been directed it's a clumsier version of the plots of fifties musicals. (1/11/88) (Embassy.)

Hairspray—The writer-director John Waters treats the message movie as a genre to be parodied, just like the teenpic. Combining the two, he comes up with a pop dadaist musical comedy, set in Baltimore in 1962. Waters loves narrative, and he has half a dozen plots crisscrossing each other. In the middle are the spherical Mrs. Edna Turnblad (played by the male actor Divine) and her baby-blimp daughter, Tracy (Ricki Lake); they wear matching mother-and-daughter outfits. Tracy, who's the newest teen-age dancer on "The Corny Collins Show," discovers that black kids aren't allowed to take part and she becomes a leader in the fight for integration. Meanwhile, Divine watches over Tracy and preens like a mother hen. There's a what-the-hell quality to Divine's acting which the film needs; it would be too close to a real teenpic without it. When Divine's Edna Turnblad is onscreen in the sleeveless dresses she's partial to, the movie has something like the lunacy of a W. C. Fields in drag. (3/7/88) (Waverly.)



Hope and Glory—A great comedy about the blitz. In this autobiographical film, the writer-director John Boorman has had the inspiration to desentimentalize wartime England and show us the Second World War the way he saw it as an eight-year-old—as a party that kept going day after day, night after night. Boorman lets his characters say the previously unsayable. Bored with crouching indoors during the nightly raids by the Luftwaffe, the dimply blond fifteen-year-old Dawn (Sammi Davis), the eldest of the three Rohan children, runs outside, watches the firefighters at work on a blazing house, and dances in the Rohans' postage-stamp-size front garden. "It's lovely!" she calls out. The large cast includes Sebastian Rice Edwards as the eight-year-old Bill, Geraldine Muir as his little sister, Sarah Miles as his mother, David Hayman as his father, Ian Bannen as his grandfather, and Susan Wooldridge, Derrick O'Connor, and Jean-Marc Barr as the Canadian jokester. (10/5/87) (Quad Cinema.)

Indiscretion of an American Wife (1954)—The clashing temperaments of the producer, David Selznick; the director, Vittorio De Sica; and the stars, Jennifer Jones (at the time Mrs. Selznick) and Montgomery Clift, resulted in a very odd (and commercially unsuccessful) love drama, which was shot between many a midnight and dawn at Rome's railway station. De Sica had wanted to film a small-scale Cesare Zavattini story about a love affair that doesn't work out, but agreed to set it in the then new thirty-five-million-dollar colossal railway station to satisfy Selznick's desire for grandeur. The film is remarkable chiefly for the way De Sica used Clift: something weak-willed—almost oozingly soft—came through in his performance, and it is impossible to tell how much of this was intended by the actor or the director. It is unlike Clift's work in any other movie. With Richard Beymer and Gino Cervi. (Thalia SoHo; May 8.)

Jean de Florette—With Yves Montand, Gérard Depardieu, Elisabeth Depardieu, and Daniel Auteuil; directed by Claude Berri. In French. (7/13/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema; through May 5.)

The Last Emperor—Bernardo Bertolucci tells the story of Pu Yi, who was not quite three when, in 1908, he was set on the Dragon Throne in Peking's Forbidden City and became the titular ruler of a third of the people on earth. After being deposed and then enthroned again in Japanese-occupied Manchuria, he was in Soviet custody for five years, and then spent ten years being "reëducated" in a Chinese war-criminals prison. The movie doesn't have the juicy absurdity that seems to pour right out of the historical story. And it suppresses the drama. But it has pictorial grace and a dull fascination. Bertolucci presents Pu Yi (John Lone) as a man without will or backbone who lives his life as spectacle—who watches his life go by. And so we're given a historical pageant without a protagonist. There's an idea here, but it's a dippy idea—it results in a passive movie. With Joan Chen and Peter O'Toole. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; the film shows the palaces and courtyards of the two-hundred-and-fifty-acre Forbidden City. 2 hours and 46 minutes. (11/30/87) (Loews Tower East, 8th St. Playhouse, 57th St. Playhouse, and Metro Cinema.)

Love Is a Dog from Hell (European title "Crazy Love")—A low-keyed sexual reverie from Belgium about young Harry, who loves women but is rejected by them, and is able to show his tenderness only to a corpse. Adapted from Charles Bukowski's tales, principally "The Copulating Mermaid of Venice, California," this is a Flemish-language art film with its own erotic tone—faintly ironic, faintly queasy. Its softness gets to you. The thirty-one-year-old director, Dominique Deruddere, made the final episode, which is set in 1976, as a half-hour short, and then (with his co-writer, Marc Didden) worked up the two episodes of Harry's earlier life, set in 1955 and 1962, in order to make a feature—his first. The final necrophiliac section is too poetic—it's just a few tones away from being a parody of an adolescent fantasy. (It might work better without the prehistory that explains it so neatly.) But the middle episode—Harry's high-school graduation dance and his torment over being covered with acne and boils and pustules—has a masochistic potency, and some humor and rage. The band plays American pop tunes, such as "Love Hurts," and the girl vocalist has a wonderfully vacuous, self-absorbed sexiness. This is a movie for people with a perverse sense of humor or a persistent sexual acne. With Geert Hunaerts as Harry at twelve, and Josse De Pauw as Harry at nineteen (a bit like the young Alec Guinness) and at thirty-three (a bit like Nicol Williamson). (5/2/88) (Waverly.)

The Manchurian Candidate (1962)—A daring, funny, and far-out thriller about political extremists. George Axelrod adapted the Richard Condon novel, and John Frankenheimer came to life as a director. This picture may be the most sophisticated political satire ever made in Hollywood. With Angela Lansbury, Frank Sinatra, Laurence Harvey, and James Gregory. (Loews Paramount.)

The Milagro Beanfield War—The story is about a conflict over water rights in New Mexico between the struggling Mexican-American community and a bunch of powerful developers who are buying up land in the desert. Robert Redford's film of John Nichols' novel treats the material as an occasion for Capra-like populist comedy, and the feel-good, triumph-of-the-little-guy stuff overwhelms the jokes. But Redford has assembled a lively, talented cast here, and their little bits of business keep the movie watchable. John Heard, Rubén Blades, Julie Carmen, James Gammon, Daniel Stern, and M. Emmet Walsh all seem to be having a good time, and Redford's direction is best when it simply relaxes and lets their vitality carry the movie.—T.R. (Beekman, Art Greenwich Twin, and Regency.)

The Moderns—Alan Rudolph's movies aim for a tone of funky, self-mocking romanticism, and sometimes (as in "Choose Me") achieve it. But in this movie, a comic reverie on Americans in Paris in the twenties, his control is very shaky. The big subject—this was a dream project of his for fifteen years—may have got the better of him: the tough-guy romanticism is ridiculous, the jokes are self-conscious and mostly dumb, and Rudolph's eccentric vision seems not so much audacious as merely adolescent. The few sequences that show the director at his best are ones without dialogue: a boxing match between the down-and-out artist-hero (Keith Carradine) and a rich, evil art collector (John Lone), and a lovely montage in which Carradine forges a Cézanne, a Modigliani, and a Matisse. Despite these moments, and despite Carradine's finely shaded performance, the movie feels phony. It's as if Rudolph were torn between the impulse to idealize the period and the recognition that it's already been idealized rather thoroughly by others, and simply gave in to his worst instincts in both respects: he veers unconvincingly between a swoony reverence for art and a glib cynicism. Also with Linda Fiorentino, badly miscast as an elegant siren desired by both Carradine and Lone; Geraldine Chaplin as another swinish art collector; Geneviève Bujold in a tiny role as a gallery owner; Wallace Shawn as a gossip columnist; and Kevin J. O'Connor, loitering drunkenly on the edges of scenes, as a callow, aphorizing Hemingway. Script by Rudolph and Jon Bradshaw.—T.R. (Plaza.)

Monsieur Vincent (1947)—Pierre Fresnay's performance as the desperately compassionate Vincent de Paul gives extraordinary feeling to Jean Anouilh's sensitive, lucid scenario. Though de Paul's very considerable intellectual gifts are minimized, this diminution is preferable to the usual solution of having an actor mutter platitudes while the other actors gasp, "How brilliant!" The character is simplified, but the emotions—the revulsion and horror at poverty, misery, cruelty—come through without mawkishness. Directed by Maurice Cloche; cinematography by Claude Renoir. The cast includes Aimé Clariond, Jean Debucourt, and Gabrielle Dorziat. In French. (Thalia SoHo; May 5.)

Moonstruck—A rose-tinted black comedy, with its own special lushness. Cher is devastatingly funny and sinuous and beautiful as a widowed bookkeeper who lives with her Italian-American family in a big old brownstone in Brooklyn. When the bookkeeper and her fiancé's brother, a baker (Nicolas Cage), start lusting for one another, a fairy-tale full moon lights up the movie. And when you see that the whole cast of family members are involved in libidinal confusions the opera-buffa structure can make you feel close to deliriously happy. Cage is a wonderful romantic clown: he can look stupefied while he smolders. And the director, Norman Jewison, working from John Patrick Shanley's script, stylizes the ethnic performances given by the husky-voiced Olympia Dukakis, the great, leering Julie Bovasso, Vincent Gardenia, Danny Aiello, John Mahoney, and Anita Gillette. The picture is slender, but it's an original: its mockery is a giddy homage to our desire for grand passion. (1/25/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Manhattan Twin; through May 5.)

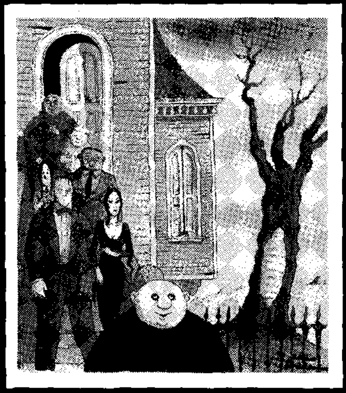
Sammy and Rosie Get Laid—With Ayub Khan Din, Frances Barber, and Shashi Kapoor; directed by Stephen Frears. (11/16/87) (Bleecker St. Cinema; through May 5.)

Stand and Deliver—Strictly speaking, this educational-inspiration story about a wizardly math teacher in a poor East L.A. high school isn't much of a movie: it's clumsily directed (by Ramon Menendez) and predictably virtuous (it's an American Playhouse production). Yet it's fairly enjoyable—painless, at least. The screenplay, by Menendez and Tom Musca, is based on the true story of Jaime Escalante (Edward James Olmos), who arrived at dispirited Garfield High, which was on the brink of losing its accreditation, and managed to get his students excited about learning his subject—an entire class of these disadvantaged kids eventually took and passed the advanced-placement exam in calculus. Olmos, who's best known as the super-cool Lt. Castillo on "Miami Vice," does a spectacular turn. With thinning hair and a wardrobe of those grotesque shirts that scream "math teacher" to the world, he plays Escalante as a benign psycho, an impassioned nerd whose humor and energy are plausibly inspiring. Also with Lou Diamond Phillips, Rosana de Soto, and Andy Garcia.—T.R. (Art Greenwich Twin.)

The Unbearable Lightness of Being—Directed by Philip Kaufman, this adaptation of Milan Kundera's novel is touching in sophisticated ways that you don't expect from an American director. A prankish sex comedy, it treats modern political events with a delicate—yet almost sly—sense of tragedy. It's the way the variations of jealousy and erotic attraction are played out by the three principal actors—an Englishman (Daniel Day-Lewis), a Swedish woman (Lena Olin), and a Frenchwoman (Juliette Binoche), all playing Czechs—that gives the movie its wonderfully unresolved texture. The story begins in Prague in 1968, during the period of freedom of expression and artistic flowering known as "socialism with a human face." Day-Lewis's Tomas is a hedonist, a womanizer, and an eminent young brain surgeon; Olin's Sabina, a painter who is his longtime sex partner, and Binoche's Tereza, whom he marries, represent the two poles of his life—lightness and weight. Kaufman has an exuberant temperament, and the spirit of the film is younger and looser than that of the book; a short two hours and fifty-three minutes, the picture has a whirling beauty. (2/8/88) (Loews 34th Street Showplace. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through May 5.)

Wall Street—Oliver Stone makes films in the overwrought pulp style of directors like Samuel Fuller and Robert Aldrich. Everything has the hysterically urgent tone of a war movie, and the actors scream their lines as if they were struggling to be heard above the din of artillery fire. Applying his combat-zone sensibility to the financial community, Stone produces some good, weird comedy in the movie's manic first hour, as the young stockbroker hero (Charlie Sheen) claws his way to success by providing inside information to a ruthless corporate raider (Michael Douglas). As the picture goes on, though, the disparity between Stone's complex subject and his melodramatic style becomes less and less entertaining. Repeating the worst idea in "Platoon," he turns the movie into a contest for the young hero's soul, a battle between his decent union-man father (Martin Sheen) and the greedy, reptilian Douglas, and we begin to wonder if Charlie Sheen's soul is really worth all this fuss. (At one point, he steps out onto his balcony and muses aloud, "Who am I?," and the audience has to think a minute: Tom Cruise? Judd Nelson?) Also with Daryl Hannah (cruelly directed), Hal Holbrook, and Terence Stamp.—T.R. (Cinema 3.)

THE ART OF
THE NEW YORKER
A 60 YEAR RETROSPECTIVE



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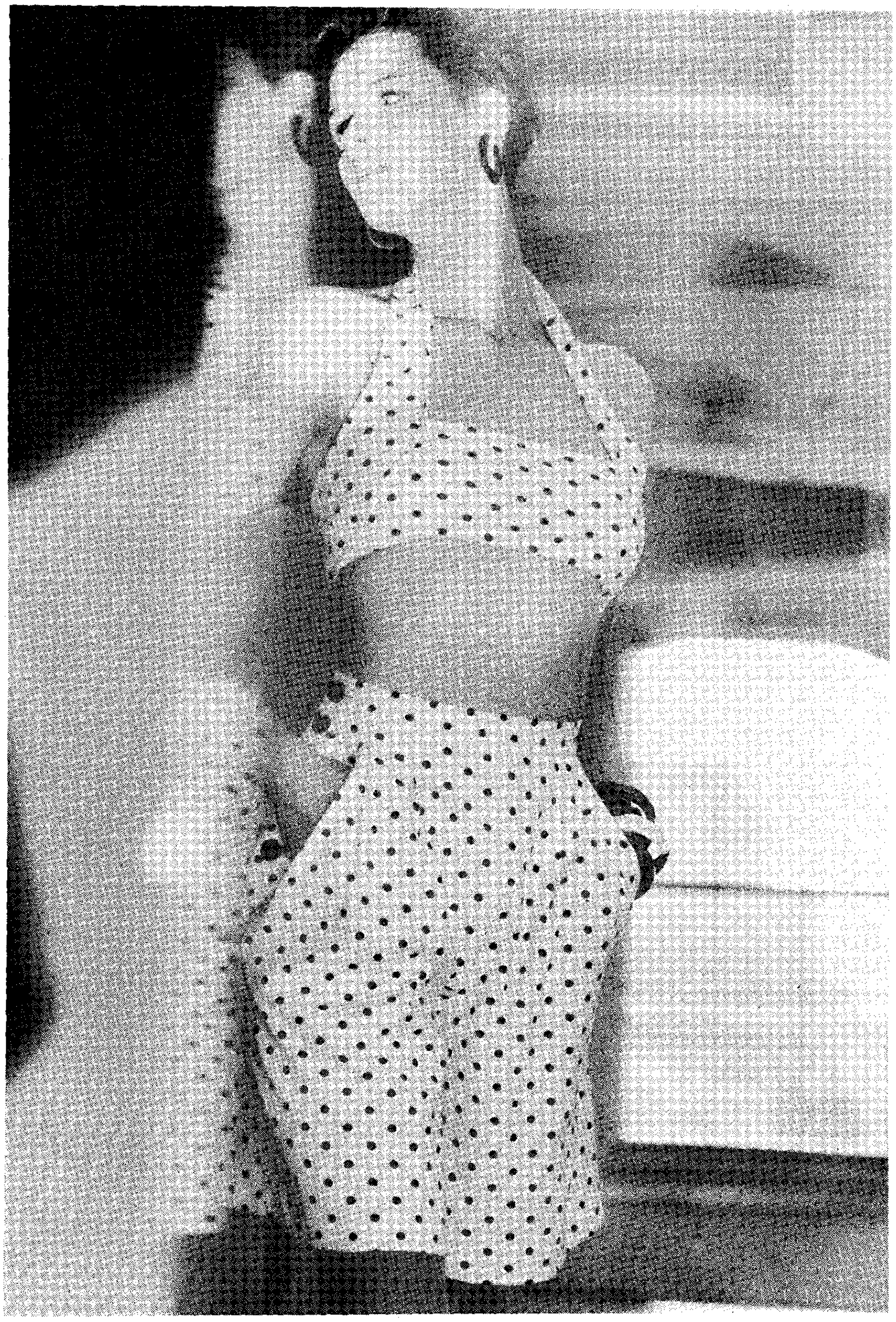

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

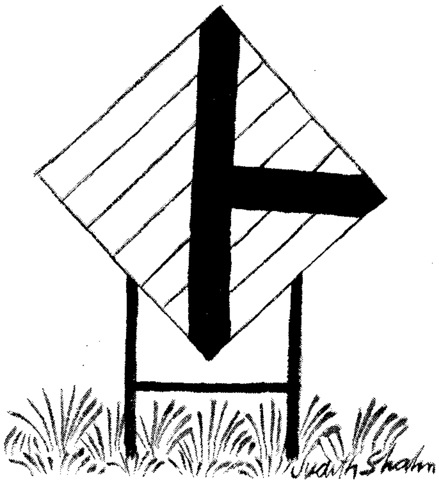
Louise Nevelson was celebrated in part for having achieved her public success at a late age, which is to say in her sixties. She took care to diminish the significance of this fact by giving every sign, in the years and decades that followed, of intending to keep impertinent death at a distance for as long as she found it convenient to do so. If she had come late to fame, she would enjoy it long; her situation was as simple and amusing (and serious) as that. Her friends were inclined to believe that she was indeed capable of outwitting nature in almost every respect—certainly in respect to old age, if not to death, which came to her two weeks ago. And this was because nature itself had granted her such an exceptional amount of energy—an energy that she radiated even in repose, and that was as robustly and uninhibitedly of the body as it was of the mind. In her seventies and eighties, she gathered people in and hugged and kissed them with a relish that was both a sign of personal affection and the emanation of an impersonal—and seemingly unquenchable—physicality.

Some of this physicality Nevelson put to use in a form that, encountered in an actor or a politician, would be called presence. In a room crowded with people, one could almost always sense her arrival even before one saw her; the air in the room was mysteriously, unmistakably quickened, and one turned as if by instinct in the direction where she would be found. Again like an actor or a politician, she was a master of the apparently uncontrived dramatic entrance; it was as if she had had no intention of creating a stir but had been helpless to prevent it, and she would graciously yield to the sensation she had caused.

The effect she wished to make upon her beholders was that of a gorgeous apparition: not from outer space—outer space would have had for Nevelson a taint of the vulgar, of the conventionally anticipated—but from some inner space of which she was the sole proprietress and inhabitant. She dressed in a voluminous disarray, which tended to give her a pyramidal shape; she was at once a goddess occupying a shrine built in her honor and the shrine itself. Like an ancient Egyptian, she wore headpieces of one sort or another that covered her hair and left only the face exposed. By the artistry of her maquillage, that face became more nearly a mask than an actual face—a mask that she had chosen to impose between the world and her, and out of which her black eyes, guarded by portcullis-like false eyelashes, blazed with merriment or anger or mockery or love.

On the occasion of our last visit with her, in September, Nevelson had just returned from the opening of a new wing of the Butler Institute of American Art, in Youngstown, Ohio. She had been flown by private plane to and from the festivities attendant upon that event, the highlight of which was the presentation to her of the Butler Medal for Life Achievement in American Art. She had evidently enjoyed being made much of in Youngstown and was in tearing high spirits. Nothing would do but that we climb with her to the roof of her house, on Spring Street, and admire the roses still in bloom in the helter-skelter garden she had fashioned there. All about us in the late-afternoon sunlight shimmered the chimneys and wooden, spider-legged water towers of Manhattan. In her eighty-ninth year, Nevelson was, as usual, full of plans for the future. She was thinking of building an addition to the house (already a labyrinth, cobbled out of what had been two or three adjoining structures). If she hesitated over building, it was because she didn't want to shut off air and light from her neighbors. And, speaking of neighbors, she said, it happened that one of them presided over a funeral home, the heat of whose furnace helped to keep her house warm throughout the winter. How spoiled she was by happy accidents of this sort!

After an hour or so, we made our way down through the house, past room after room in which Nevelson stored not only fragments of works in progress but the inimitable debris—bannisters, bedposts, legs of chairs—from which the large finished works were wittily accumulated. We stood for a moment in the open doorway, facing the twilit side street, and then it was as it had always been—hug, kiss, and goodbye.



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Anniversary

We've received the following notes from a friend of ours who took part in the Columbia sit-in twenty years ago this spring:

Not to be outdone by the media and

stars of the revolution, resolve to write something down about 20th anniversary of Columbia uprising. In preparation, haul out yellowing bound copies of *Columbia Daily Spectator* documenting strike. Rereading *Spectator* account, experience warm glow of indignation all over again. University administration *lied*. Press, television *lied*. There were a lot more of us than they ever admitted, and during first bust it was *police* who rioted. Students didn't fight back until second bust, three weeks later. Police lied, too: occupied buildings were vandalized after students were removed from them. Result for yrs truly was complete loss of faith in institutions of society. Now age, passage of time, behavior of big shots, etc., show *authority figures even dumber than we thought they were*. Depressing thought. Try not to dwell on it.

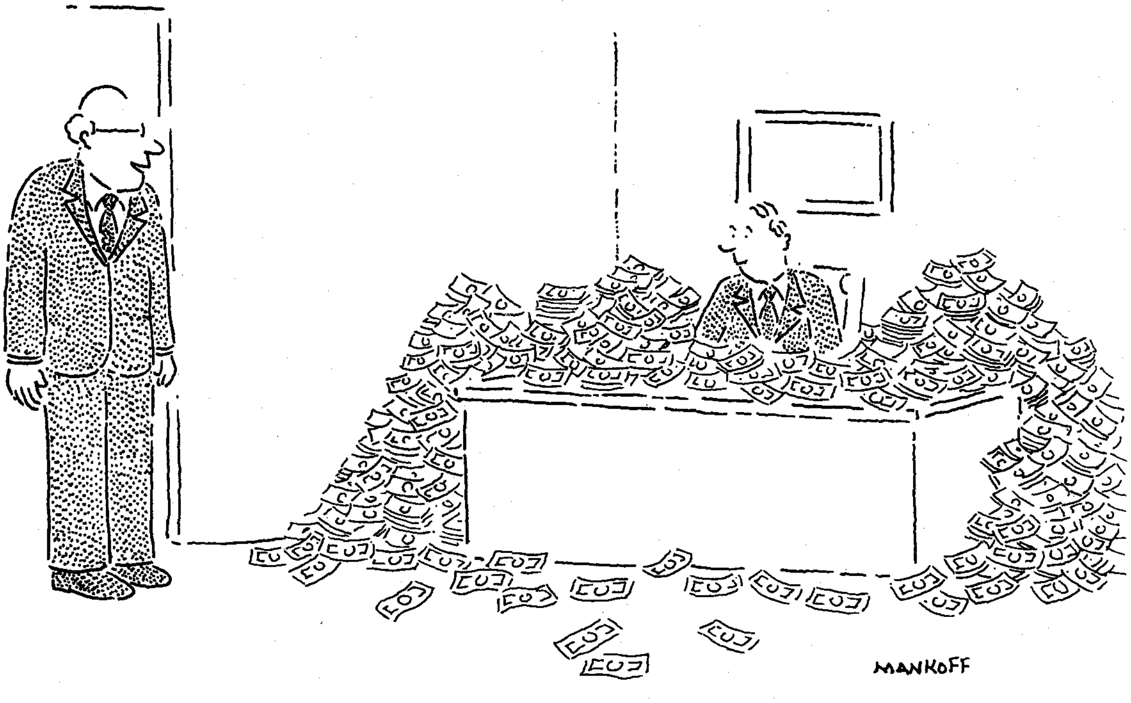
Fond memories brought back by *Spectator* account of wedding in Fayerweather Hall during occupation. Wonder about couple—still together? Next day, old college friend calls, says newspaper reports couple still married, living in Brooklyn. Way to go! Agree to accompany friend to 20th-anniv. reunion. Call office of the Rev. William Starr (officiator at wedding), get info: Fri. night, presentation ("Why We Struck") and documentary movie at Horace Mann Auditorium; Sat., picnic at noon outside Earl Hall, followed by panel discussion of "Where We've Been, Where We Are." Misgivings. Remember suffocating boredom at innumerable, interminable meetings: Why We Are on Strike, etc. Students had non-negotiable demands, administration refused to negotiate. What to discuss?

Pleasantly surprised at Fri.-night festivity: everyone older, wiser, calmer; still long-winded, but *reasonable*. Bowled over by intensity of joy at seeing old friends. Friends you make in college are friends all your life. Surprising number of people (two or three) look exactly the same. Film of uprising *scary*. Brings back terrifying memory of sitting in back room of Fayerweather—large group, arms linked, singing "We Shall Overcome" in tremulous voices. Plan was active nonviolent resistance. Resistance of any kind abandoned when police broke in, started punching, kicking, throwing desks, chairs: immediate goal getting out in one piece without stepping on fallen. Remember thinking, Better a live revolutionary than a dead martyr—popular slogan then. Reunion strikes sombre note: There *were* martyrs to student movement, some self-made. Another sombre note: World not greatly improved. Harlem, black community in general *worse* off. Many—maybe most—people in country, world worse off. Feel sad about own neighborhood, where young black people beg on streets. Anger, militance, scariness of sixties infinitely preferable to despair, hopelessness of eighties. Also, heavy birthday—big four-oh—just weeks away; fits in here somewhere, somehow. Try not to dwell on it.

After program, go to West End Café with old buddies. Drink lots of beer, hobnob until wee hours. Non-jazz part of West End unchanged. Football team at same table as twenty years ago. Old dude at bar, not looking much worse for wear, in same *seat* as twenty years ago. Home very late. Sleep fitfully, wake exhausted from vivid dreams of forty-year-olds running wild in streets, staging revolutionary theatre, sleeping on floors. Lower back hurts.

Postpone previous Saturday plans (chores, errands, exercise, work). Rainy, but go to picnic with old college friend. Occupy Earl Hall. Place crawling with reporters, photographers—hardly enough old radicals to go around. Pleasing discovery: youthful paranoia about spies, F.B.I. informants among reporters and photographers gone now, replaced by serene indifference (*mostly* serene). Too late to avoid having file—might as well keep it up to date. Some people present have obtained files under Freedom of Information Act. All words except those on order of "a," "and," "the" blacked out: cause of more mirth than resentment. Honesty compels admission that in heart of hearts still wish a murrain on F.B.I.—just not so *worried* about it anymore.

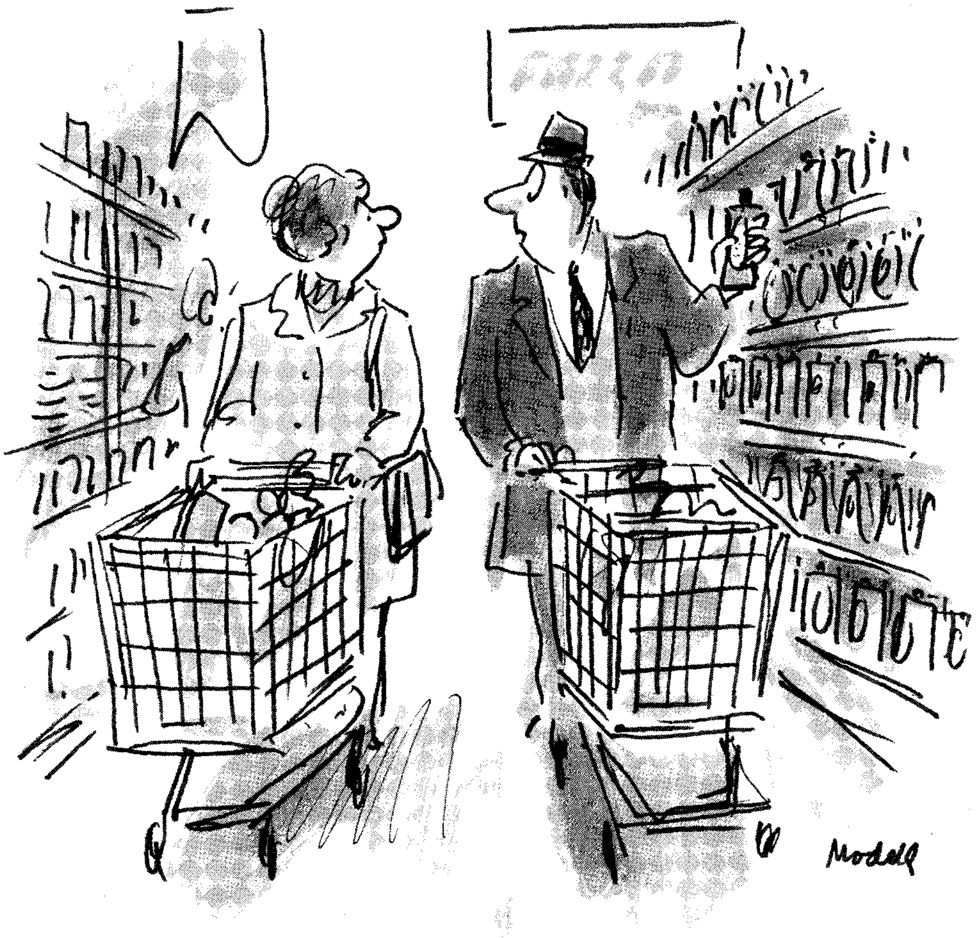
Miss part of afternoon program—too absorbed in intense personal discussions of Where We've Been, Where We Are, etc. Run into lots of doctors, lots of lawyers for downtrodden, lots of union organizers, teachers, self-employed



"Keep up the good work, Bromley."

creative types. Boy who joked about all of us growing up to become vested interests, all wearing vests, now construction worker and union organizer; says he does own a vest, but it has a rip in it. Recall biggest threat of authorities of yesteryear: political activism will wreck your career. Assess damage to own career: none. Reflect that lack of damage may be due to nebulous quality of career. Lose enthusiasm for this line of thought.

Consider going home for much-needed nap. Remember, without nostalgia, time when desire for nap could lead to accusation of bourgeois tendencies. As grown person, have lost patience with ideologues. Apparently no prisoners of ideology left in this crowd—everyone so *nice*. Encouraging number of little kids underfoot. Decide to pass up nap; spend rest of afternoon hanging out with old, new friends at reunion. Eat dinner at Moon Palace. Note with pleasure Moon Palace cuisine unchanged, untouched by creeping yuppification of Morningside Heights. Return to Earl Hall, party night away; still think late-sixties, early-seventies music better than anything before or since. Old radicals dance with terrific energy, exuberance—still know how to have good time. Feel extremely proud of self, gang of '68, whole generation.



"Excuse me, but which is it that practically kills you—polysaturated or polyunsaturated?"

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Train 280

THE other Wednesday, just before boarding Train 280, Amtrak's new 6:50 A.M. express Metroliner from Washington's Union Station to Penn Station, we talked briefly with the engineer, G. H. Alban, who prefers to be called Herb. A two-way radio was squawking inside the streamlined red-blue-and-silver locomotive—which the crews call the Swedish Meatball, Herb said, because its basic design is Swedish—and the fans for cooling the motors were whirring softly.

"Basically, I run the train from memory," Herb told us. "All the rail speeds, all the curves—it's all in my head. You start out at eighty-five, and then you jump to a hundred and twenty-five, and then there's a hundred-mile-an-hour curve at Landover, and it jumps to a hundred and ten for a while, and then it gets back to a hundred and twenty-five. And then you have a hundred-and-ten curve, a hundred-and-twenty curve, a ninety-mile-an-hour curve, a hundred-mile-an-hour curve, a seventy-mile-an-hour curve, and then thirty miles an hour through the tunnel—and that's just to get to Baltimore."

The time was then six-forty-seven. We excused ourself and found a seat just as Train 280—the even number indicates that it is going north or east—rumbled smoothly out of Union Station, exactly on schedule, and plunged into brilliant sunshine.

Train 280 is unlike any of the other Metroliners in that it is the only "non-stop express." The designation is not quite accurate, because the train does stop at New Carrollton, Maryland, nine miles out of Union Station, to pick up additional passengers. But Herb and the Swedish Meatball rush by Baltimore, Wilmington, Philadelphia, Newark—the places where all the other Metroliners stop—and Train 280 rolls into Penn Station at nine-thirty, in time for passengers to spend a productive day in New York and return in the evening.

Boarding with us that day were about fifty people, and perhaps fifty more got on at seven, when the train pulled into New Carrollton. We asked some of them why they were taking a train instead of the seven-o'clock Eastern Air Lines shuttle or the six-thirty or seven-thirty Pan Am shuttle out of Washington National Airport. Audrey Ward, who works in government relations for the National Academy of Sciences, and was on her way to meet her sister Carol for a matinée of "Phantom of the Opera," said, "I'm not sure you save time taking the plane. Anyway, this is the first time I've been on a train since the summer after I got out of college, back in 1953. It's kind of fun to see the scenery. And you get a different perspective, too. I think a lot of foreigners would get a distorted view of America. So much poor housing along the tracks."

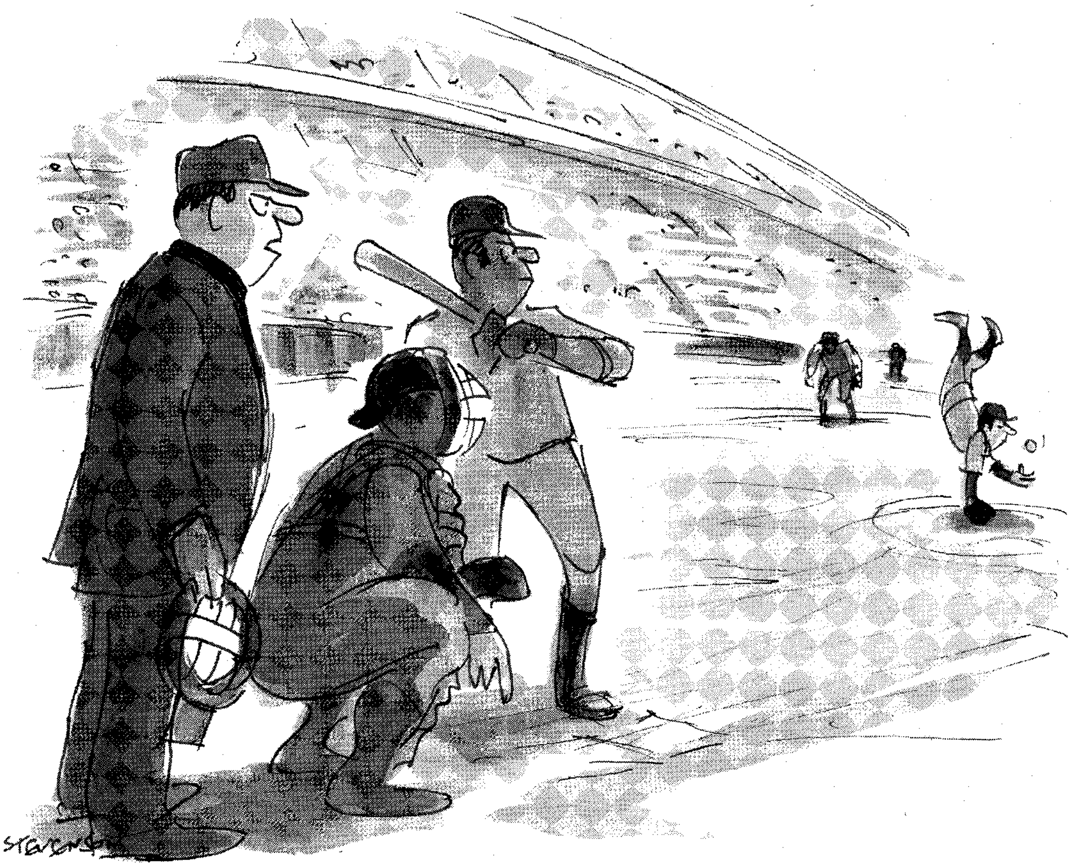
That was also the opinion of Bob Teitler, who was deep in a mystery novel. His company, the IDI Publishing Group, of Silver Spring, Maryland, specializes in books about architecture and Judaism, and he was on his way to see an attorney in New York about going paperback with one of his books. To him, the view was a trip through a discarded nineteenth-century America. Looking out the window, he said, "The highlight for me is the decadence—the abandoned factories, the hopelessness of it all. I don't think we've passed by one stretch that's pretty. The old houses, the little communities that obviously cropped up before the railroad—you'll see the dominance of the church among this near-rubble. You can see it all the way up to New York. Take Elizabeth. As far as the eye can see, it's not a terribly attractive place, and in the middle of it all are a couple of churches that really stand out."

Erik Koefoed, an athletic-looking man in his early thirties, is the proprietor of the Georgetown Bagelry and was on his way to get some new bagel-formers in New York. He doesn't particularly like flying, but he also mentioned what is perhaps Train 280's biggest advantage: For fifty-six dollars, the train takes passengers into Penn Station, from which most of them can walk to their appointments, and throws in a free *Times* or *Wall Street Journal*. The fare on either shuttle is eighty-nine dollars, and the cab ride from LaGuardia to midtown comes to about twenty dollars.

But the riders that the railroad wants to attract with the new service are those who are at least as time-sensitive as they are price-sensitive. Ira S. Silverman, Amtrak's director of route marketing, told us earlier, "There was a 6 A.M. Metroliner that reached Penn Station at eight-fifty or so—too late for a nine-o'clock meeting but too early for one at ten. And to get it a passenger had to wake up at four or four-thirty. Or he could take a train at seven, but then he didn't get to New York until ten, and he still had to get to his meeting. With the subway system, and everything, ten-thirty was the earliest he could figure on. So what we've done is add Train 280 and reduce the scheduled running time to two hours and forty minutes—and we usually make it in a little less than that."

We asked Mr. Silverman why Amtrak's advertising didn't make a point of Train 280's speed: averaging eighty-four miles an hour and getting up to a hundred and twenty-five miles an hour on the straightaways, this train is faster from point to point than anything else on rails in North America. (The top speed of Amtrak trains outside the Northeast, even on the Great Plains, is ninety miles an hour.)

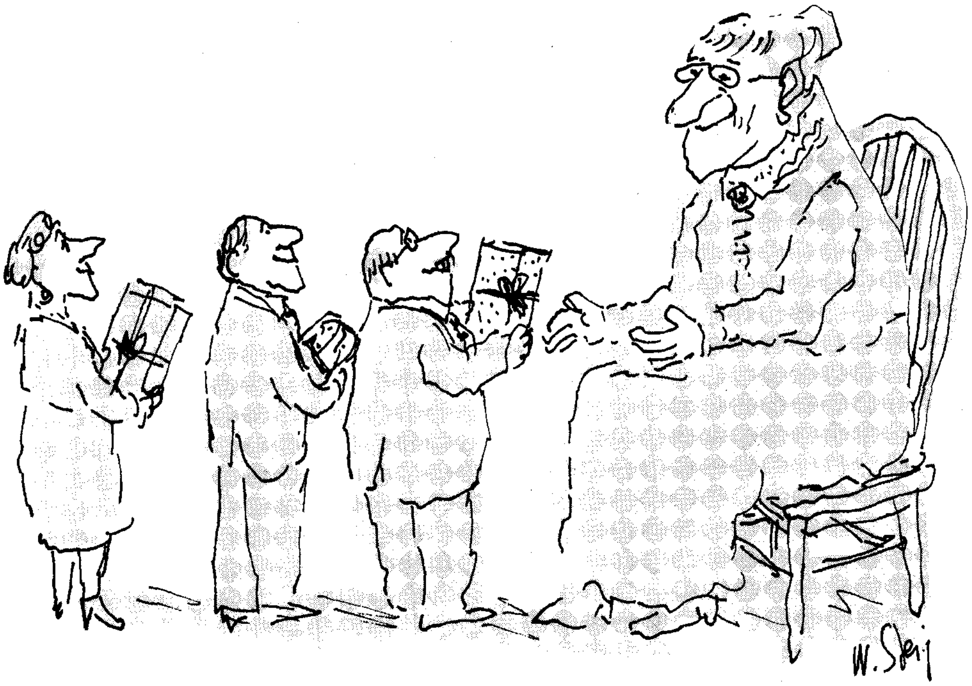
He said, "We think people don't care whether it's faster. They just care what it means to them. The shuttle doesn't advertise its speed, either." Looking a little wistful, he went on, "Everybody in Amtrak is sort of frustrated, because railroads are the stepchild in the United States, as opposed to other places in the world—Japan and France, and places like that. When the Japanese and the French come over here, they laugh at us. What we're doing, they say, is rebuilding an old railroad. When Pan Am started its shuttle, in October of 1986, there were all sorts of articles in the paper. We carry more passengers than they do. We—all of Amtrak—carry more passengers between Washington and New York than any other single carrier. And yet the Washington *Post* didn't write about this non-stop express until two or three weeks after we started it. What we've spent since 1976 on the Northeast Corridor Improvement Program is about two and a half billion dollars. I mean, for the whole thing. But they spent eight hundred million dollars on the new Baltimore Harbor highway tunnel alone. That lets cars fly through at fifty, and we've still got to slow down in Baltimore to thirty miles an hour, because that's as fast as the rail tunnel there will let us go. A lot of our money was taken out by inflation, and curves that were supposed to be straightened



"It may not be a balk, but it's something."

never got straightened. I think there was only one curve between Washington and Baltimore that was actually straightened—north of Bowie, Maryland. That saves about thirty seconds."

As it turned out, Herb and the Swedish Meatball rolled into Penn Station at 9:28 A.M., exactly two hours thirty-eight minutes and twenty one-hundredths of a second after leaving Union Station. Within five minutes, the passengers had scattered to subways and cabs, briefcases and laptop computers in tow. We threaded our way through the mayhem of Penn Station to the Amtrak counter, where we were told that there is no reverse version of Train 280, because at the moment Amtrak has no extra train available. If you want to ride the 7 A.M. Metroliner from New York to Washington, it will take you nearly three hours.



Mother's Day

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Henny

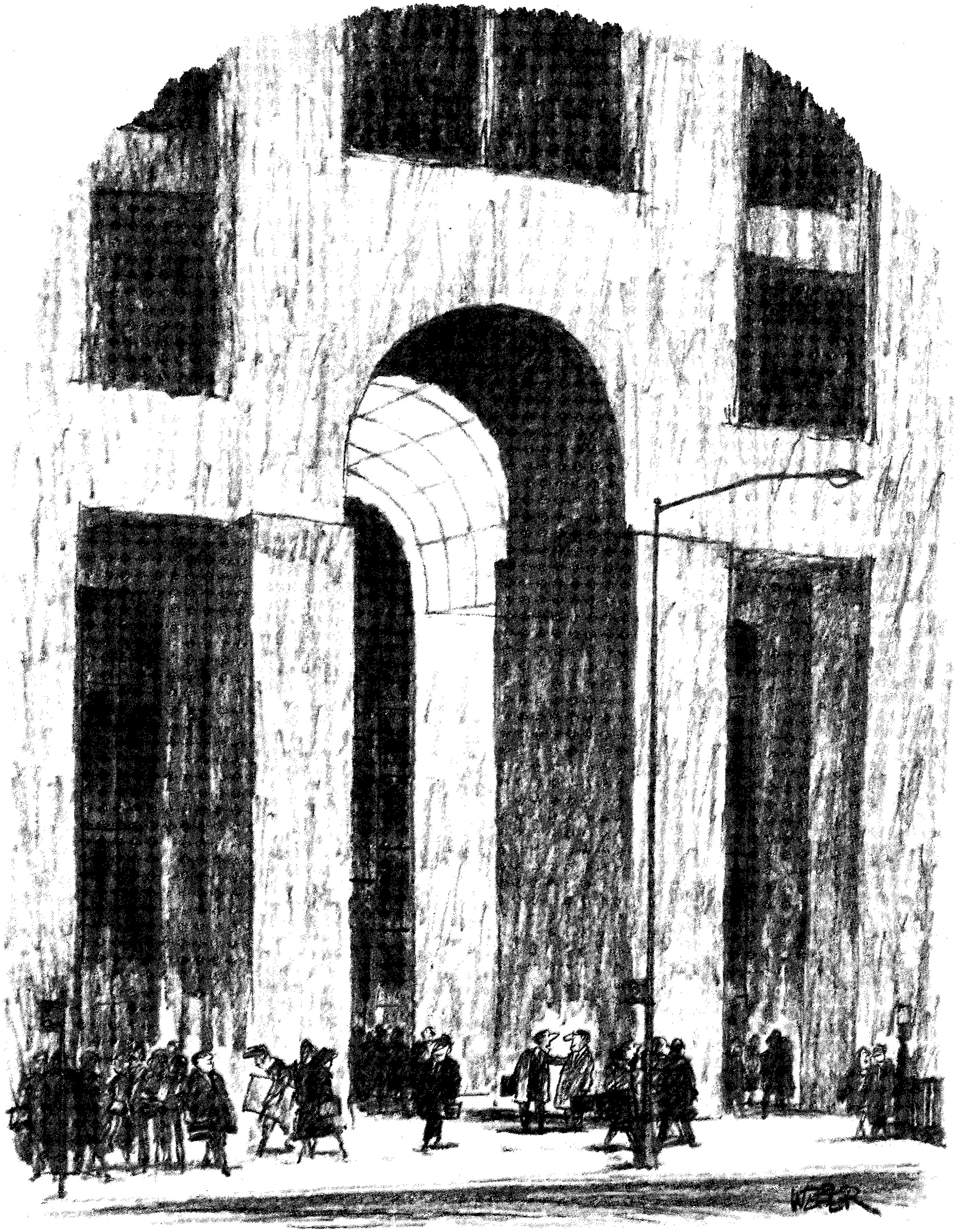
A FRIEND who has been living in the city too long writes:

Last Sunday, I went to work in my office, in midtown. I live in the Village, and I generally don't go to midtown on a weekend. Too many people from out of town. It was a nice, cool spring day, so there were a lot of people milling about on Fifth Avenue, like Fred Astaire and Judy Garland in "Easter Parade," but, thank God, not singing. I whisked past them and into the cold, dark, deserted lobby of my building. Then I applied myself to serious business for a few hours, until I got hungry.

Here the story takes an unexpected turn. I should have brought some food with me from the Village. The food there is cheaper and more nutritious, but, more to the point, there's plenty of it down there on a weekend—or at any other time, for that matter: twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. Not here in midtown. This was a Sunday, as I've mentioned, and everything—the coffee shops, and so on—was closed. Then I remembered that on a Sunday about a month earlier a friend from out of town had taken me on my first visit to the Carnegie Deli, where a lot of out-of-towners apparently go, hoping against hope they'll see Henny Youngman tucking into his pyramid of Novy and cream cheese, or whatever. I'd had cherry blintzes that day, and they were terrific. Now I began to see those blintzes in my mind's eye, and I vaulted from my desk and tore down the hall, and out of the lobby and into the City of Blowing Trash, where the throngs from New Jersey were still milling in the midafternoon light.

It had warmed up considerably, and as I pushed west on Forty-fifth Street, heading for Seventh Avenue, I was assailed by something familiar and nostalgic. It was a springlike smell, but not what a person from the country would regard as springlike. It seemed to be rising from the sidewalk. God, the sidewalks of New York! New Yorkers don't look down if they can help it, but I did. There were small, rather serene puddles here and there, and the sun twinkled in them. There was dirt—earth!—between the cracks in the concrete. And there was this smell! When I was a kid, I often came into New York on weekends—from, as it happens, New Jersey—particularly in the spring. I liked going to the theatre—something teen-agers could afford to do in those days—and in the theatre district it always seemed to me that the mild breeze wafting out of the alleyways along Forty-fifth Street leading to the Land of Oz backstage was the very breath of spring. So now I slow down a bit and let the sun warm my bones, and I suck in a deep breath—the first deep breath I've taken on Forty-fifth Street in about thirty years.

It may be that only people from out of town ever make a point of sniffing the air in New York. There are a lot of them around today, prowling the upper reaches of Times Square. I tell myself it's not too long to the blintzes. I know there is going to be a line of tourists trying to get into the Carnegie, so I'm steeled for that. Sure enough, outside the deli, there they are. I get in line, and sink into the kind of coma I adopt on public transportation. Pretty soon, the fellow who seats customers comes outside and asks me if I am a One. It must be something in my expression, since we are not ranged in any discernible pattern on the sidewalk. I say I am. "Go in," he says. I do. I wedge myself into one of the little seats, and the waitress gives me an enormous smile. Not too long afterward, my blintzes arrive. The plate is lukewarm and thus touchable; the blintzes are hot. A big dish of cold sour cream comes with them. There is a wonderful racket in this place—a kind of ecstatic babble. It's springtime in the City That Never Shuts Up, Sunday afternoon in the Carnegie Deli! Henny Youngman comes in.



"I'll say goodbye now, Ed. This is my slot."

VANISHED OVERNIGHT, BUT NOT FOREVER

Margaux Hemingway became a supermodel overnight, and overnight she vanished—into alcohol, bad marriages, rivalry with sister Mariel and thoughts of suicide. At Betty Ford, she faced the truth. This is her story.—*People.*

I WAS always a good-looking guy. I always knew someone was going to come along and overnight I would be—well, a supermodel. My sister M——, on the other hand? Well, she's a little fat. My mother never even noticed M——, to tell you the truth. "So, where's M——?" I'd ask Mom, coming home some night or maybe sitting at the table with my sleeves rolled up—a nice look for me, kind of a signature look for me at that time.

"Who cares where M—— is," Mom would say. "*Eat.*" I just tell you to keep the whole M—— thing in perspective.

So this happens and that happens and I'm selling small diamondlike pendants on the street, and that's when I met K. C. Flynn.

I always wanted to have my own perfume. *Always.* Always I was secretly dreaming that someone with know-how would come up to me and say, "Frankly, I see you not as an empty-headed hulk of a man but as a delicate, sensitive, fragile creature capable of representing a line of toiletries." K. C. Flynn knew that about me. This was all on the afternoon of July 10, 1981.

What a day! Within hours I was introduced to everyone at Studio 54. Steve, Bianca, and a successful transvestite who called herself Faustian Bargain are some who stick in my mind. Then, overnight I vanished.

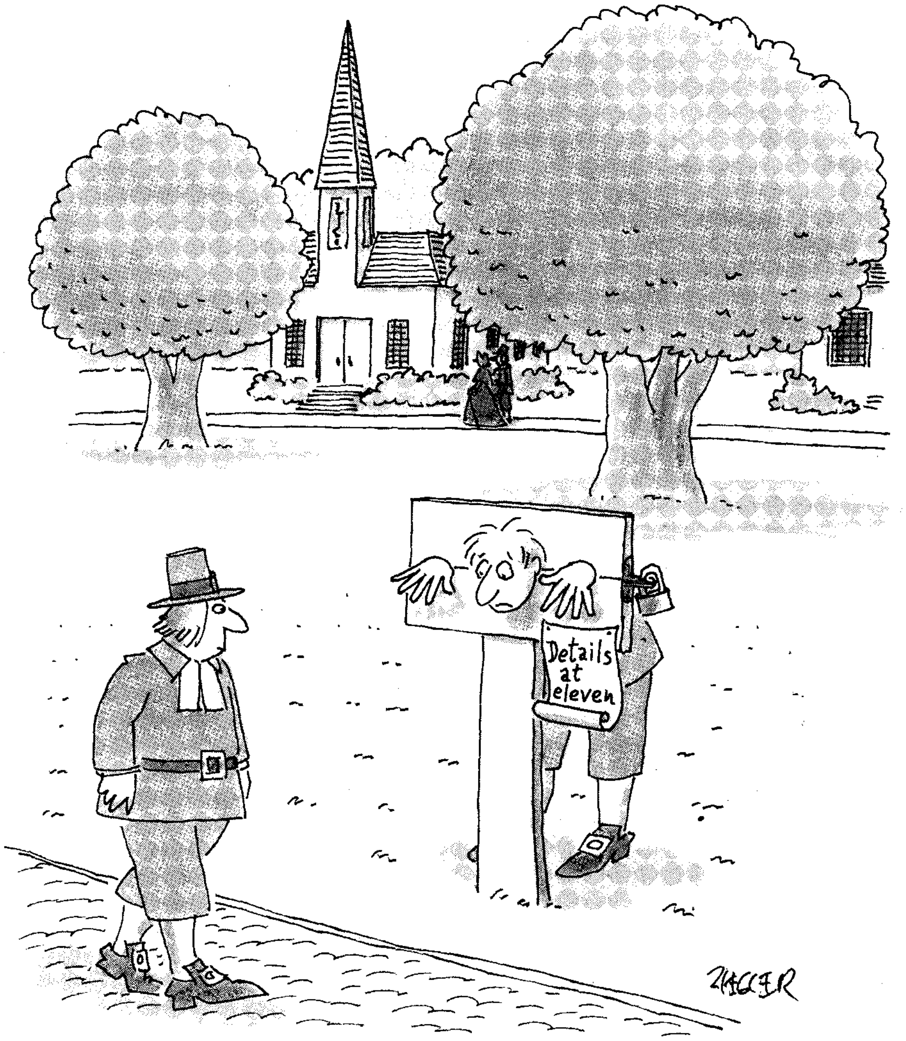
Luckily, there was Outplacement Counselling available, and I had the good fortune to work with a qualified professional named Ted, who had the training and expertise to enable me to make intelligent choices. We did this in the V.I.P. lounge. Ted explained that I had vanished overnight and that I would be selecting from a set (or "mind-set" or "menu") of opportunities appropriate to my new status. I chose alcohol, bad marriages, and thoughts of suicide, and as we flipped through the Big Book of Options Ted explained that what went best with the choices I had made was a simple navy-blue dress and rivalry with my sister.

I began the long spiral downward. Having had it all (the split-second thrill of being in an identity mush with a major perfume company, the feeling of being appreciated and loved, which I'd never had before, even as a child, whatever that was, having people worship or promise to worship my body, when I had secret doubts about my body being a fit object for worship and adoration) and then the sense of rejection—it was too much. (This was all on July 11, 1981.)

So I married Ted, *or* I married Ted's girl, I can't remember—this period is just one long haze—and then Ted ran off with his girl and I tagged along. Meanwhile they were exploiting me exploiting me exploiting me. They sent me for coffee, which I didn't mind, but then they began to invent demeaning little errands just to get me out of what they called their "hair." Anyway, it was the best thing that ever happened to me. My impression was that I was going into a small convenience store near Columbia, South Carolina. I mean, that is what I remember, but apparently I crawled, literally crawled, to the Betty Ford clinic, or *a* Betty Ford clinic. Thank God there are now one thousand attractive locations coast to coast.

So, you see, my story is exactly the same as Margaux Hemingway's. It is also, according to my Story Editor at Betty Ford, remarkably like "Too Much, Too Soon," the story of glamour débutante Diana Barrymore. Life is so *different* now; July 10, 1981, seems worlds away. Here at Betty Ford we have access to the classics (I am reading "Roderick Random"), and as I write, the sweet smell of hibiscus is floating across the lawn at just the height of my knee, which is what I think fashion calls for in the way of a hemline this year.

—GEORGE W. S. TROW



AUGUST SATURDAY

"YOU don't remember me," the man said.

His tone suggested a statement, not a question, but Grania did remember him. She had recognized him immediately, his face smiling above the glass he held. He was a man she had believed she would never see again. For fifteen years—since the summer of 1972—she had tried not to think about him, and for the most part had succeeded.

"Yes, I do remember you," she said. "Of course."

A slice of lemon floated on the surface of what she guessed was gin-and-tonic; there were cubes of ice and the little bubbles that came from tonic when it was freshly poured. It wouldn't be tonic on its own; it hadn't been the other time. "I've drunk a bit too much," he'd said.

"I used to wonder," he went on now, "if ever we'd meet again. The kind of thing you wonder when you can't sleep."

"I didn't think we would."

"I know. But it doesn't matter, does it?"

"Of course not."

She wondered why he had come back. She wondered how long he intended to stay. He'd be staying with the Prendergasts, she supposed, as he had been before. For fifteen years she had avoided the road to the Prendergasts' house, but even so she vividly remembered the curve of the green iron railings on either side of the avenue gates, the unoccupied gate lodge.

"You weren't aware that Hetty Prendergast died?" he said.

"No, I wasn't."

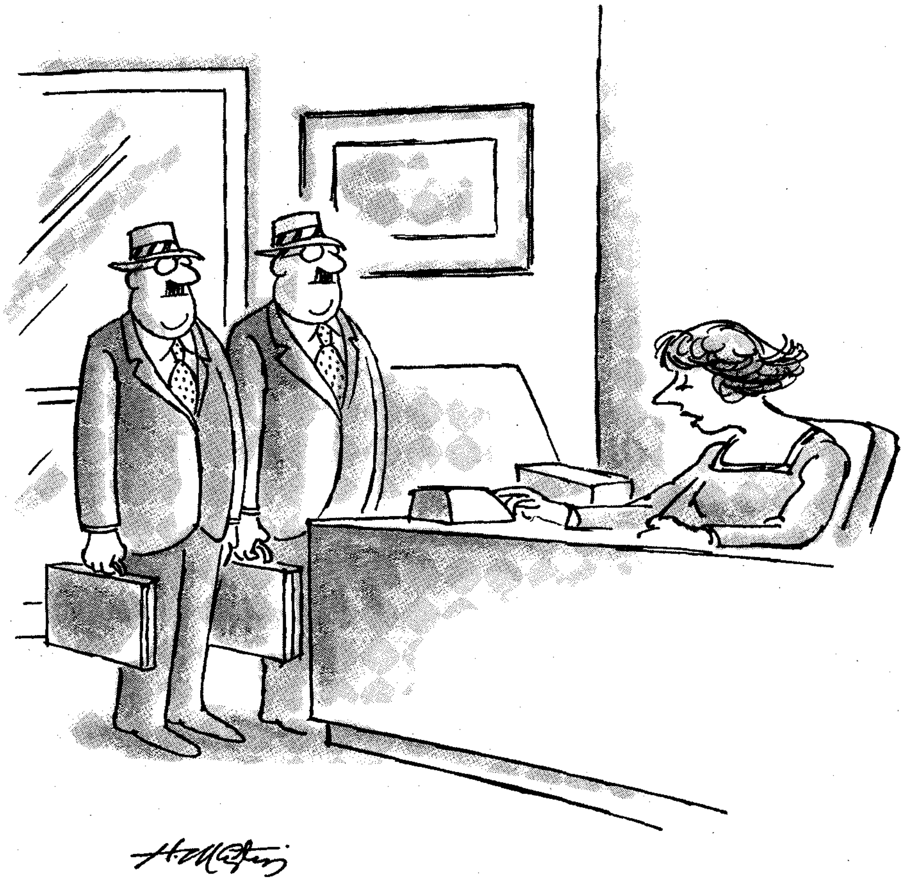
"Well, she did. Two days ago."

The conversation took place in the bar of the Tara Hotel, where Grania and her husband, Desmond, dined once a month with other couples from the tennis club—an arrangement devised by the husbands so that the wives, just for a change, wouldn't have to cook.

"You don't mind my talking to you?" the man said. "I'm on my own again."

"Of course I don't."

"When I was told about the death I came on over. I've just come in from the house to have a meal with the Quiltys."



"Minneapolis and St. Paul to see you, sir."

"Tonight, you mean?"

"When they turn up."

Quilty was a solicitor. He and his wife, Hazel, belonged to the tennis club and were usually present at the monthly dinners in the Rhett Butler Room of the Tara Hotel. The death of old Hetty Prendergast had clearly caught them unawares, and Grania could imagine Hazel Quilty sulkily refusing to cancel a long-booked babysitter in order to remain at home to cook a meal for the stranger who had arrived from England, with whom her husband presumably had business to discuss. "We'll take him with us," Quilty would have said in his soothing voice, and Hazel would have calmed down, as she always did when she got her way.

"Still playing tennis, Grania?"

"Pretty badly."

"You've hardly aged, you know."

This was so patently a lie that it wasn't worth protesting about. After the funeral of the old woman he would go away. He hadn't arrived for the other funeral, that of Mr. Prendergast, which had taken place nearly ten years ago, and there wouldn't be another one, because there was no other Prendergast left to die. She wondered what would happen to the house and to the couple who had looked after the old woman, driving in every Friday to shop for her. She didn't ask. She said, "A group of us have dinner here now and again—the Quiltys, too. I don't know if they told you that."

"You mean tonight?"

"Yes."

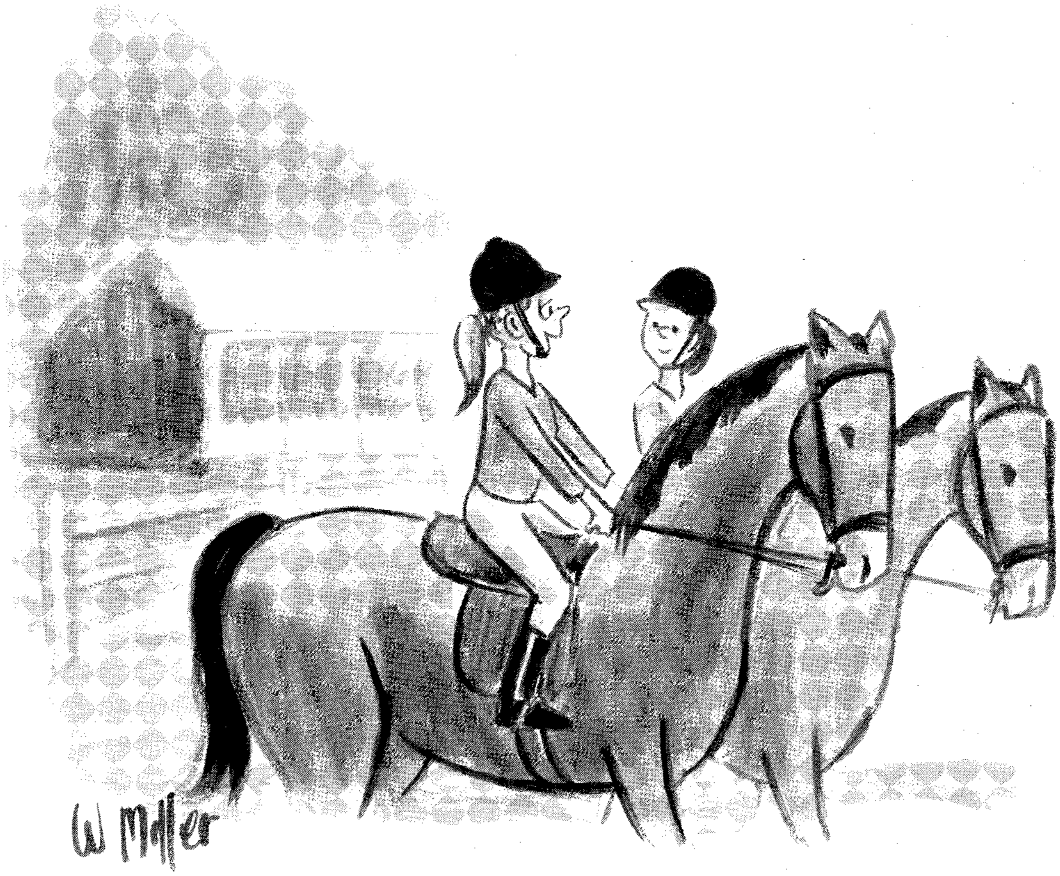
"No, that wasn't said."

He smiled at her. He sipped a little gin. He had a long face, high cheekbones, graying hair brushed straight back from a sallow forehead. His blue-green eyes were steady, almost staring because he didn't blink much. She remembered the eyes particularly, now that she was again being scrutinized by them. She remembered asking who he was and being told a sort of nephew of the Prendergasts, an Englishman.

"I've often wondered about the tennis club, Grania."

"It hasn't changed. Except that we've become the older generation."

Desmond came up then, and she introduced her companion, reminding Desmond that he'd met him before. She stumbled when she had to give him a



"I just know I'm going to love horses all my life. That's why I'm planning to have a career in banking, insurance, and real estate."

• •

name, because she'd never known what it was. "Prendergast," she mumbled vaguely, not sure if he was called Prendergast or not. She'd never known that.

"Hetty died, I hear," Desmond said.

"So I've been telling your wife. I've come over to do my stuff."

"Well, of course."

"The Quiltys have invited me to your dinner do."

"You're very welcome."

Desmond had a squashed pink face and receding hair that had years ago been reddish. As soon as he put his clothes on they became crumpled, no matter how carefully Grania had ironed them. He was a man who never lost his temper, slow-moving except on a tennis court, where he was surprisingly subtle and cunning, quite unlike the person he otherwise was.

Grania moved away. Mavis Duddy insisted she owed her a drink from last time and led her to the bar, where she ordered two more Martinis. "Who was that?" she asked, and Grania replied that the gray-haired man was someone from England, related to the Prendergasts, she wasn't entirely certain about his name. He'd come to the tennis club once, she said—an occasion when Mavis hadn't been there. "Over for old Hetty's funeral, is he?" Mavis said, and, accepting the drink, Grania agreed that that was so.

They were a set in the small town; since the time they'd been teen-agers the tennis club had been the pivot of their social lives. In winter some of them played bridge or golf, others chose not to. But all of them on summer afternoons and evenings looked in at the tennis club even if, like Francie MacGuinness and the Haddons, they didn't play much anymore. They shared memories, and likes and dislikes, that had to do with the tennis club; there were photographs that once in a blue moon were sentimentally mulled over; friendships had grown closer or apart. Billy MacGuinness had always been the same—determinedly a winner at fourteen and determinedly a winner at forty-five. Francie, who'd married him when it had seemed that he might marry Trish, had been a winner also; Trish had made do with Tom Crosbie. There'd been quarrels at the tennis club: a great row in 1961, when Desmond's father had wanted to raise money for a hard court and resigned in a huff when no one agreed; and nearly ten years later there had been the quarrel between Laverty and Dr. Timothy Sweeney, which had resulted in both their resignations, all to do with a dispute about a roller. There were jealousies and gossip, occasionally both envy and resentment. The years had been less kind to some while favoring others; the children born to the couples of the tennis club were often compared, though rarely openly, in terms of achievement or promise. Tea was taken, supplied by the wives, on Saturday afternoons from May to September. The men supplied drinks on that one day of the week also, and even washed up the glasses. The children of the tennis club tasted their first cocktails there—Billy MacGuinness's White Ladies and Sidecars. A handful of the tennis-club wives were best friends, and had been since their convent days: Grania and Mavis, Francie, Hazel, Trish. They trusted one another, doing so more easily now than they had when they'd been at the convent together or in the days when each of them might possibly have married one of the others' suitors. They told one another most things, confessing their errors and their blunders; they comforted and were a solace, jollying away feelings of inadequacy or guilt. Trish had worried at the convent because her breasts wouldn't grow, Hazel because her face was scrawny and her lips too thin. Francie had almost died when a lorry knocked her off her bicycle. Mavis had agonized for months before she said yes to Oliver Duddy. As girls, they had united in their criticism of girls outside their circle; as wives, in 1987, they had not changed.

"I heard about that guy," Mavis

THE UCCELLO

1

Into the chambers and antechambers
and dressing rooms of the dead enters
Leonardo in his malodorous contraptions.
To the tired tailor, tasting his familiar
mouthful of pins as he adjusts the shreds
of cloth swelling the air
(the motions of air being
as intricate as those of water),
even Lucifer's wardrobe was easier to sew,
though hot to his fingers.
Because Leonardo believed in the bat,
in the black jelly and web of its wing,
he has brought cane skeletons, leather tendons,
steel springs, and the membranes of starched
taffeta to procure his wings from the tailor.

In his infernal gymnasium
(the curtains hung as in an inferior
hotel and the anonymous sweat of others
left like cooking grease upon the walls), here,
Leonardo stoops, bends and unbends,
with his head pumps a piston and with his arms
turns the windlasses, causing four flippers
to oscillate and the tawdry curtains to lift
and part in the man-made wind.
(The nature of wind being
composed of its aqueous vowels.)

Where else may a man by night build himself
a rudder of sized linen, cane, and wire
to study the angle of a bird's wing's
response to vortices of air and by day
search the Corte Vecchia palace
for a suitable place to launch his flight?
Yes, this is Hell, though beautiful
to the tailor, who never had much call
in his own village. Even the colors of Hell
are more poignant to him than the remembered
sunset over the dirty river he left behind.
And how can he tell his wife in letter
how complex the diabolical pathways here,
carved by hand with the precision of a dozen
spheres laid each inside the other
from a single wooden block?
The father must teach the son such secret
linkage. It is the same way with the invisible
stitches he puts into a silk lining.

2

So that we may escape the peril
of destruction, so that we find a means
to survive a tempest or shipwreck at sea,
we are blessed with the girdle of mind.
So we may abide our time drifting
in amniotic fluid, each fetus is given
its air tube and three-chambered heart.
The human embryo must spend its prenatal
life in the chambers and antechambers
and dressing rooms of the dead,
doing its best through its leg motion,
arms, or on occasion both combined, to power
its small flying machine of cartilage and moss-
scented blood. As if the dream of flying
is the remembered navigation of the uterus
(thus the mirific synchroneity
of atmosphere and ocean),
the unborn memorize the physics of buoyancy
through the peck and suck of the womb's
bright berry. Doesn't the placenta's gel
tell of smashed holly, pokeweed, smilax, prickly pear?

—Valerie Wohlfeld

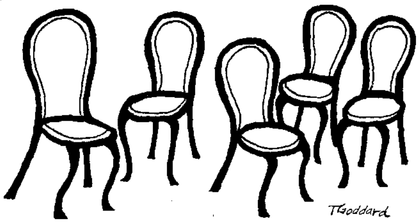
• •

said now. "So that's what he looks like."

That August Saturday in 1972, he'd come to the tennis club on a bicycle, in whites he had borrowed at the house where he was staying, a racquet tied with string to the crossbar. He'd told Grania afterward that Hetty Prendergast had looked the whites out for him and had lent him the racquet as well. Hetty had mentioned the tennis club, to which she and her husband had years ago belonged themselves. "Of course a different kind of lot these days," she'd said. "Like everywhere." He'd pushed the bicycle through the gate and stood there watching a doubles game, not yet untying his racquet. "Who on earth's that?" someone had said, and Grania approached him after about a quarter of an hour, since she was at that time the club's secretary and vaguely felt it to be her duty.

Sipping the Martini Mavis had claimed to owe her, she remembered the sudden turning of his profile in her direction when she spoke and then his smile. Nothing of what she subsequently planned had yet entered her head; she would have been stunned by even the faintest inkling of it. "I'm awfully sorry," he'd said. "I'm barging in."

Grania had been twenty-seven then, married to Desmond for almost eight years. Now she was forty-three, and her cool brown eyes still strikingly complemented the lips that Desmond had once confessed he'd wanted to kiss ever since she was twelve. Her dark hair had been in plaits at twelve, later had been fashionably long, and now was short. She wasn't tall and had always wished she was, but at least she didn't have to slim. She hadn't become a mother yet, that Saturday afternoon when the stranger arrived at the tennis club. But she was happy, and in love with Desmond.



"Aisling's going out with some chartered accountant," Mavis said, speaking about her daughter. "Oliver's hopping mad."

The Quiltys arrived. Grania watched while they joined Desmond

"At the bottom of the steps, turn right. The meter is on the far wall."

and their dinner guest. Desmond moved to the bar to buy them drinks. Quilty—a small man who reminded Grania of a monkey—lit a cigarette. Politely, Grania transferred her attention to her friend. Why should Oliver be angry, she asked, genuinely not knowing. She could tell from Mavis's tone of voice that she was not displeased herself.

"Because he's nine years older. We had a letter from Aisling this morning. Oliver's talking about going up to have it out with her."

"That might make it worse, actually."

"If he mentions it will you tell him that? He listens to you, you know."

Grania said she would. She knew Oliver Duddy would mention it, since he always seemed to want to talk to her about things that upset him. Once upon a time, just before she'd become engaged to Desmond, he'd tried to persuade her he loved her.

"They earn a fortune," Mavis said. "Chartered accountants."

• •

SOON after that they all began to move into the Rhett Butler Room. Grania could just remember the time when the hotel had been called O'Hara's Commercial, in the days of Mr. and Mrs. O'Hara. It wasn't all that long ago that their sons, giving the place another face-lift as soon as they inherited it, decided to change the name to the Tara and to give the previously numbered bedrooms names like "Ashley's" and "Melanie's." The bar was known as Scarlett's Lounge. There were regular discos in Belle's Place.

"Who's that fellow with the Quiltys?" Francie MacGuinness asked, and Grania told her. "He's come back for Hetty Prendergast's funeral."

"God, I didn't know she died."

As always, several tables had been pushed together to form a single long one in the center of the dining room. At it, the couples who'd been drinking in the bar sat as they wished: there was no formality. Una Carty-Carroll, Trish Crosbie's sister, was unmarried but was usually partnered on these Saturday occasions by the surveyor from the waterworks. This was so tonight. At one end of the table a place remained unoccupied: Angela, outside the circle of best friends, as Una Carty-Carroll and Mary Ann Haddon were, invariably came late. In a distant corner of the Rhett Butler Room one other couple were dining. Another table, recently occupied, was being tidied.

"I think it's Monday," Grania said when Francie asked her when the funeral was.

She hoped he'd go away again immediately. That other Saturday, he'd said he found it appallingly dull at the Prendergasts'—a call of duty, no reason in the world that he should ever return. His reassurances had in a way been neither here nor there at the time, but afterward, of course, she'd recalled them. Afterward, many times she'd strained to establish every single word of the conversation they'd had.

"D'you remember poor old Hetty," Francie said, "coming into the club for a cup of tea once? Ages ago."

"Yes, I remember her."

A small woman they remembered, a frail look about her face. There was another occasion Francie recalled:

when the old woman became agitated because one of Wm. Cole's meal lorries had backed into her Morris Minor. "I thought she'd passed on years ago," Francie said.

They separated. Hazel was sitting next to him, Grania noticed, Quilty on his other side. Presumably they'd talk over whatever business there was, so that he wouldn't have to delay once the funeral had taken place.

"How're you doing, dear?" Oliver Duddy said, occupying the chair on Grania's left. Desmond was on her right; he nearly always chose to sit next to her.

"I'm all right," she replied. "Are you O.K., Oliver?"

"Far from it, as a matter of fact." He twisted backward and stretched an arm out, preventing the waitress who was attempting to pass by from doing so. "Bring me a Crested Ten, will you? Aisling's in the family way," he muttered into Grania's ear. "Jesus Christ, Grania!"

He was an architect, responsible for the least attractive bungalows in the county, possibly in the province. He and Mavis had once spent a protracted winter holiday in Spain, the time he'd been endeavoring to find himself. He hadn't done so, but that period of his life had ever since influenced the local landscape. Also, people said, his lavatories didn't work as well as they might have.

"Do you mean it, Oliver? Are you sure?"

"Some elderly Mr. Bloody. I'll wring his damn neck for him."

He was drunk to the extent that failing to listen to him wouldn't matter. No opportunity for comment would be offered. The advice sought, the plea for understanding, would not properly register in the brain that set in motion the requests. It was extremely unlikely that Aisling was pregnant.

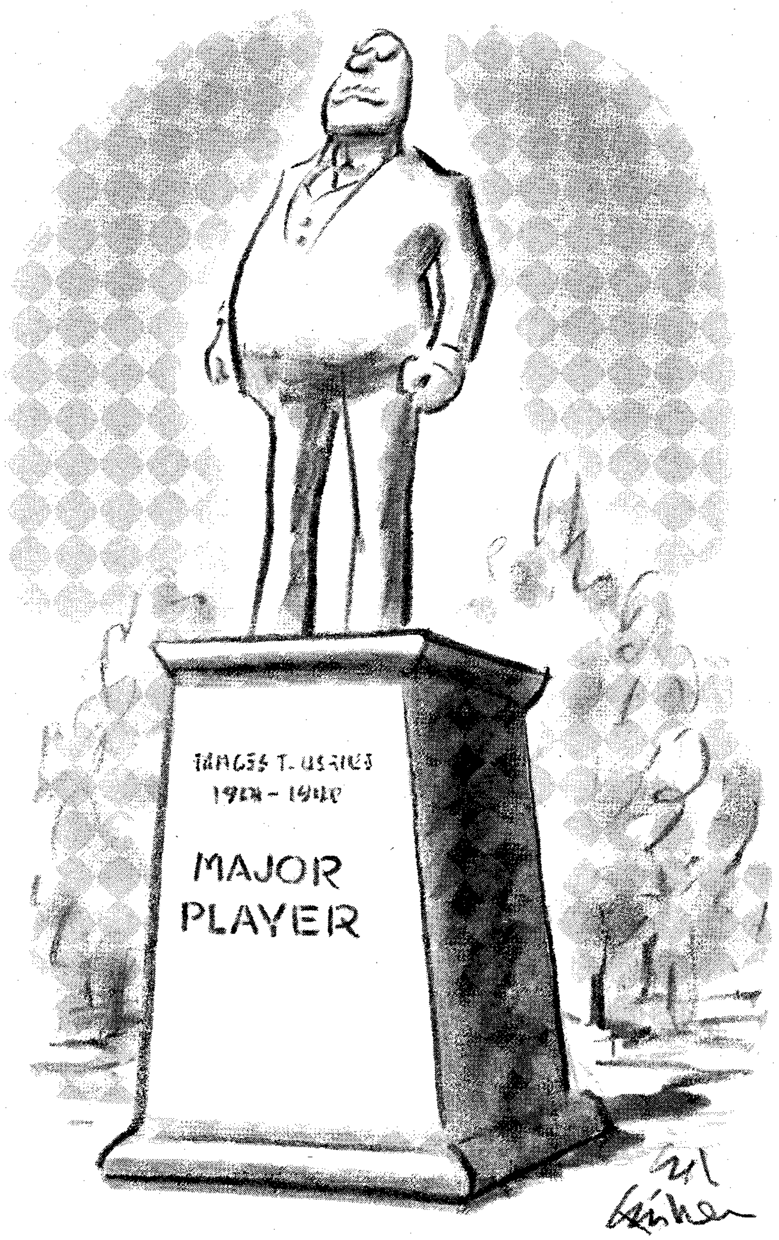
"Old Hetty left him the house," Desmond said on her other side. "He's going to live in it. Nora," he called out to the waitress, "I need to order the wine."

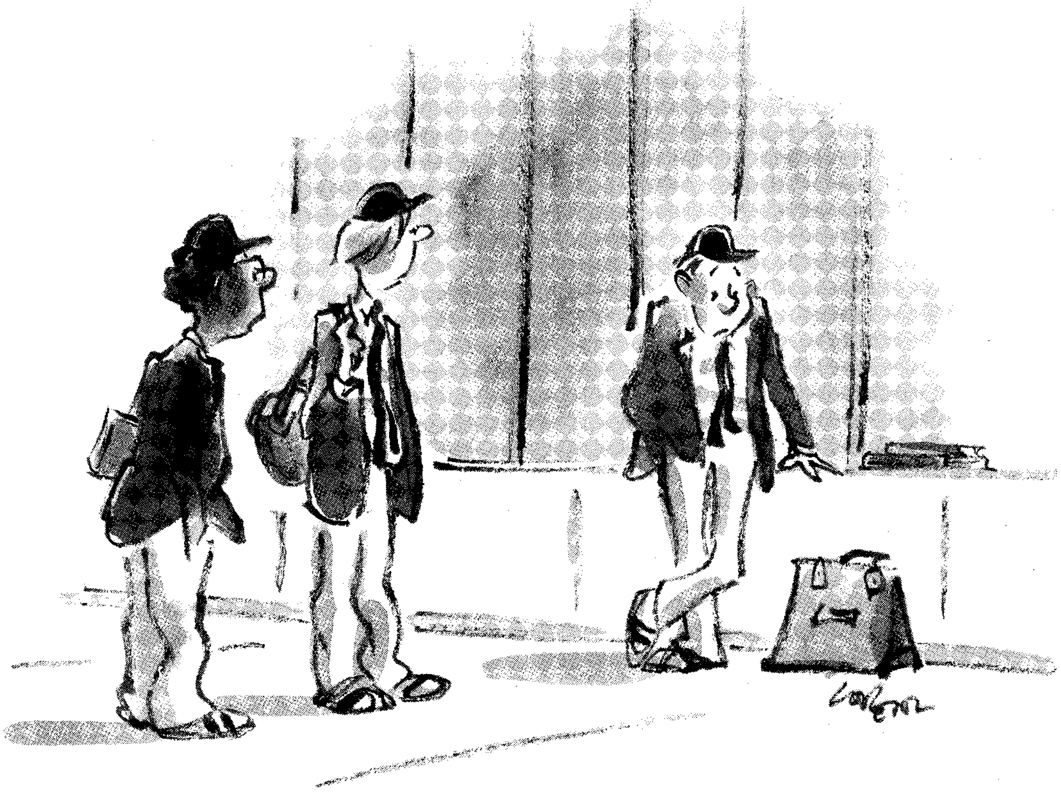
Oliver Duddy gripped her elbow, demanding the return of her attention. His face came close to hers: the small, snub nose, the tightly bunched, heated cheeks, droplets of perspiration on forehead and chin. Grania looked away. Across the table, Mavis was better-looking than her husband in all sorts of ways, her lips prettily parted as she listened to whatever it was Billy MacGuinness was telling her about, her blue eyes sparkling with Saturday-evening vivacity. Francie was listening to the surveyor. Mary Ann Haddon was nervously playing with her fork, the way she did when she felt she was being ignored: she had a complex about her looks, which were not her strong point. Hazel Quilty was talking to the man who'd come back for the funeral, her lean mouth swiftly opening and closing. Francie, who'd given up smoking a fortnight ago, lit a cigarette. Billy MacGuinness's round face crinkled with sudden laughter. Mavis laughed also.

The waitress hurried away with Desmond's wine order. Light caught one lens of Mary Ann's glasses. "Oh, I don't *believe* you!" Francie cried, her voice for a single instant shrill above the buzz of conversation. The man who'd come back to attend the old woman's funeral still listened politely. Trish—the smallest, most demure of the wives—kept nodding while Kevy Haddon spoke in his dry voice, his features dryly matching it.

There were other faces in the Rhett Butler Room, those of Clark Gable and Vivien Leigh reproduced on mirrored glass with bevelled edges, huge images that also included the shoulders of the film stars, the décolletage of one, the frilled evening shirt of the other. Clark Gable was subtly allowed the greater impact. In Scarlett's Lounge, together on a single mirror, the two appeared to be engaged in argument, he crossly pouting from a distance, she imperious in closeup.

"This man here, you mean?" Grania said to her husband when there was an opportunity. She knew he did; there was no one else he could mean. She didn't want to think about it, yet it had to be confirmed.





"Go easy on Jason. He just hit the big one-oh."

She wanted to delay the knowledge, yet just as much she had to know quickly.

"So he's been saying," Desmond said. "You know, I'd forgotten who he was when you introduced us."

"But what on earth does he want to come and live in that awful old house for?"

"He's on his uppers, apparently."

Often they talked together on these Saturday occasions, in much the same way as they did in their own kitchen while she finished cooking the dinner and he laid the table. In the kitchen they talked about people they'd run into during the day, the same people once a week or so, rarely strangers. When his father retired almost twenty years ago, Desmond had taken over the management of the town's laundry and later inherited it. The Tara Hotel was his second most important customer, the Hospital of St. Bernadette of Lourdes being his first. He brought back to Grania reports of demands for higher wages, and the domestic confidences of his staff. In return she passed on gossip, which both of them delighted in.

"How's Judith?" Oliver Duddy inquired, finger and thumb again tightening on her elbow. "No Mr. Bloody yet?"

"Judith's still in school, remember."

"You never know these days."

"I think you've got it wrong about Aisling being pregnant."

"I pray to God I have, dear."

Desmond said he intended to go to Hetty Prendergast's funeral, but she saw no reason that she should go herself. Desmond went to lots of funerals, often of people she didn't know, business acquaintances who'd lived miles away. Going to funerals was different when there was a business reason—not that the Prendergasts had ever made much use of the laundry.

"I have a soft spot for Judith," Oliver Duddy said. "She's getting to be a lovely girl."

It was difficult to agree without sounding smug, yet it seemed disloyal to her daughter to deny what was claimed for her. Grania shrugged, a gesture that was vague enough to indicate whatever her companion wished to make of it. There was no one on Oliver Duddy's other side, because the table ended there. Angela, widow of a German businessman, had just sat down in the empty place opposite him. The most glamorous of all the wives, tall and slim, her hair the color of very pale sand, Angela was said to be on the lookout for a second marriage. Her husband had settled in the neighborhood after the war and had successfully begun a cheese-and-pâté business, supplying restaurants and hotels all over the country. With a flair he had cultivated in her, Angela ran it now. "How's Oliver?" She smiled seductively across the table, the way she'd smiled at men even in her husband's lifetime. Oliver Duddy said he was all right, but Grania knew that only a desultory conversation would begin between the two, because Oliver Duddy didn't like Angela for some reason, or else was alarmed by her.

"Judith always has a word for you," he said. "Rare, God knows, in a young person these days."

"Who's that?" Angela leaned forward, her eyes indicating the stranger.

She was told, and Grania watched her remembering him. Angela had been pregnant with the third of her sons that August afternoon. "Uncomfortably warm," she now recalled, nodding in recollection.

Oliver Duddy displayed no interest. He'd been at the club that afternoon and he remembered the arrival of the stranger, but an irritated expression passed over his tightly made face while Grania and Angela agreed about the details of the afternoon in question: he resented the interruption and wished to return to the subject of daughters.

"What I'm endeavoring to get at, Grania, is what would you say if Judith came back with some fellow old enough to be her father?"

"Mavis didn't say Aisling's friend was as old as that."

"Aisling wrote us a letter, Grania. There are lines to read between."

"Well, naturally I'd prefer Judith to marry someone of her own age. But of course it all depends on the man."

"D'you find a daughter easy, Grania? There's no one thinks more of Aisling than myself. The fonder you are, the more worry there is. Would you say that was right, Grania?"

"Probably."

"You're lucky in Judith, though. She has a great way with her."

Angela was talking to Tom Crosbie about dairy products. The Crosbies were an example of a marriage in which there was a considerable age difference that appeared not to have had an adverse effect. Trish had had four children, two girls and two boys; they were a happy, jolly family, even though when Trish married it had been widely assumed that she was not in love, was if anything still yearning after Billy MacGuinness. It was even rumored that Trish had married for money, since Tom Crosbie owned Boyd Motors, the main Ford franchise in the neighborhood. Trish's family had once been well-to-do but had somehow become penurious.

"What's Judith going to do for herself? Nursing, is it, Grania?"

"If it is, she's never mentioned it."

"I only thought it might be."

"There's talk about college. She's not bad at languages."

"Don't send her to Dublin, dear. Keep the girl by you. D'you hear what I'm saying, Desmond?" Oliver Duddy raised his voice, shouting across Grania. He began all over again, saying he had a soft spot for Judith, explaining about the letter that had arrived from Aisling. Grania changed places with him.

"Oliver's had a few," Angela said. "He's upset about Aisling. She's going out with an older man."

She shouldn't have said it with Tom Crosbie sitting there. She made a face to herself and leaned toward him to tell him he was looking perky. As soon as she'd spoken she felt she'd made matters worse, that her remark could be taken to imply he was looking young for his years.

"There's a new place," Angela said when Grania asked her about her dress. "Pursestrings. D'you know it?"

Ever since she'd become a widow Angela had gone to Dublin to buy something during the week before each dinner at the hotel. Angela liked to be first, though often Francie ran her close. Mavis tried to keep up with them but couldn't quite. Grania sometimes tried, too; Hazel didn't mind what she wore.

"Is Desmond going to the funeral?" Tom Crosbie asked in his agreeable way—perhaps, Grania thought, to show that no offense had been taken.

"Yes, he is."

"Desmond's very good."

That was true. Desmond was good. He'd been the pick of the tennis club when she'd picked him herself—the pick of the town. Looking round the table—at Tom Crosbie's bald head and Kevy Haddon's joylessness, at the simian lines of Quilty's cheeks and Billy MacGuinness's tendency to glow, at Oliver Duddy's knotted features—she was aware that, on top of everything else, Desmond had worn better than any of them. He had acquired authority in middle age; the reticence of his youth had remained, but time had displayed that he was more often right than wrong, and his opinion was sought in a way it once had not been. Desmond was quietly obliging, a quality more appreciated in middle age than in youth. Mavis had called him a dear when he was still a bachelor.

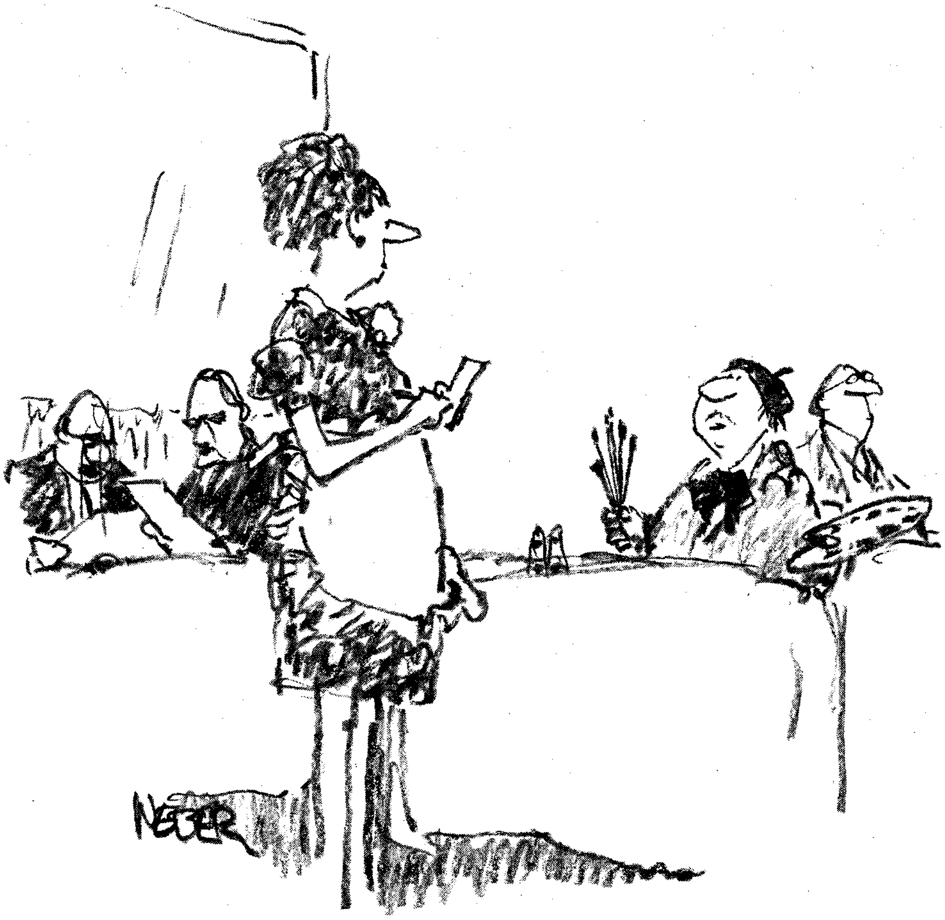
They ate their prawn cocktails. The voices became louder. For a moment Grania's eye was held by the man who had said, at first, that she didn't remember him. A look was exchanged and persisted for a moment. Did he suspect that she had learned already of his intention to live in the Prendergasts' house? Would he have told her himself if they hadn't been interrupted by Desmond?

"Hetty was a nice old thing," Angela said. "I feel I'd like to attend her funeral myself."

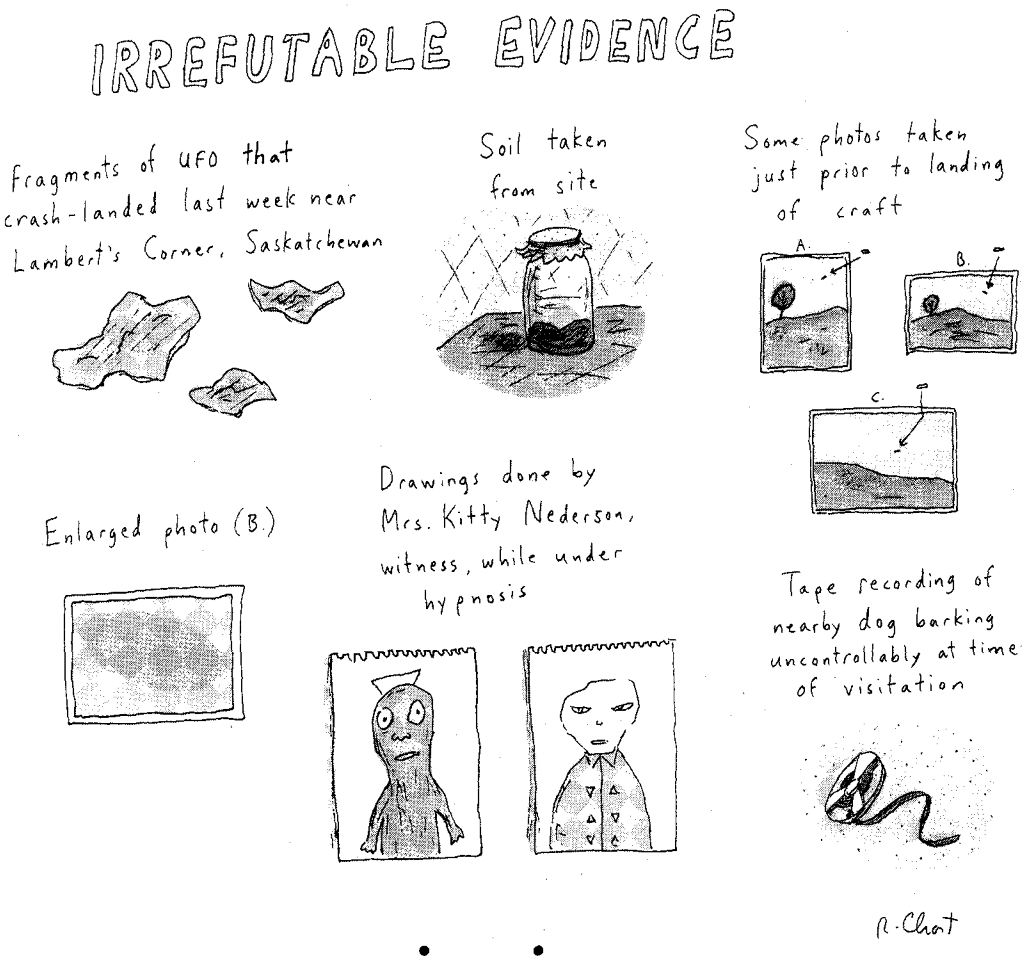
Grania glanced again in the direction of the stranger. Tom Crosbie began to talk about a court case that was causing interest. Oliver Duddy got up and ambled out of the dining room, and Desmond moved to where he'd been sitting so that he was next to his wife again. The waitresses were collecting the prawn-cocktail glasses.

"Oliver's being a bore about this Aisling business," Desmond said.

"Desmond, did Prendergast mention being married now?"



"I'll have the artist's lunch, if there is such."


IRREFUTABLE EVIDENCE
Fragments of UFO that crash-landed last week near Lambert's Corner, Saskatchewan
Soil taken from site
Some photos taken just prior to landing of craft
A.
B.
C.
Enlarged photo (B.)
Drawings done by Mrs. Kitty Nederson, witness, while under hypnosis
Tape recording of nearby dog barking uncontrollably at time of visitation
R. Chast

He looked down the table, and across it. He shook his head. "He hasn't the look of being married. Another thing is, I have a feeling he's called something else."

"Angela says she's going to the funeral."

One of the waitresses brought round plates of grilled salmon, the other offered vegetables. Oliver Duddy returned with a glass of something he'd picked up in the bar—whiskey on ice, it looked like. He sat between Desmond and Una Carty-Carroll, not seeming to notice that it wasn't where he'd been sitting before.

Mavis's back was reflected in the Rhett Butler mirror, the V of her black dress plunging deeply down her spine. Her movements, and those of Billy MacGuinness next to her, danced over the features of Clark Gable. During a lull in the conversation, the sound of the television in the bar drifted in—the "Surprise! Surprise! Show" just beginning. Then a door was closed, and the sound abruptly ceased.

"He might suit Angela," Desmond said. "You never know."

THAT August afternoon Billy MacGuinness, who was a doctor, had been called away from the club—some complication with a confinement. "Damned woman," he'd grumbled unfeelingly, predicting an all-night job.

"Come back to the house, Francie," Grania had suggested when the tennis came to an end, and it was then that Desmond had noticed the young man attaching his tennis racquet to the crossbar of his bicycle and issued the same invitation. Desmond had said he'd drive him back to the Prendergasts' when they'd all had something to eat, and together they lifted his bicycle onto the boot of the car.

"I've something to confess," Francie had said in the kitchen, cutting the rinds off rashers of bacon, and Grania knew what it would be, because "I've something to confess" was a kind of joke among the wives, a time-honored way of announcing pregnancy.

"You're *not!*" Grania cried, disguising envy. "Oh, Francie, how grand!"

Desmond brought them drinks, but Francie didn't tell him, as Grania had guessed she wouldn't.

"February," Francie said. "Billy says it should be February."

Billy telephoned while they were still in the kitchen, guessing where Francie was when there'd been no reply from his own number. He'd be late, as he'd predicted.

"Francie's pregnant," Grania told Desmond while Francie was still on the phone. "Don't tell her I said."

In the sitting room they had a few more drinks while in the kitchen the bacon cooked on a glimmer of heat. All of them were still in their tennis clothes, and nobody was in a hurry. Francie wasn't, because of the empty evening in front of her. Grania and Desmond weren't, because they'd nothing to do that evening. The young man who was staying with the Prendergasts was like a schoolboy prolonging his leave. The sipping of their gin, the idle conversation—the young man being told about the town and the tennis club, told who Angela was, and which the Duddys were: all of it took on the pleasurable feeling of a party happening by chance. Desmond picked up the telephone and rang the Crosbies, but Trish said they wouldn't be able to get a babysitter or else of course they'd come over, love to. Eventually Desmond beat up eggs to scramble, and Grania fried potato cakes and soda bread. "We're none of us sober," Desmond said, offering a choice of white or red wine as they sat down to eat. Eartha Kitt sang "Just an Old-Fashioned Girl."

In the Rhett Butler Room, Grania heard the tune again. "And an old-fashioned millionaire," lisped the cool, sensuous voice, each emphasis strangely accented.

They'd danced to it among the furniture of the sitting room, Francie and the young man mostly, she and Desmond. "I'm sorry, darling," Desmond whispered, but she shook her head, refusing to concede that blame came into it. If it did, she might as well say she was sorry herself.

"I have to get back," Francie said. "Cook something for Billy."

Desmond said he'd drop her off on

his way to the Prendergasts', but then he changed the record to "Love Grows," and fell asleep as soon as the music began.

Francie didn't want a lift. She wanted to walk, because the air would do her good. "D'you trust me?" Grania asked the young man, and he laughed and said he'd have to because he didn't have a lamp on his bicycle. She'd hardly spoken to him, had been less aware of him than of Desmond's apparent liking of him. With strangers Desmond was often like that.

"What do you do?" she asked in the car, suddenly shy in spite of all the gin and wine there'd been. He'd held her rather close when he danced with her, but she'd noticed he held Francie close, too. Francie had kissed him goodbye.

"Well, actually I've been working in a pub," he said. "Before that I made toast in the Royal Hotel in Bournemouth."

She drove slowly, with extreme caution through the narrow streets of the town. The public houses were closing; gaggles of men loitered near each, smoking or just standing. Youths thronged the pavement outside the Palm Grove fish-and-chip shop. Beyond the last of its lampposts the town straggled away to nothing; solitary cottages and bungalows gave way to fields.

"I haven't been to this house before," Grania said after a silence. Her companion had vouchsafed no further information about himself beyond the reference to a pub and making toast in Bournemouth.

"They'll be in bed," he said now. "They go to bed at nine."

The headlights picked out trunks of trees on the avenue, then urns, and steps leading up to a hall door. White wooden shutters flanked the downstairs windows, the paint peeling, as it was on the iron balustrade of the steps. All of it was swiftly there, then lost: the car lights isolated a rose bed and a seat on a lawn. "I won't be a minute unshackling this bike," he said.

She turned the lights off. The last of the August day hadn't quite gone; a warm duskiness was scented with honeysuckle she could not see when she stepped out of the car. "You've been awfully good to me," he said, unknotting the strings that held the bicycle in place. "You and Desmond."

TO SOFTNESS

Under junk heaps and stripped and burning cars
and bombed-out buildings,
under iron and tin and plastic,
under U.S. Steel and Coca-Cola
and the bridge repainted silver to cover all the black
graffitied hearts and birds and names,
beneath underpass and overpass,
under timetables, profitability, summits,
margins of error and cuts,
under for your own good and in our best interest,
under front-runner, leveraged buyouts, arms deals,
state of the union, and rates of exchange,
it must be there like an ash heap
but alive, like a veil, a half-formed thought
throbbing its slow pulse behind the lips,
a softness, a tenderness,
a hand turning pages throughout the night
in a bare room, eyes at the window,
breath at the door, something in need of protection,
something capable of feeling harm.

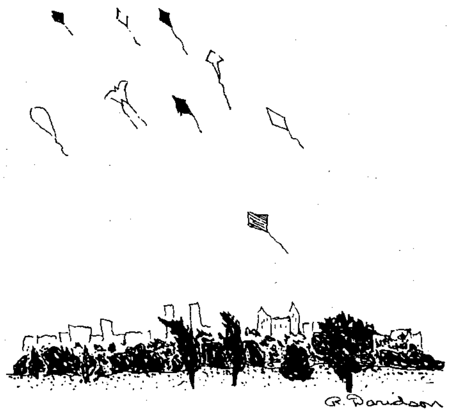
—Laurie Sheck

• •

In the Rhett Butler Room, now rowdy with laughter and raised voices, she didn't want to look at him again, and yet she couldn't help herself: waiting for her were the unblinking eyes, the hair brushed back from the sallow forehead, the high cheekbones. Angela would stand at the graveside and afterward would offer him sympathy. Quilty would be there, Hazel wouldn't bother. "I'd say we all need a drink": Grania could imagine Angela saying that, including Desmond in the invitation, gathering the three men around her.

In the dark the bicycle had been wheeled away and propped against the steps. "Come in for a minute," he'd said, and she'd begun to protest that it was late, even though it wasn't. "Oh, don't be silly," he'd said.

She remembered, in the garish hotel dining room, the flash of his smile in the gloom, and how she'd felt his unblinking eyes caressing her. He reached out for her hand, and in a moment they were in a hall, the electric light turned on, a grandfather clock ticking at the bottom of the stairs. There was a hallstand, and square cream and terra-cotta tiles, sepia engravings framed in oak, fish in glass cases. "I shall offer you a nightcap," he whispered, leading her into a flagged passage and then into a cavernous kitchen. "Tullamore Dew is what they have," he murmured. "Give every man his dew."



She knew what he intended. She'd known it before they'd turned in at the avenue gates; she'd felt it in the car between them. He poured their drinks and then he kissed her, taking her into his arms as though that were simply a variation of their dancing together. "Dearest," he whispered, surprising her: she hadn't guessed that he intended all the delicacy of endearments.

Did she, before the car turned in at the avenue gates, decide herself what was to happen? Or was it later, even while still protesting that it was late? Or when he reached up to the high shelf of the dresser for the bottle? At some point she had said to herself: "I am going to do this." She knew she had, because the words still echoed.

"How extraordinary!" he murmured in the kitchen, all his talk as soft as that now. "How extraordinary to find you at a tennis club in Ireland!" Her own arms held him to her; yet for some reason she didn't want to see his face, not that she found it unattractive.

The empty glasses laid down on the kitchen table, stairs without a carpet, a chest of drawers on a landing, towels in a pile on a chair, the door of his bedroom closing behind them: remembered images were like details from a dream. For a moment the light went on in his room: a pink china jug stood in a basin on a washstand, there was a wardrobe, a cigarette packet on the dressing table, the shirt and trousers he'd changed from into his tennis clothes were thrown onto the floor. Then the light was extinguished and again he embraced her, his fingers already unbuttoning her tennis dress, which no one but Desmond had ever done in that particular way. Before her marriage she'd been kissed, twice, by Billy MacGuinness, and once by a boy who'd left the neighborhood and gone to Canada. As all the tennis-club wives were when they married, she'd been a virgin. "Oh God, Grania!" she heard him whispering, and her thoughts became worries when she lay, naked, on the covers of his bed. Her father's face was vivid in her mind, disposing of her with distaste. "No, don't do that, dear," her mother used to say, clucking with her tongue when Grania picked a scab on her knee or made a pattern on the raked gravel with a stick.

In the kitchen they ate raspberries and cream. She asked him again about himself, but he hardly responded, questioning her instead and successfully extracting answers. The raspberries were delicious; he put a punnet on the passenger seat in the car. They were for Desmond, but he didn't say so. "Don't feel awkward," he said. "I'm going back on Monday."

A hare ran in front of the car on the avenue, bewildered by the lights. People would guess, she thought; they would see a solitary shadow in the car and they would know. It did not occur to her that if her expedition to the Prendergasts' house had been as innocent as its original purpose, the people who observed her return would still have seen what they saw now. In fact the streets were quite deserted when she came to them.

"God, I'm sorry," Desmond said, sitting up on the sofa, his white clothes rumpled, the texture of a cushion cover on his cheek, his hair untidy. She smiled, not trusting herself to speak or even to laugh, as in other circumstances she might have. She put the raspberries in the refrigerator and had a bath.

IN the Rhett Butler Room they began to change places in the usual way, after the Black Forest gâteau. She sat beside Francie and Mavis. "Good for Aisling," Francie insisted when Mavis described the chartered accountant; he did not seem old at all.

"I'll have it out with Oliver when we get back," Mavis said. "There's no chance whatsoever she's been naughty. I can assure you I'd be the first to know." They lowered their voices to remark on Angela's interest in the stranger. "The house would suit her rightly," Mavis said.

All the rooms would be done up. The slatted shutters that flanked the windows would be repainted, and the balustrade by the steps. There'd be new curtains and carpets; a gardener would be employed. Angela had never cared for the house her well-to-do husband had built her, and since his death had made no secret of the fact.

"I'll never forget that night, Grania." Francie giggled, embarrassedly groping for a cigarette. "Dancing with your man and Desmond going to sleep. Wasn't it the

Joe Mirachi

"Do you have anything to say before I start reading the paper?"

• •

same night I told you Maureen was on the way?"

"Yes, it was."

The three women talked of other matters. That week in the town an elderly clerk had been accused of embezzlement. Mavis observed that the surveyor from the waterworks was limbering up to propose to Una Carty-Carroll. "And doesn't she know it!" Francie said. Grania laughed.

Sometimes she'd wondered if he was still working in a pub and told herself that of course he wouldn't be, that he'd have married and settled down ages ago. But when she saw him tonight she'd guessed immediately that he hadn't. She wasn't surprised when Desmond had said he was on his uppers. "I am going to do this": the echo of her resolve came back to her as she sat there. "I am going to do this because I want a child."

"God, I'm exhausted," Mavis said. "Is it age or what?"

"Oh, it's age, it's age," Francie sighed, stubbing out her cigarette. "Damn things," she muttered.

Mavis reached for the packet and flicked it across the table. "Present for you, Kevy," she said, but Francie pleaded with her eyes and he flicked it back again. Grania smiled, because they'd have noticed if she didn't.

In the intervening years he would never have wondered about a child being born. But if Angela married him he would think about it; being close by would cause him to. He would wonder, and in the middle of a night, while he lay beside Angela in bed, it would be borne in upon him that Desmond and Grania had one child only. Grania considered that: the untidiness of someone else's knowing, her secret shared. There'd been perpetually—every instant of the day, it sometimes seemed—the longing to share: with Desmond and with her friends, with the child that had been born. But this was different.

The evening came to an end. Cars were started in the yard of the hotel; there were warnings of ice on the roads. "Good night, Grania," the man who'd come for the funeral said. She buckled herself into her seat belt. Desmond backed and then crawled forward into West Main Street. "You're quiet," he said, and immediately she began to talk about the possibility of Una Carty-Carroll's being proposed to, in case he connected her silence with the presence of the stranger. "As a matter of fact," he said when that subject was exhausted, "I met that fellow of Aisling's once. He's only thirty-five." She opened the garage door, and he drove the car in. The air was refreshingly cold, sharper than it had been in the yard of the hotel.

They locked their house. Grania put things ready for the morning. It was a relief that a babysitter was no longer necessary, that she didn't have to wait with just a trace of anxiety while Desmond drove someone home. He'd gone upstairs, and she knew that he'd done so in order to press open Judith's door and glance in at her while she slept. Whenever they came in at night he did that.

At the sink Grania poured glasses of water for him and for herself, and carried them upstairs. When she had placed them on either side of their bed she, too, went to look in at her daughter—a mass of brown hair untidy on the pillow, eyes lightly closed.

"I might play golf tomorrow," Desmond said, settling his trousers into his electric press. Almost as soon as he'd clambered into bed he fell asleep. She switched out his bedside light and went downstairs.

Alone in the kitchen, sitting over a cup of tea, she returned again to the August Saturday. Two of Trish's children had already been born then, and two of Mavis's, and Hazel's first. "I wouldn't be surprised," Billy MacGuinness had said, "if Angela doesn't drop this one in a deck chair." Mary Ann Haddon had just started her second. Older children were sitting on the clubhouse steps.

Grania forced her thoughts through all the rest of it, through the party that had happened by chance, the headlights picking out the rose bed. She savored easily the solitude she had disguised during the years that had passed since then, the secret that had seemed so safe. In the quiet kitchen, when she had been over this familiar ground, she felt herself again possessed by the confusion that had come like a fog when she'd seen tonight the father of her child. Then slowly it lifted: she was incapable of regret.

—William Trevor

ANNALS OF HUSBANDRY

THE SWEET BEES—I

Beekeeping is a business that requires the greatest amount of attention to the small details.... The good beekeeper is generally more or less cranky.

—*C. P. Dadant.*

FOR a long, long time—for nearly forty years—I never had any bees. I can't think why. Everyone should have two or three hives. I have had bees now for fifteen years, and my life is the better for it.

I operate a beekeeping and honey-producing farm in the Ozark Mountains of southern Missouri. I keep three hundred hives of bees in groups of ten or twelve in what are called outyards, on other farmers' land. I pay rent of a gallon of honey every year for the privilege of putting the bees there. The farmers and their families like the honey, but they like having the bees on their land even better. The clover in their pastures is more luxuriant because the bees are there to pollinate it. Their vegetable gardens and their orchards benefit from the bees, too. My best and most productive beeyards, however, are the ones near towns, because town people plant flowers and water them and their clover-filled lawns, so the bees have a constant source of nectar to turn into honey. Every once in a while, I read in the beekeeping magazines about someone who gets complaints from other people about his bees. I am always astonished, because around here everyone has a fine, friendly feeling toward them.

My beekeeping operation is a matter of minor local pride in the town I live in. All the other farmers raise pigs and cattle, and my making a living from bees gives them something to talk about down at the café other than scours and the price of pork bellies. It tickles their fancy that someone can make a living with a bunch of wild bugs, who can't be penned, and who fly everywhere doing unruly but helpful things, like pollinating plants and making honey.

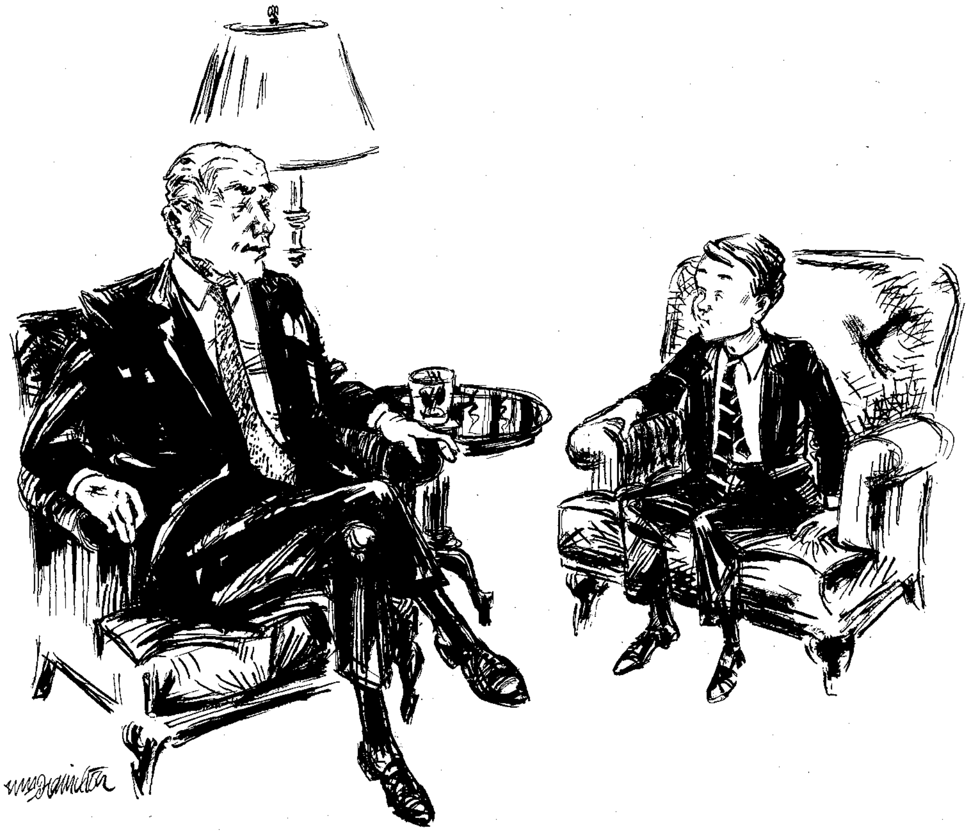
I bought my first beehives in the autumn of 1973 and spent the following winter trying to figure out what to do with them. I read everything I could find in print about bees. I talked to as many beekeepers as would stand still for my questions. I joined the state beekeeping association and heard talks by the experts at its meetings. I found that there are as many ways to keep bees as there are people to talk about it.

Beekeepers are an opinionated lot, each sure that his methods, and his methods alone, are the proper ones. When I first began keeping bees, the diversity of passionately held opinion bewildered me, but now that I have hives in locations scattered over a thousand-square-mile area I think I understand it. I have detailed climate maps of that rugged terrain, and they show that some beeyards only a few miles apart are in different climate zones. Frosts come earlier in some places than in others. Spring comes later. Rainfall is not the same. The soils, and the flowering plants they support, are unlike. Through the years, I have learned that as a result of all those variations I must keep the bees variously. Most people who keep bees have only a few hives, and have them all in one place. They find it difficult to understand why practices that have proved successful for them do not work for others. But I have learned that I must treat the bees in one yard quite differently from the way I do those even only thirty miles away. The thing to do, I have discovered, is to learn from the bees themselves. After a person learns something of bee biology and behavior, he can make up his own rules and then have the fun of defending them passionately to other beekeepers.

THE end of one honey season is the start of the next, and autumn is a good time to begin with bees. A beekeeper is often willing to sell some of his hives at a lower price then than he would in the springtime. He has already harvested his honey crop, and there is always a certain amount of risk in carrying a hive through the winter —a risk that is transferred to the buyer.

Summer's end is also the beginning of a new cycle for bees. It is at that time, after the season's extra honey has been taken from them, that they prepare for the winter ahead. And their preparations, along with the help a beekeeper gives them, determine how good the next season will be.

In any part of the country where frosts kill flowers, bees need to store up honey for the winter months. Here in the Ozarks, where winters are severe but are interspersed with mild days when the bees can be active, they need seventy-five or eighty pounds of stored honey per hive to see them through. In some places, bees make their winter stores principally from late-blooming goldenrod, but here the bees scorn it. When nothing else is in bloom, I have seen bees on the goldenrod, but there is another flower they prefer. It is *Aster ericoides*, the snow aster, or Michaelmas daisy—a plant that grows widely throughout the United States. Asters, in general, are beloved by bees; I have seen them working as happily on asters in New Hampshire or Michigan as at home. Snow asters are tough but dainty-appearing plants, with small flowers—white rays around golden centers. The foliage is delicate and feathery, reminiscent of heather, which is the meaning of the Latin species name. Snow asters grow wherever they can gain a roothold, fill abandoned fields with their delicate white blossoms, edge the back roads. They do not mind drought or light frosts and continue to bloom bravely from August until the first hard, killing frost. Because snow asters are so common, they are seldom noticed except by bees and beekeepers, for whom they are among the most cheerful of flowers. I can tell when the bees have started working asters, because the nectar they gather from them is rank, and I can smell the hives long before I walk up to them. It



"New money, Bobby, is old money that got away."

• •

is a strong scent, a sign that the bees will winter well.

I like to go out and check all the hives once before winter, and I do so when it is still warm enough to open them for inspection if necessary. Before I go out, I suit up in bee coveralls. They are loose-cut white cotton, with zippers in all the right places to keep out bees. They are extra long in the legs, so that they can be tucked into a pair of high-top work boots, and they have a zipper around the shoulders that integrates with a zipper on the bottom of a bee veil, which, in turn, fits with an elastic band to the crown of a lightweight helmet. I wear bee coveralls whenever I work my bees, and they are a good investment for any beginning beekeeper. Those new to bees are usually a bit nervous about being stung. The best way not to be stung is to relax and move easily and confidently among the bees. And there is nothing that gives a person more confidence in the presence of bees than to be zipped snugly inside a bee suit.

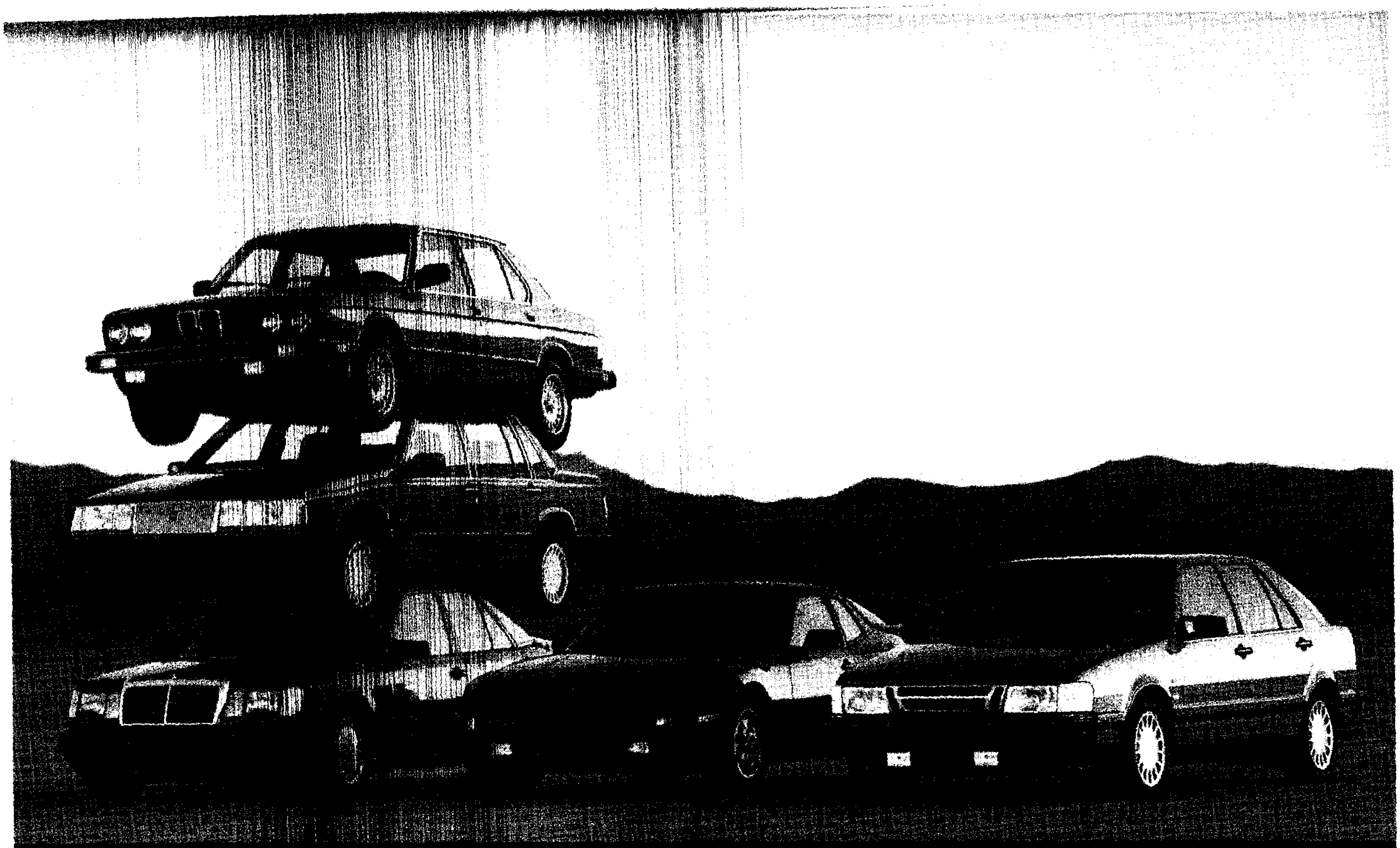
I take along a few extra beehive parts, to replace broken ones that I have noted needed replacing when last I visited the hives, and some extra two-foot lengths of board to put under hives, to replace any that have rotted. Dampness harms bees, and a few boards under a hive allow air to circulate and keep the hive dry. I also put in the back of my pickup a tall metal five-gallon can that carries my bee smoker to quiet the bees, and the tools I'll need to open the hives. I throw in a feed sack stuffed with baling twine to use as smoker fuel, matches to light it, my record-keeping book, a pencil, my bee veil and helmet, long leather bee gloves, my lunch, and a thermos of ice water, and I am ready to go.

The first group of beeyards I am going to visit is thirty miles to the south, near one of the prettiest towns I know—although "town" is perhaps too grand a word to describe a grocery store, a gas station, and a cluster of houses, each with a neatly kept vegetable garden, flowers, and big trees. The place is pressed between two ranches, thousands of acres in extent. The ranch to the east is so big that I have two beeyards on it, five miles apart. It is a well-managed farm. Cattle and timber thrive there, and the whole setup looks like an illustration from an agricultural-school textbook. Yet, for a variety of reasons, the bees I have on this ranch are not particularly productive, and as I cut back my operation to the hundred hives I hope to reduce it to I am going to move the bees away.

A few miles to the west, on the other ranch, is one of the most productive beeyards I have. That is where I am going first today. This year, I have thirteen hives there. I turn right past the grocery store, drive down a gravel road through the ranch, and stop the pickup to open a gate to the lane leading down to my hives. I drive through, stop the pickup, and close the gate; the first rule of country living is to leave gates the way one finds them.

The pasture adjoining the beeyard has cows in it, and I have fenced my beeyard against them. It is a minimal fence: wooden posts, which I drove with difficulty into the rocky ground, with three strands of barbed wire strung on them. It takes less to keep cows out than to keep them in. The fence protects the beehives from the cows, who like to rub against them. In the summer, when bees are active, they will sting the cows and drive them off, but during the winter the bees are sluggish with the cold and cannot defend themselves, and the cows, in their rubbings, can knock over beehives, or, at the very least, push off a cover. When that happens, the bees inside will chill and die.

Each colony in this yard, as in all the others, lives inside two hive bodies, one on top of the other. People new to beekeeping tell me that one of the most confusing things about the craft is the strange vocabulary beekeepers use. Hive bodies are also sometimes called "full depth supers," which is even more confusing. A hive body is the basic unit of the beehive—standard at nine and a half inches deep, nineteen and thirteen-sixteenths inches long, and sixteen and one-fourth inches wide, and open at the top and bottom. It is built of clear pine and has dovetailed corners to make it sturdy. Indentations are cut on each side to serve as handgrips, and a hole the size of a quarter is drilled in the front of each hive body for ventilation. Beekeepers also often call these structures "ten-frame hive bodies," because it is customary to equip new units with ten wooden frames holding thin foundation sheets of pure beeswax, each sheet imprinted in a beeswax-processing factory with the matrix of the honeycomb



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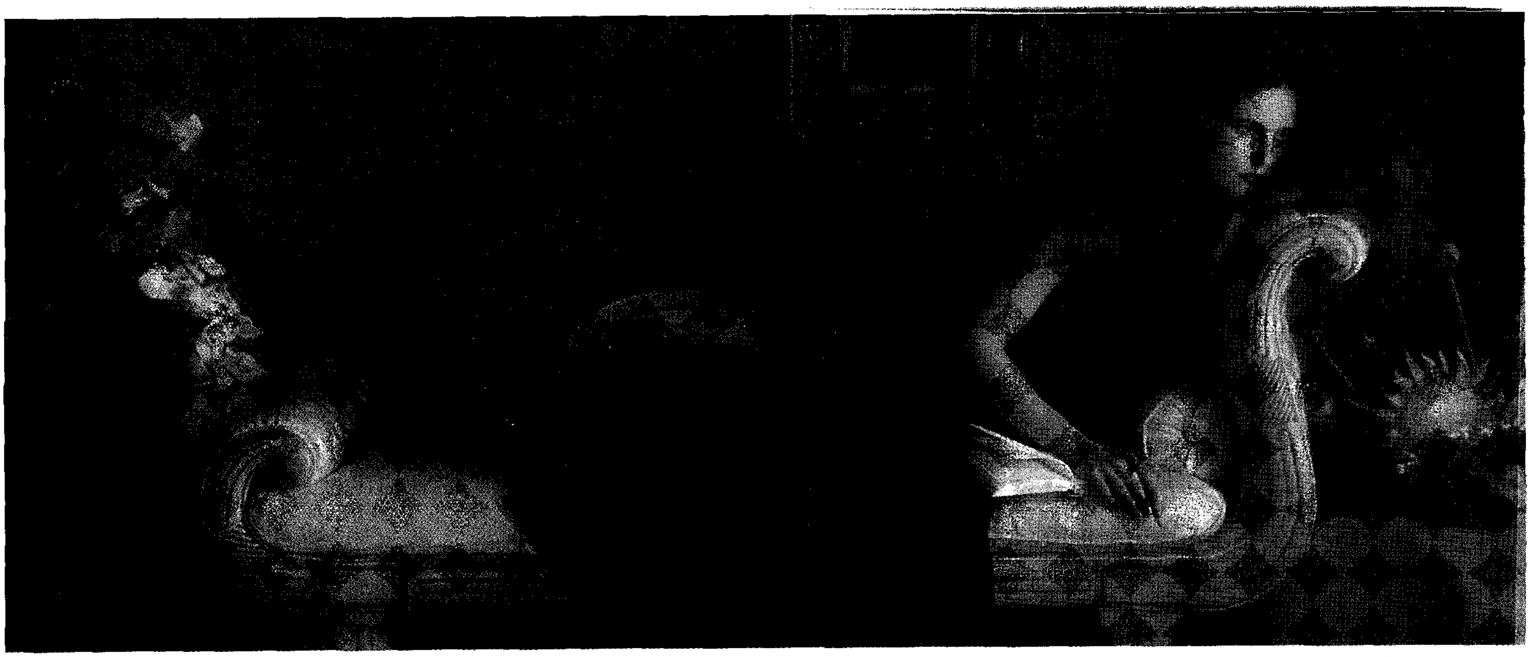


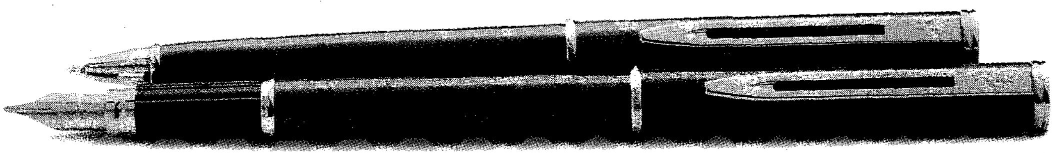
I gave up chocolates. I gave up espresso.

I gave up the Count (that naughty man).

And his little house in Cap Ferrat.

The Waterman, however, is not negotiable.

I must have something thrilling with
which to record my boredom.



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cell that the bees would make if left on their own. On this foundation of wax, dimpled with the hexagonal honeycomb pattern, the bees will build cells, using wax secreted from their own bodies. The frames are suspended from the rabbeted inside front and back edges of the hive body, so that they can be removed easily. Before the invention of movable frames—by Lorenzo L. Langstroth, a nineteenth-century American beekeeper—beehives came in various forms, and bees were allowed to build permanent comb inside them. Any work done by a beekeeper, whether it was a simple inspection or the removal of honey, required the destruction of comb and the cruel, wholesale killing of bees in the process.

The impetus for Langstroth's invention of the movable-frame hive was his discovery of what has come to be called "the bee space." He observed that bees always leave a gap of between a quarter and three-eighths of an inch separating combs that they build on their own, to allow them to work on the combs and pass among them. They bridge any spaces closer or wider than that with interconnecting comb. As long as the spaces between the frames of the hive are left at approximately half an inch, bees do not connect them with comb, and the frames can be easily removed.

Lorenzo Langstroth interests me. Not only was he a careful observer of bees and a man clever enough to invent the modern beehive but he also wrote a graceful and still instructive book on beekeeping, "A Practical Treatise on the Hive and the Honey-Bee," first published in 1853. In addition, he imported and developed the strain of bees which most commercial beekeepers use to this day—the Italian race of the species *Apis mellifera* ("sweet bee"). There are a number of races within the species, and those most common in this country are the Italian and the Caucasian. Caucasians tend to be a bit conservative, chinking up their hives thoroughly in the autumn with propolis—a gummy substance they manufacture from plant resins—to keep out the Siberian winds, and holding back their population buildup in the spring until the weather is stable. Italians have more exuberant, sunny, Mediterranean dispositions. (The bug that headline writers like to call the killer bee and entomologists call the Africanized honeybee belongs to the same species, and is moving northward from South America, where it was imported from Africa. In many ways, these bees resemble their gentler cousins, but they are quicker to anger, and will follow for a greater distance someone who has disturbed their hives. My beekeeping magazines are full of conflicting reports about them. At this time, all that can be said with certainty is that there is no real agreement on how they will behave if and when they become established in temperate latitudes.) The hives of the Italian bees are easier to work than those of the Caucasians, because Italian bees do not propolize as much. They build up rapidly in the springtime—and sometimes starve if the weather turns poor later on and there are no flowers to sustain their burgeoning population. A single sunbeam and a lone wildflower mean springtime to an Italian bee. Bee breeders have developed many expensive hybrids, creating strains that are desirable in various ways and for various climates. I experimented with a number of them and found that some of the hybrids did not reproduce to type and that others were not suited to the erratic climate of the Ozarks. I have decided that Langstroth's plain Italians are the best for my purposes, and the strains that develop from the daughters of Italian queens seem admirably suited to local weather conditions.

That Langstroth could have contributed so much to beekeeping in one lifetime and yet, by his own confession, be mentally unbalanced for half of it has always struck me as extraordinary. He was brought up in a conventional family and went to Yale, where he co-operated—"participated" would be too strong a word—in what may have been the first college food riot, the 1828 Bread and Butter Rebellion. ("The bread was not always sweet nor the butter fresh," he wrote in a memoir for the journal *Gleanings in Bee Culture.*) He was later tormented with guilt over his role in the ruckus, for he had promised his parents to be good. He went on to study for the ministry, but when he attempted to preach his first sermon he was seized with hysterical voicelessness and was unable to deliver it. This was the beginning of what he came to call his "head troubles." He turned to bees as a health-giving outdoor occupation, although when he was suffering from one of his spells of melancholia he could not bear to sit on the side of the house where he could see his hives, or even to look at the letter "B." His journals, which are at Cornell University, present a formidable problem to the reader. His handwriting was so bad that during his lifetime his wife (from whom he lived apart) was the only person able to read it. She put his manuscripts in legible form; however, the journals, according to an acquaintance of mine who has seen them, are full of private code and difficult to read.

Judith Shahn

But back to the bees themselves. Once the full, fat combs in which the bees will raise their young or store nectar and pollen have been built on the sheets of beeswax foundation, a beekeeper usually removes one of the frames, so that the remaining nine can be handled more easily, making sure that the distance between them remains equal and does not violate the bees' fussy assessment of the bee space. Thus, the standard ten-frame hive body in working order usually contains nine frames, and causes newcomers to the craft to doubt a beekeeper's ability to count. I remove yet another frame from the bottom hive body and put in its place, on the extreme left, a plastic feeder with an open top, so that whenever I have to feed the bees I will have a place to pour sugar syrup.

The two hive bodies, one directly on top of the other, sit on a wooden bottom board cut to the width of a hive body but with a few extra inches in front. A bottom board has a ridge around three sides to elevate the hive, so that there is a space under the frames for the bees to walk about. Its ridgeless edge, with the few extra inches of board, makes an entrance with a small porch, which the bees use as an alighting platform when they return to the hive. I like to use bottom boards of cypress, because they are rot-resistant.

This unit—bottom board and two

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stacked hive bodies—is topped with an inner cover, a flat wooden board cut to the dimensions of the top of the hive body. It has a hole in its center to allow moisture to escape from the hive, and is overtopped with what beekeepers call a telescoping cover, cut slightly larger than the top of the hive body and rimmed with an overhanging edge to keep it in place in the wind. A sheet of galvanized metal on top protects it from rain and snow.

The first thing to do in a beeyard after zipping on a bee veil is to light the bee smoker. This is a small cylindrical firebox with a hinged cone-shaped top. There is a hole at the top of the cone, and connected to the firebox is a bellows, which forces air across the smoldering fuel and puffs smoke out of the hole to quiet the bees. The smoke makes them act as though their hive were on fire: they forget about defending it and prepare to abandon it, filling themselves with honey; when their bodies are filled, it is difficult for the bees to bend into their stinging posture.

I scrape out the charred fuel left over from the last time I used the smoker. Then I wad up half a sheet of newspaper, stuff it inside, and light it with a match. When the paper is burning smartly, I put in a few lengths of loosely rolled baling twine and, with the bellows, force fresh air through the beginning fire. I add some more twine, close the top of the smoker, and stick a wad of twine in the back pocket of my bee suit to add later. I use baling twine for fuel because a cattle farmer I know saves it for me. He takes it off the hay bales as he feeds his animals in the winter, stuffs it into feed sacks, and gives me a pickup full of it in the springtime. It is convenient to carry around and burns well, but a variety of materials can be used to fuel a smoker. Strips of cotton denim or other heavyweight cotton are good, but they must be a hundred per cent cotton; artificial fibres produce a foul stench, and the smoke makes the bees cross. Dried grass, autumn leaves, pine needles, and dried clusters of sumac fruit also make splendid smoker fuel.

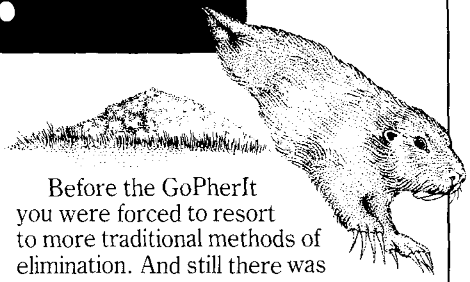
After my smoker is burning well, I pull on my leather bee gloves and pick up the tools I may need—a pair of frame grips and my hive tool. "Hive tool" is the beekeeping name for a small crowbar, a jimmy. If there is anything bees hate, it is a draft, and they weld together the cracks between hive parts with propolis. When a beekeeper opens a hive, he must use a hive tool to break the weld. One of the reasons I like to make this inspection trip to my beeyards early in the autumn is that I want to give the bees plenty of time to seal themselves back up before winter's cold begins. When I open a hive, all their carefully built seals are broken, and they will have to make more propolis and chink up their hives again to preserve the warmth they generate in cold weather.

I don't expect to have to open many hives in this yard. Year after year, the bees have wintered well here, because they have gathered so much aster nectar. I smelled it as soon as I stepped out of the pickup, and when I walk to the hives I can see streams of bees flying purposefully in and out of their entrances—a sign that they are hard at work on a nectar flow. In times when few flowers are blooming, the bees fly out in a desultory way, and often, if the weather is warm, hang aimlessly on the front of the hive or stand in bunches on the alighting board. But today the bees are active, and the ones returning to their hives fly low, heavy with nectar. A quick check of the front of the row of hives shows only one that may be in trouble. A heap of beeswax in powdery form obstructs part of its entrance. I make a mental note to open that hive and check it.

Beehives have to be opened and worked from the rear, so that the bees' flight path is not interfered with. Bees are single-minded and fly directly to their destination. Today, they are flying straight to the field of snow asters I can see across the river branch. If I were to stand in their path, it would divert and annoy them, and they might sting.

I go behind the row of hives and, putting my hand in the handgrip of the bottom hive body of the first hive in the row, heft it to estimate its weight. It is heavy with honey; its bees should winter well. I have made a note to replace a broken inner cover on the second hive. Leaning over it, I puff a stream of smoke into the entrance to quiet the guard bees. With my hive tool, I loosen the telescoping cover and take it off. I pry up the broken inner cover and puff more smoke into the top of the hive,

THE SOUND EVERY GOPHER IN YOUR YARD HATES.



The lawn's looking like a golf course. Your vegetable and spice garden's planted and the flower bed's fertilized. Work done, you climb into the hammock to watch everything blossom.

But the only things coming up are those little dirt mounds that announce—*you've got gophers!*

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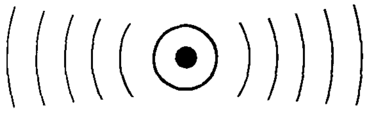

The sound moves out 50'in all directions.

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And gophers breed like rabbits. In a season, one gopher can produce 30, who are out making trouble on their own after only 6 weeks. In fact, it's so bad the Agricultural Commissioner of Los Angeles has said that, "90% of the current population has to be eliminated to keep ahead of reproduction."

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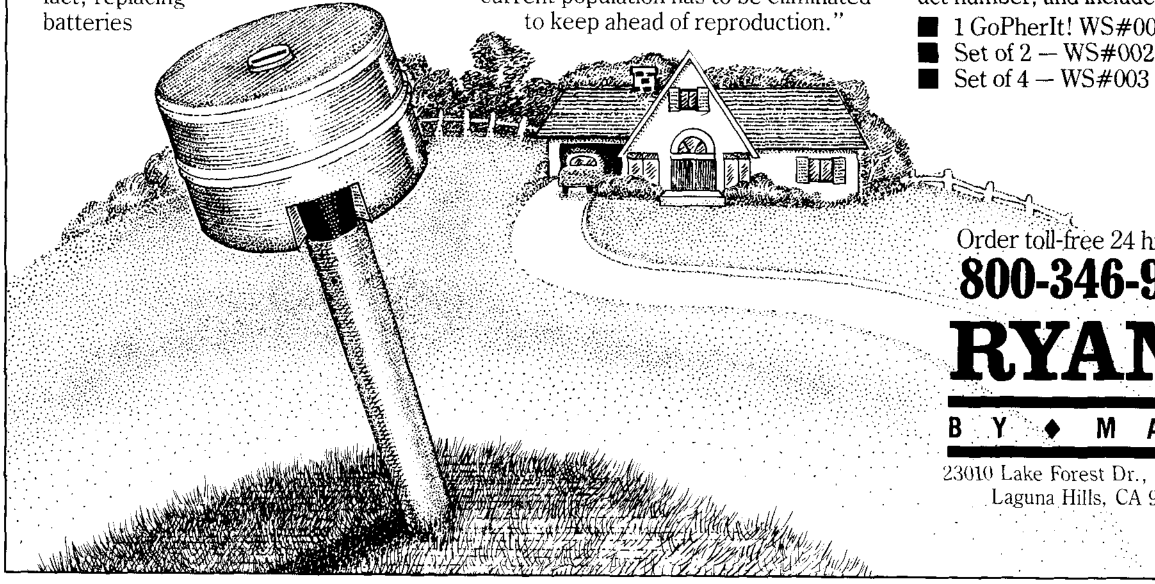

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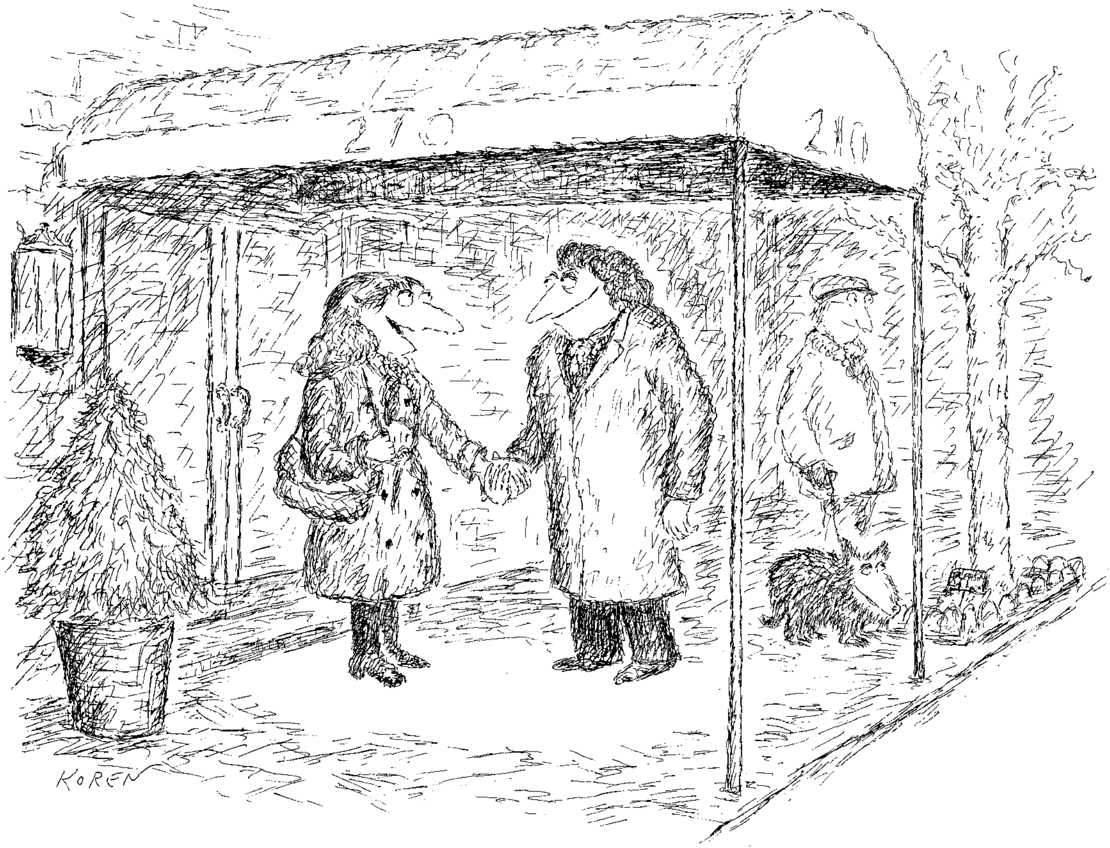


"You are about to experience something rare in your life, Stan—rejection."

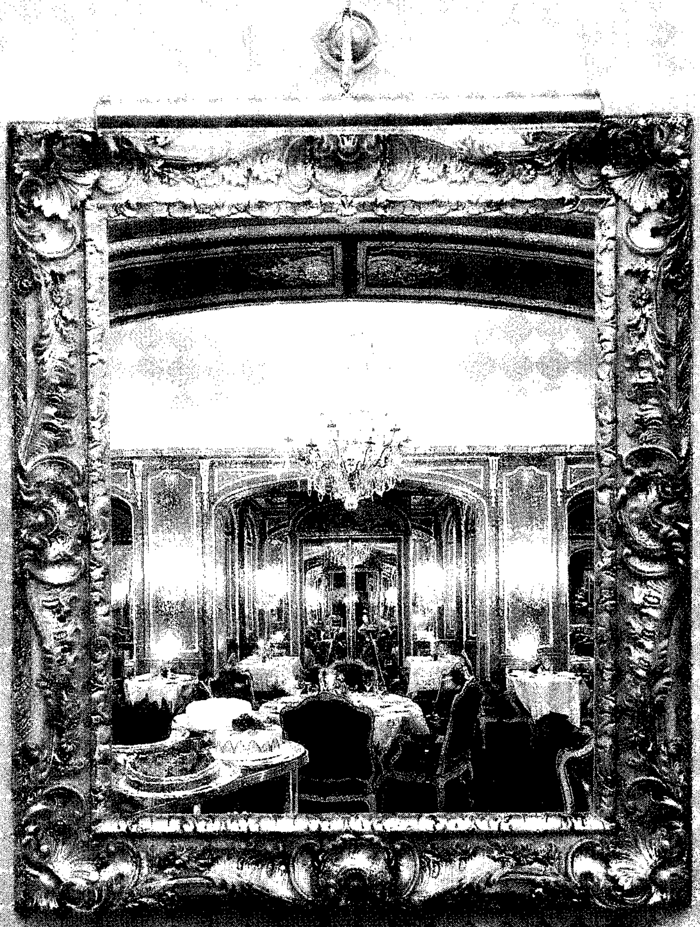
which is filled with bees in bustling numbers. They have felt the jarring disturbance, and their abdomens are raised in defensive posture, ready to sting if necessary. The smoke, however, makes them forget, and they scurry down between the frames to avoid it. I toss the broken inner cover toward the pickup, replace it with a new one, and close up the hive.

I work my way down the row of hives, hefting them and assuring myself that they are in good shape. The hive that might be in trouble is much lighter than the others. Its honey stores are low. There are not many bees inside, and they are clustered over only a few frames in the upper hive body. At this time of year, a normal bee colony is still near its summertime strength of—on the average—sixty thousand bees. There can't be even a quarter of that number in this hive. Loosening one of the frames with my hive tool, I use my frame grips to pull it out. The frame contains no honey at all, but it has contained some recently. The ragged edges of the wax seals on the honeycomb indicate that the cells have been roughly and rapidly torn open for access to the honey stored inside. This is a colony of bees too weak to defend itself from other bees, and it has been robbed of its honey by more spirited neighbors. That was what the pile of wax at the entrance of the hive told me; the bees in a strong, well-regulated colony never leave any debris in their own hive.

A check of the rest of the frames shows that the bees are free of disease, but it also shows that wax-moth larvae and cockroaches have begun to take advantage of a hive of bees too few in number and too poor in morale to defend themselves from enemies. Beehives are enclosed, protected spaces, well stocked with food, and so a number of animals—friendly and unfriendly—seek them out. Wax moths, mice, ants, cockroaches, and daddy longlegs live in them, when the bees will stand for it. Cicadas shed their skin in the protective overhang of the telescoping covers. I have also found skinks and tree frogs under the covers, resting out a hot spell. Wax moths lay their eggs in beehives, and their larvae—wriggling dirty-white caterpillars—feed on honeycomb, destroying it in the process if the bees are not able to kill them first. When beekeepers open a web-filled, wax-moth-infested hive, they see a discouraging sight. Yet it is sometimes said that wax moths are a beekeeper's friend. They destroy comb from weakened colonies, and, because those colonies may have become sick, the larvae serve to keep various bee diseases from spreading. Wax moths followed the spread of honeybees. The white settlers of North America brought the first honeybees from Europe, and the bees spread by swarming. (The Indians, who associated the bees with the invaders, thought them creatures of ill omen and dubbed them the white man's fly.) Like any plant or animal that moves into a fresh ecological niche, bees were, at the beginning, unchecked by predators or pests, but wax moths began making their appearance on this continent early in the nineteenth century. Fifty years later, they were widespread—and a cause of concern to beekeepers, who did not understand much about them even though they had been common in Europe, where the two varieties of insects had coexisted as long as anyone could remember.

There are some, but not many, bee larvae being raised by the worker bees left in this hive, so they still have a queen bee—the single fertile female that each colony requires. I check my record book and find that this was one of the most productive hives in the yard the past year. Early in August, I took six honey supers from it. A honey super is similar to a hive body but only about half the height. Supers are stacked on top of the hive, and in them bees store extra honey, which a beekeeper removes as his honey crop. The six supers I took from this colony are twice the number that an ordinary colony will fill with honey. So only a few months ago this colony contained a greater number of bees than an average colony does—there may have been a hundred thousand or more of them. What happened to them?

I have found over the years that sometimes a colony of bees—particu-



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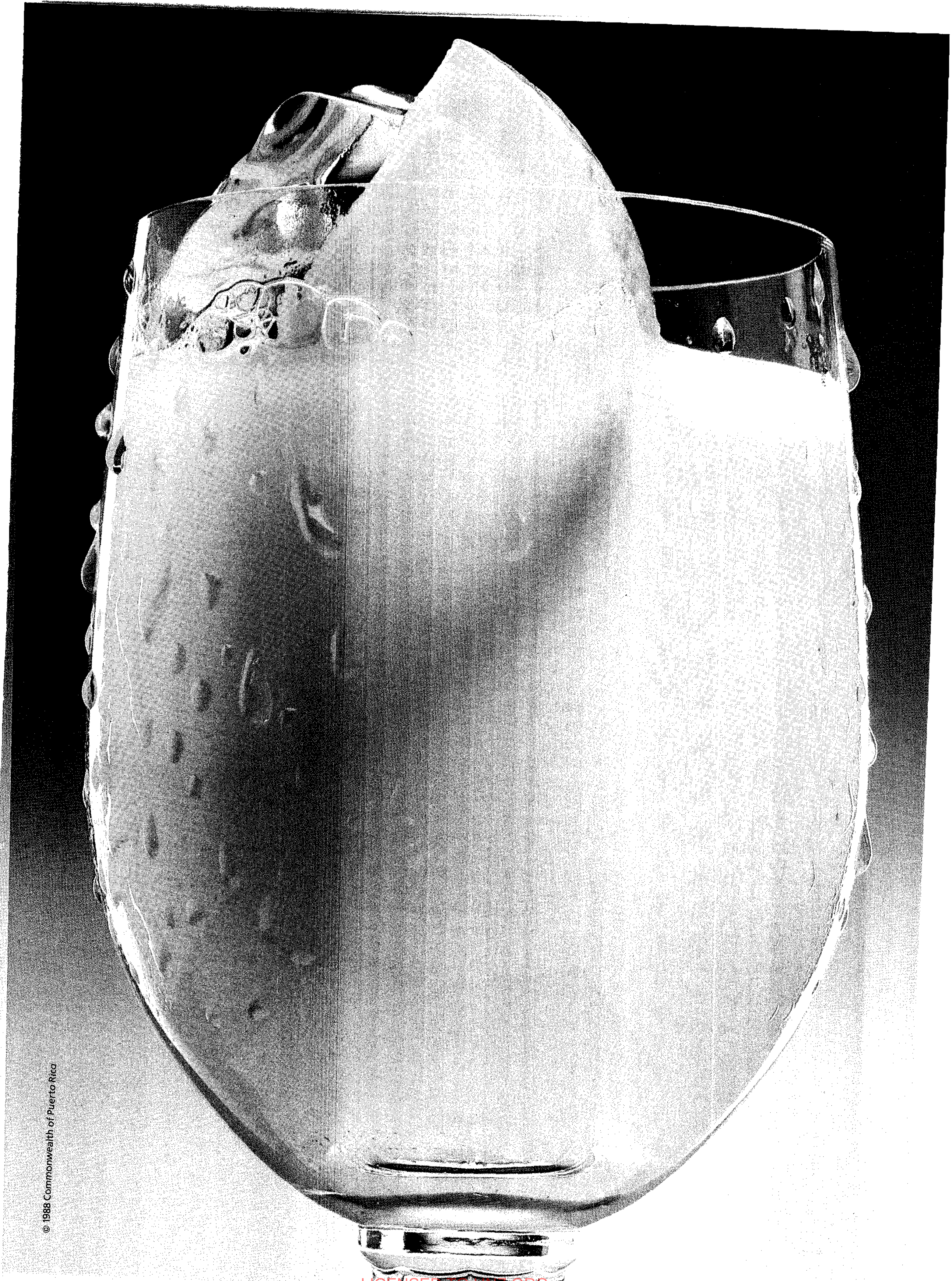

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larly a prosperous, hardworking colony, such as this one had been—feels impossibly crowded when its supers are taken from it and it is reduced to two hive bodies. There are a variety of reasons that bees swarm—that is, split a parent colony into two and fly off with the old queen to take up new quarters, in a hollow tree or under the siding of a building—but one of the reasons is that they are too crowded. Bees usually swarm in the springtime, but occasionally I see swarms in the autumn, after the supers have been removed. It is not good survival strategy for the bees. The autumn swarm will not have enough time to set up a new well-stocked household before the frosts come and kill the flowers. And the parent colony, even though it has raised a new queen, is usually too weak to defend itself against robber bees and contains too few bees to winter well. That is probably what has happened with this colony.

If I leave these bees as they are, they will surely die out over the winter, and their combs will be destroyed by wax-moth larvae. Among beekeepers there is a maxim: Take your winter losses in the fall. I shall add these bees to another hive, and take the beehive parts home, where I'll store them and use them to make up a new hive in the spring. I can't just dump the bees into another hive, however. If I did, they would all be killed as intruders. Every hive of bees is made up of three castes. One caste is the drones—the male bees—but they are of no concern now; they are usually present only in the spring. All but one of the bees in each of the colonies today are members of the worker-bee caste. Worker bees are females with undeveloped sexual characteristics, and they do the work in the hive. They gather nectar and pollen, make propolis, raise young bees, build comb, make honey, defend the hive, and take care of the queen. The queen is the single representative in each hive of the third caste of bees. She is a fertile female and mother to all the bees in the colony. By constantly being touched and fed by her daughters, she passes throughout the colony her own special pheromone, or chemical marker, which makes each colony distinct from any other. A queen bee is jealous and cannot bear the presence of another queen. When two queens meet, they fight to the death. And if the offspring of different queens are put together abruptly, they will do the same. Before I transfer this weak colony, I must find its queen and kill her, because I do not want to give her a chance to kill the queen in the prospering beehive where I am going to put her bees.

In such a small colony, the queen—a long, elegant bee—is easy to find among the stubbier workers. I find her quickly, and—regretfully—I kill her with the sharp end of my hive tool.

The bees from the weak colony still carry her pheromone, however, and until it fades they will be known instantly as foreigners by the bees in the hive where I want to put them. If I were at home, where I could come back to these hives easily, I would unite the two colonies of bees by putting the upper hive body of the queenless colony—the only part of the hive that contains bees—directly on top of the hive next to it, separating the two with a sheet of newspaper. The bees, in their fussy dislike of foreign material in their hives, would then set themselves the task of chewing away the newspaper, and, gradually and coöperatively, the two sets of bees would meet one another. This is the surest and kindest way to unite two hives. But if I were to do that here I would have to drive back next week and reduce the combined three-story colony to two, so that the bees would not have such a large interior space to keep warm in the winter, and I don't have the time. Instead, I use a shortcut—one of many I must practice as a commercial beekeeper.

I take the queenless hive and set it off to one side. Some of its bees fly up in the air, agitated, and go back to the original hive location, where they join a small band of their sister foragers who have returned from the field of snow asters and are confused because their home is gone. They act puzzled, disoriented. Gradually, tentatively, without the aggressive assurance of robber bees, they drift, a few at a time, into the two hives that had been their neighbors. I stand and watch. Guard bees are on the alert in the entrance of each of those hives, knowing that something untoward is taking place. They examine the incoming bees and pass their own foragers. They check the drifters suspiciously. They fight a few to the floor and kill them, but let most pass. Returning foragers, no matter what colony they are from, are loaded with

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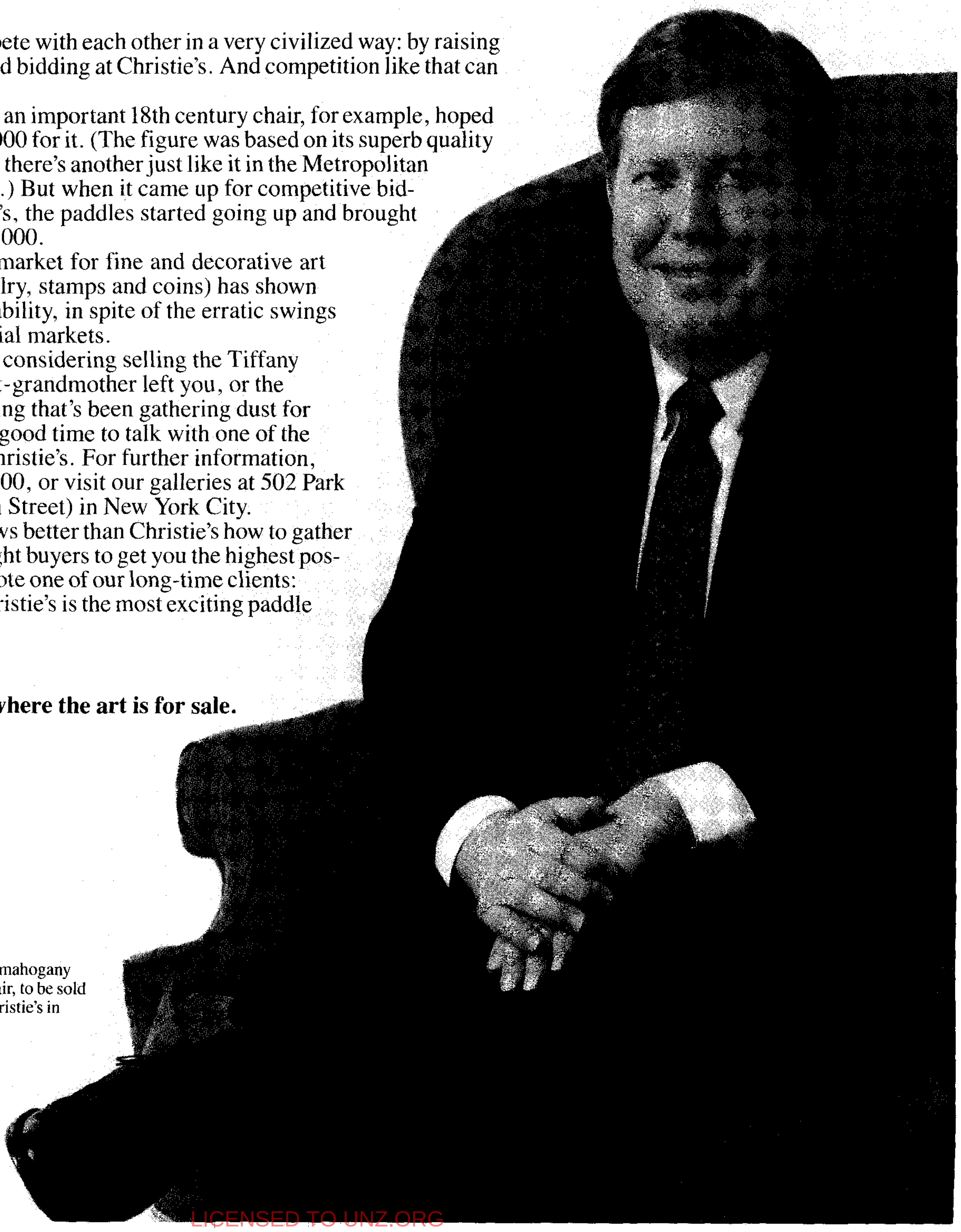

They'll compete with each other in a very civilized way: by raising their paddles and bidding at Christie's. And competition like that can work wonders.

The owner of an important 18th century chair, for example, hoped to receive $70,000 for it. (The figure was based on its superb quality and the fact that there's another just like it in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.) But when it came up for competitive bidding at Christie's, the paddles started going up and brought its owner $275,000.

The auction market for fine and decorative art (as well as jewelry, stamps and coins) has shown strength and stability, in spite of the erratic swings of world financial markets.

So if you are considering selling the Tiffany lamp your great-grandmother left you, or the Victorian painting that's been gathering dust for years, now is a good time to talk with one of the specialists at Christie's. For further information, call 212/546-1000, or visit our galleries at 502 Park Avenue (at 59th Street) in New York City.

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An important carved mahogany Chippendale easy chair, to be sold on June 4, 1988 at Christie's in New York. Estimate: $400,000/600,000.

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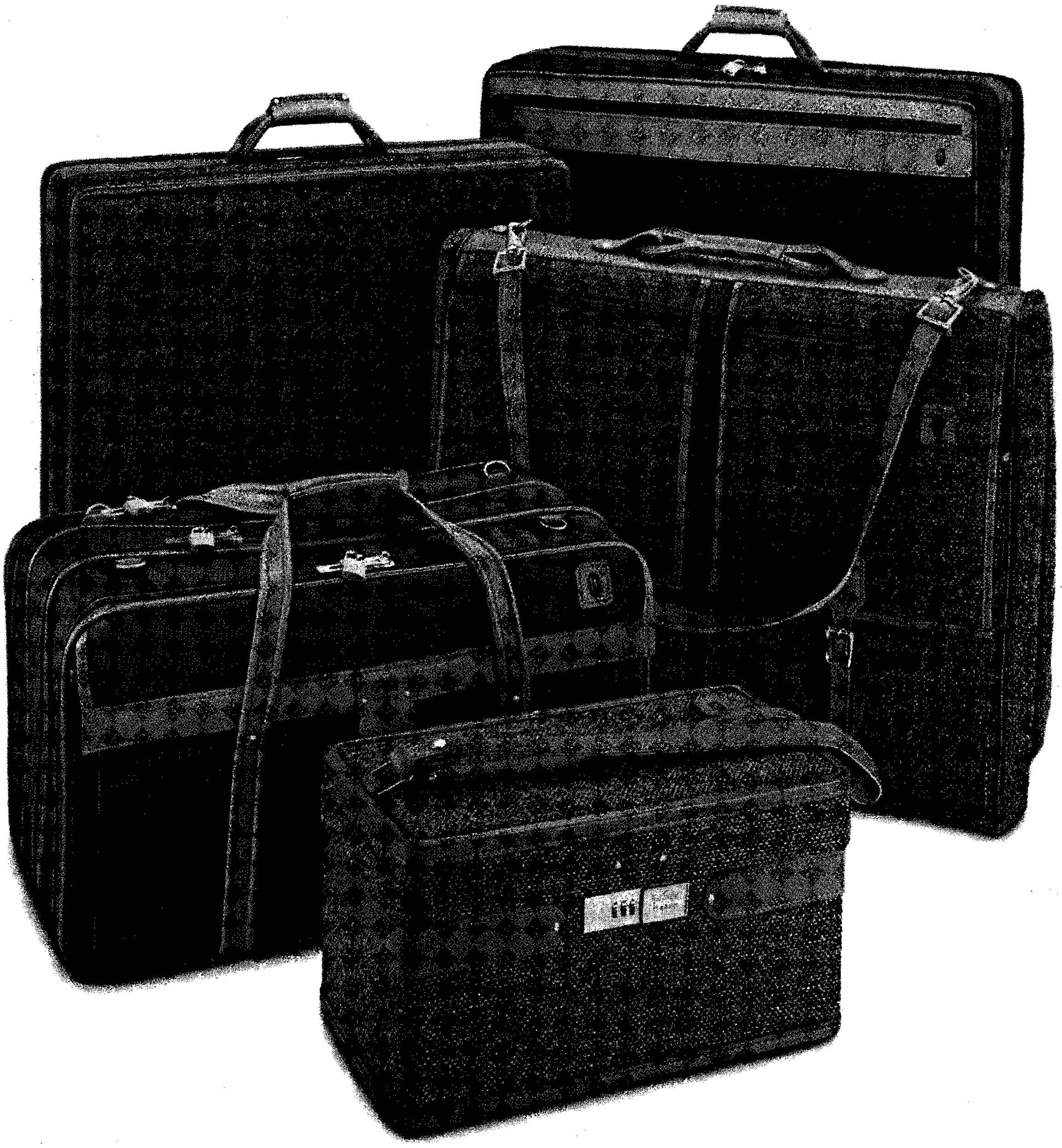

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nectar and are usually welcome. The other stragglers are so few and so meek that the guard bees grudgingly accept them. The frames from the queenless hive still have bees clinging to them, and I rap them sharply against a tree. The dislodged bees fly up in distress, circle, and try to get their bearings. Eventually, they fly back to the original hive location and drift, demoralized and unaggressive, into the neighboring hives.

I check the rest of the hives in the row, heft each one, and find them in good shape for the winter ahead. I put rocks on top of each hive to keep the telescoping covers securely in place through autumn and winter storms, and I fill out my record book, noting the date and what I have done for each hive and my assessment of its store of honey. I put the smoker back in the metal carrying can, where it will smolder safely until I get to the next beeyard, drop my hive tool and frame grips on top of it, and move out. I probably won't visit this beeyard again until next March.

THE store in the little town between the two ranches carries more than groceries. In back of the shelves of peanut butter and canned corn are work clothes, axe handles, coils of rope, and other country necessities. In the middle of it all is a Formica-topped table, where ranch hands are usually gathered drinking coffee from the pot that sits on a hot plate at the end of the meat counter.

"Howdy, Bee Lady," one of the hands calls to me, and another shoves out a free chair. I pour a cup of coffee and sit with them. I don't know their names, but they know mine: Bee Lady. A middle-aged woman in baggy white coveralls who smells of burnt baling twine is a standout in any crowd.

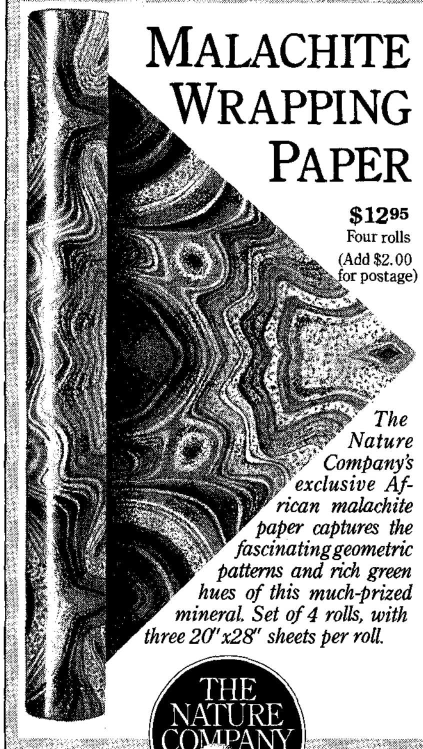
I don't know why so few women keep bees. Among commercial beekeepers—those who have three hundred hives or more and make their living from them—women are a rarity. I know I am the only one in my area, and I may be the only one in Missouri. Even among people who keep just a small number of hives, few are women, although there are a number of women entomologists who specialize in bees and work for the bee-research laboratories. I should like to think that we have changed since the days of Cyula Linswik, a woman beekeeper who in 1875 advised women beekeepers against making their own frames. She wrote:

> Let her spare her gentle fingers for finer uses—as sewing on of buttons—and buy the frames. . . . One of the thorns in the path of the woman who undertakes to master the theory and practice of beekeeping is her lack of natural or acquired ability to drive a nail straight, to use a saw with safety to the implement, or a sharp knife with safety to herself. The gifted few of whom this may not be true constitute so small a fractional part of woman kind that they may be regarded, properly, as exceptions proving the rule. And the woman who begins to keep bees without having her attention directed to this matter is in danger of suffering from vexation of spirit, and wounded fingers, many times during the course of her novitiate.

The ranch hands and I start talking weather, because it is of real concern to all of us. It determines their hay crop and my honey crop. In 1980, a year of searing drought, I was able to harvest only six thousand pounds of honey from my three hundred hives, and lost bees to starvation in midsummer. In another year, when the rains came at the right time, those same hives gave me thirty-three thousand pounds. So we talk weather. We talk hay. We talk bees. We talk farm prices and shake our heads sadly.

Fifteen years ago, I came to this part of the world with nothing to recommend me for a country life. I had been a university librarian on the East Coast. Local people are slow to accept newcomers; they have seen many of them come and go, and they no doubt thought I was one of those bookish ones whose heads are stuffed full of theories about how they can live in the country better than the people born there. But I am not good at theories, and I certainly wasn't going to spin any about pig or cattle farming. Instead, the word went around that I was trying to make a living at bee farming. No one had ever done that here. Bee farming, it turned out, was different from pig or cattle farming, but not all that different. I work hard and sweat a lot. So do they. None of us are making much money, but we stay with farming, because we enjoy it and like messing around with animals.

I cannot sit too long talking, because the empty hive body I took from the beeyard is in my pickup, which is parked out in front, and soon bees will be attracted to it. I don't want anyone



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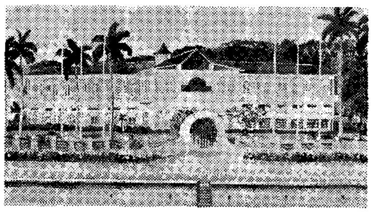
to be stung, so I pay for my coffee and leave.

Work at the next yard is routine, and I finish up quickly there. This yard is on the second ranch, but the bees are close enough to town to benefit from the flowers and gardens people there have and the clover growing in their lawns. The hives are already heavy with honey for the winter.

At the third yard—the second one on this ranch—I am going to prepare the hives for moving. The bees here are the least productive of any I have. The colonies build up quickly in the springtime—better than in any other yard—and seem as though they would be record-breaking hives. In the woods nearby, there are many wild fruit trees and serviceberry, which provide them with an early source of pollen and nectar. But the colonies never live up to their promise, and their summertime production is disappointing. The ranch is well kept from a cattle-and-timber standpoint, but the bees would be better off if it were not. The fence rows are kept clear of weeds, many of which would be good sources of nectar for bees. There are no unused, overgrown pastures filled with blackberries, straggling sumac, wild mint, sweet clover, and other wildflowers that the bees would know how to use. Instead, the fields are lush with sensible fescue, a grass that stays green nearly the year round and provides pasture for cattle. But a field of fescue is no better than a desert for bees. Acres of alfalfa have been planted on this ranch for hay, and alfalfa blossoms produce a nectar that makes superior honey, but the ranch hands cut the hay on such an efficient schedule that it seldom reaches the blooming stage, so the bees have no benefit from it. Today, I want to check the bees to make sure they are healthy and strong. They are all in good shape, I find. I replace a telescoping cover that is beginning to dry-rot, and set about the job of readying these hives for moving.

The yard can sustain only eight hives, and it doesn't make economic sense to keep such a small beeyard so far from home. Not long ago, a man telephoned and asked if I would sell a few hives. I gave him a good price for the eight in this yard, and tomorrow I am going to meet him here at the end of the day, after the bees have returned from their final foraging flights, and help load the hives on his pickup.



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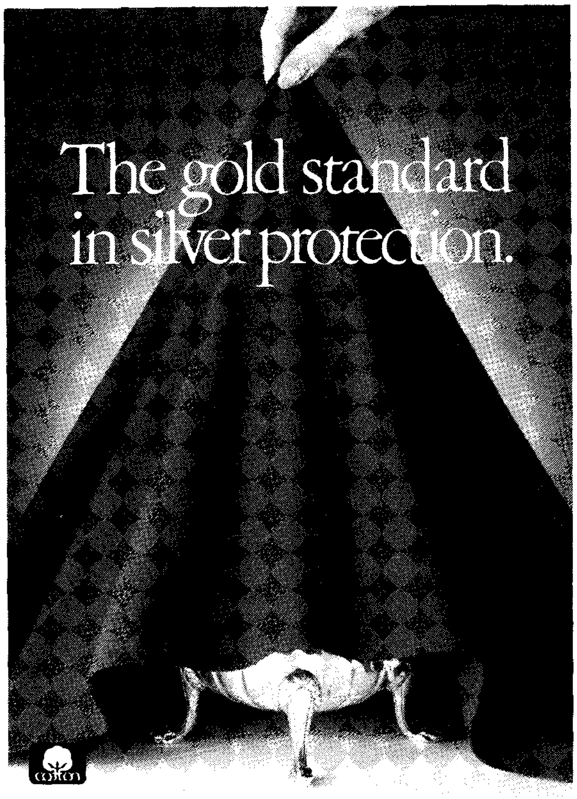
To keep the bees from escaping during the move, I am going to fasten all the hive parts together and block all the holes. Parts of the beehives are sealed together with propolis, but if they are driven over rough roads they will jiggle apart, and the bees will escape. The bees will be angry over the disturbance to their hives and will sting whoever is nearby, but, beyond that, they will be lost, and, separated from their intensely social community, they will die.

Bees have a keen and precise sense of place. When they fly out of their hives, they commit to memory an exact picture of all the significant landmarks near it. If their hive is moved even ten feet away, their home is as good as lost to the returning foragers. And because their map of a foraging area—perhaps five square miles—is so accurate, a beekeeper who wants to relocate a given beeyard in the same general area must first move the bees ten or fifteen miles away and leave them for a week or so, until they forget the map of the original location by learning a new one. After that, he can move them back to a spot he prefers near the old location. But if he were to move them directly there, they would stubbornly fly back to their old homeplace.

I have with me a box of hive staples—copper-plated flat wire staples two inches long with three-quarter-inch ends. I drive in a pair of them to attach the hive body to the bottom board on one side, and repeat the process on the other. Another pair on each side holds the two hive bodies together. I am using a hammer, and the pounding disturbs the bees, even though I smoked them before I started the job. They come out to investigate, and I give them an extra puff of smoke to quiet them. That doesn't prevent one from finding a place on the back of my neck where the veil is lying directly on my skin. She stings me soundly through the veil to express her dislike of what I am doing. I have been stung often enough so that I have no reaction to bee venom. There will be no redness or swelling on the back of my neck. Tomorrow, the spot will not itch. But I can feel the sharp prick of her stinger as it goes in. It is no worse than being snagged by a blackberry thorn. Like many beekeepers, I have discovered that a dose of bee venom from a sting alleviates the symptoms of arthritis, and I am stung so infrequently that when the joints in my hands begin to



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ache I have to go capture a bee and force her to sting the place where the hurt is. The pain from the arthritis is gone by the next morning. (This is anecdotal evidence, and, as such, has no value for science, but it will not stop me from taking my therapeutic stings and hoping I can keep my hands limber.)

After I have stapled all the hives, I screen the hive entrances with hardware cloth, cut to the exact width of the entrance and crimped into a V. I poke the point of the V into the entrance—which makes the bees, already out of sorts, crosser still. I smoke them a bit more, and then, using a hand staple gun, fasten the screen to the bottom board to prevent it from jiggling out in the drive to the bees' new home.

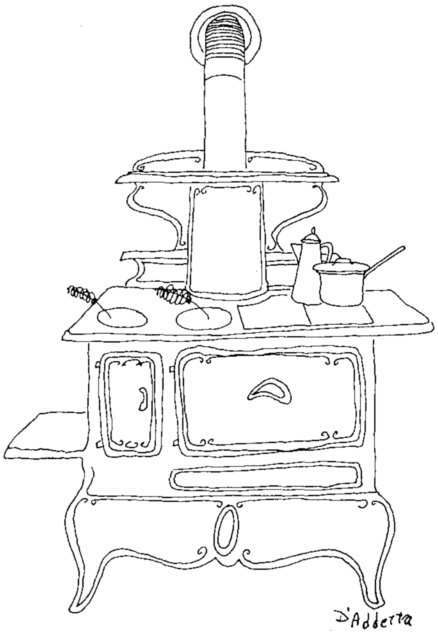
I have one thing left to do. From the pickup I take a roll of gray duct tape, tear off small strips, and use them to block one of the ventilation holes in each hive. This leaves the bees the other ventilation hole as an entrance and exit, and air can move through the screen in their usual entrance. Tomorrow, when I meet the buyer of these hives here at dusk, all that will remain to be done is to tape the second ventilation hole in each hive, and we will be ready to load them on his pickup.

In between snowstorms, winter in the Ozarks is often clear, bright, and sunny. Sparkling fair weather like that makes me think up outside work to do—work that didn't seem strictly necessary the day before, during a storm. On those days, I'll sometimes pack up a lunch, fix a thermos of coffee, and drive around to my beeyards to see how the bees are wintering. It is good to assure myself that all the telescoping covers are tightly in place, and to check whether cows have knocked over any hives. But the truth is I just miss the bees, and I want to see them.

Snow has drifted up against the hives, and I stoop to brush it away from the entrances. In one yard, a tree limb has fallen across a hive, knocking the cover askew. I haul the limb off and adjust the cover. In another yard, I find a pile of dry bee bodies in front of a hive and look in the snow for a clue. There I find splayed, openhanded prints, complete with the indentations of a thumb. An opossum has been here. He has reached into the entrance of the hive with his paw and stirred up the sluggish bees, and after they have flown out, one by one, to defend themselves he has caught them and sucked them dry of honey and soft body parts, leaving behind the husks, which look like the debris left over after a shrimp feast.

By midday, I am at one of my favorite beeyards. The bees in this yard usually make more honey than those in any other. There is not much left of the farm on which it is situated. The people who own the land have retired and moved to town. Their house was torn down several years ago, and the pasture has been rented out for hay. No one has fertilized the fields in a long time, and wild things are reclaiming them. There are blackberries and sumac all around, but I have other beeyards where they grow as thickly, and the bees there do not produce as much honey as the ones here. I don't know why this is such a good beeyard. The only time I ever believed that I knew all there was to know about beekeeping was the first year I was keeping bees. Every year since, I've known less and less.

This is a pretty beeyard, too. The hives sit in a grove of pine trees. There is a mulberry tree behind them with a blackberry thicket growing up underneath it. The land slopes away gently to the south, and from the knoll where the beehives are I can see for miles across a stretch of woods and overgrown fields. I like to stop here and eat my lunch. In the summertime, I can make a dessert of ripe blackberries or mulberries; my fruit today will be an apple from the store. I scrape away the snow at the bottom of one of the pine trees and sit down against it, with the sun on my face, and open my brown paper bag of lunch.



The line of beehives is to my left, and they, too, are facing south. The sun is warming the front of each hive, tempting the bees out for what are euphemistically termed "cleansing flights." Bees are exceptionally tidy little animals and will not defecate inside their hives. On a winter day warm enough for them to fly out, the snow in front of their hives is spattered with yellow droppings. If they do not have a cleansing flight every few weeks, they will sicken rather than eliminate their metabolic wastes within the hive.

The textbooks say that bees cannot fly unless it is 50° F. or more. The bees have not read the textbooks and often fly out for their cleansing flights on days like today. The snow is melting only in places where the sun hits it, so the air temperature can't be much above freezing, but the bees in this sheltered pine grove are able to fly. They can't stay out long, however, away from the warmth of their cluster. One lights on my bare hand and walks along it. I open my palm, transfer her from one hand to the other. I can feel each of her six legs as she walks across my skin.

Last summer, some friends came over for a visit. I had been restacking bee equipment, and there were bees flying around, drawn by the odor of the honeycomb. Although the bees were not paying attention to them, my friends were apprehensive and retreated behind the doors of my cabin. Their six-year-old daughter chose to stay with me while I finished putting the equipment away. She was wary but not yet as fearful as her parents, so I put a drop of honey on my arm to draw a bee. In a few minutes, one had landed and extended her proboscis. I showed the girl the bee's long, grooved tongue, which she was using to suck up the honey. The child was delighted and demanded her own drop of honey. I obliged, and soon each of us had a bee feeding on an arm. When the drop of honey was gone, the bee began to investigate the rest of the girl's arm, carefully picking her way among the hairs growing on it. We lured several more, and after they had all flown away she ran into my cabin to tell her parents what it felt like to have bees walk on

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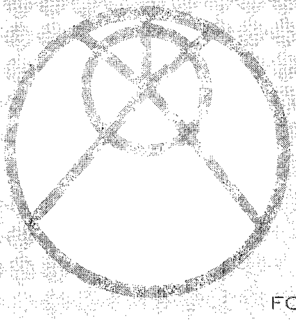
THE POWER OF ENDURING SYMBOLS



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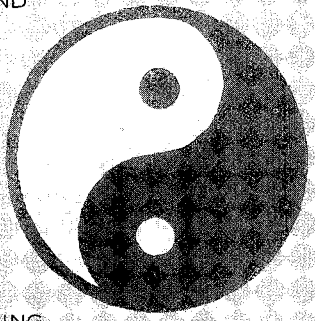

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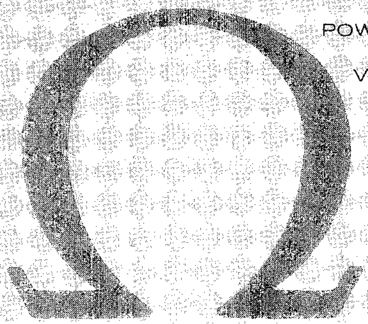

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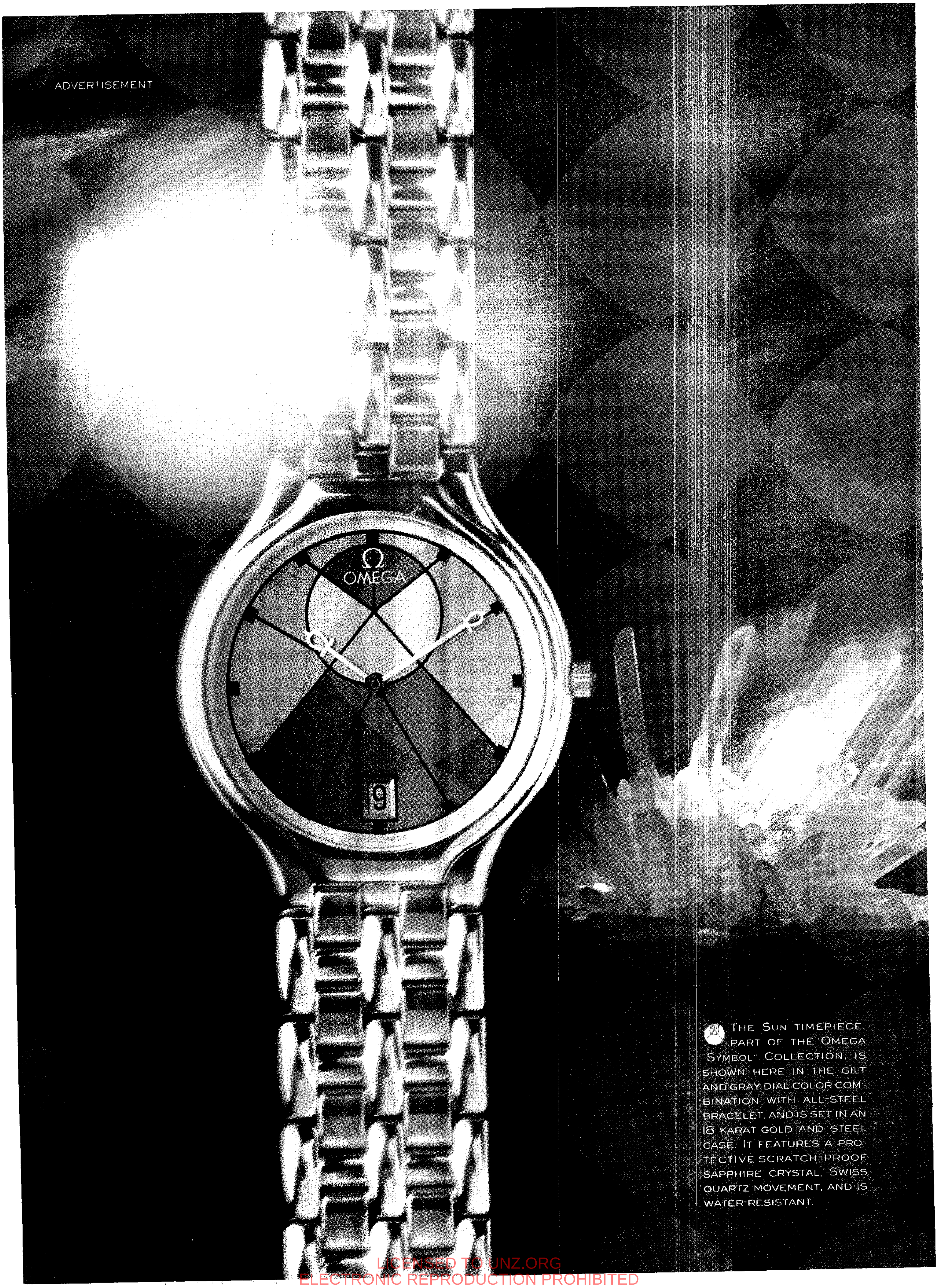
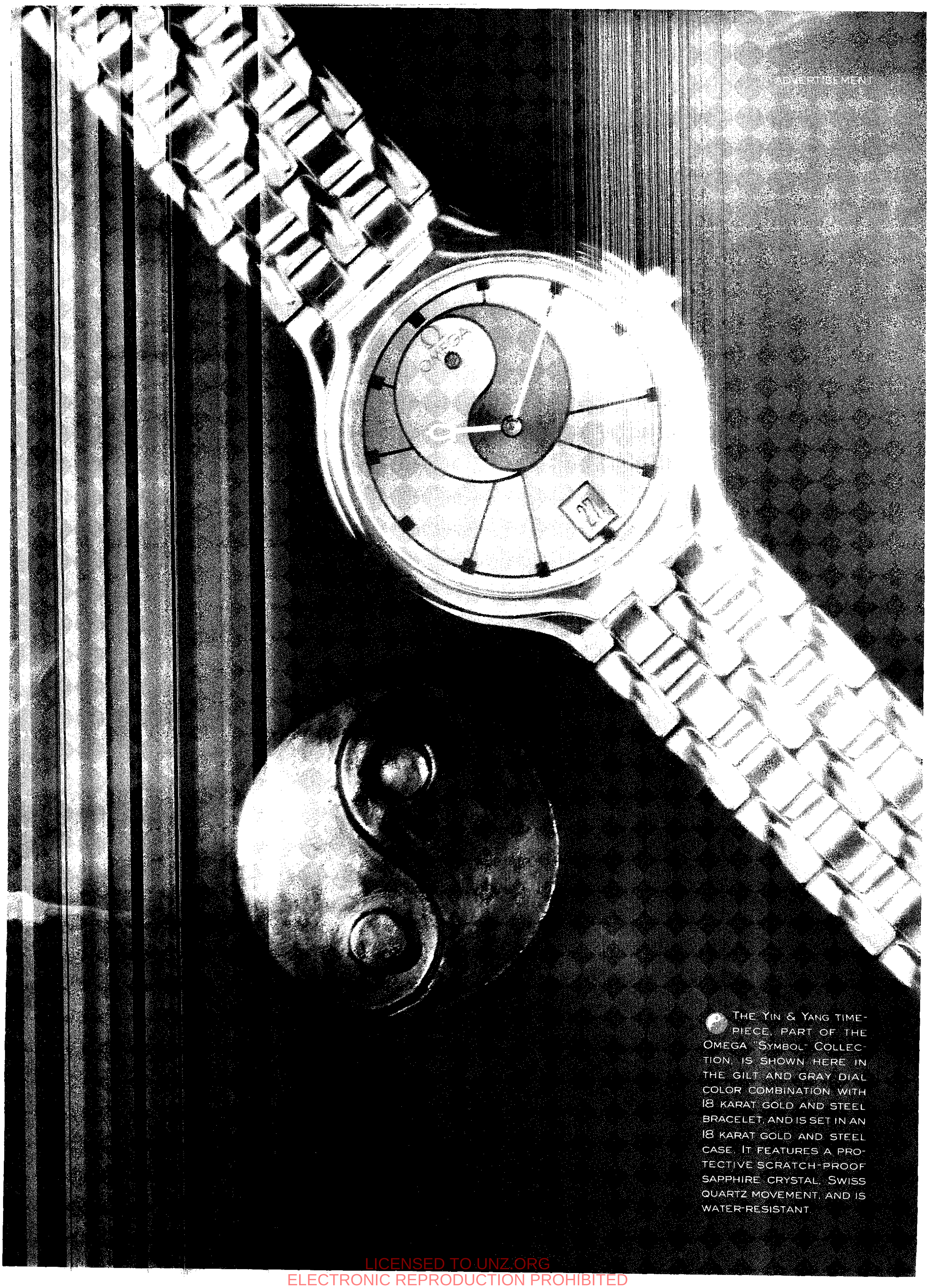


The Sun timepiece, part of the Omega "Symbol" Collection, is shown here in the gilt and gray dial color combination with all-steel bracelet, and is set in an 18 karat gold and steel case. It features a protective scratch-proof sapphire crystal, Swiss quartz movement, and is water-resistant.



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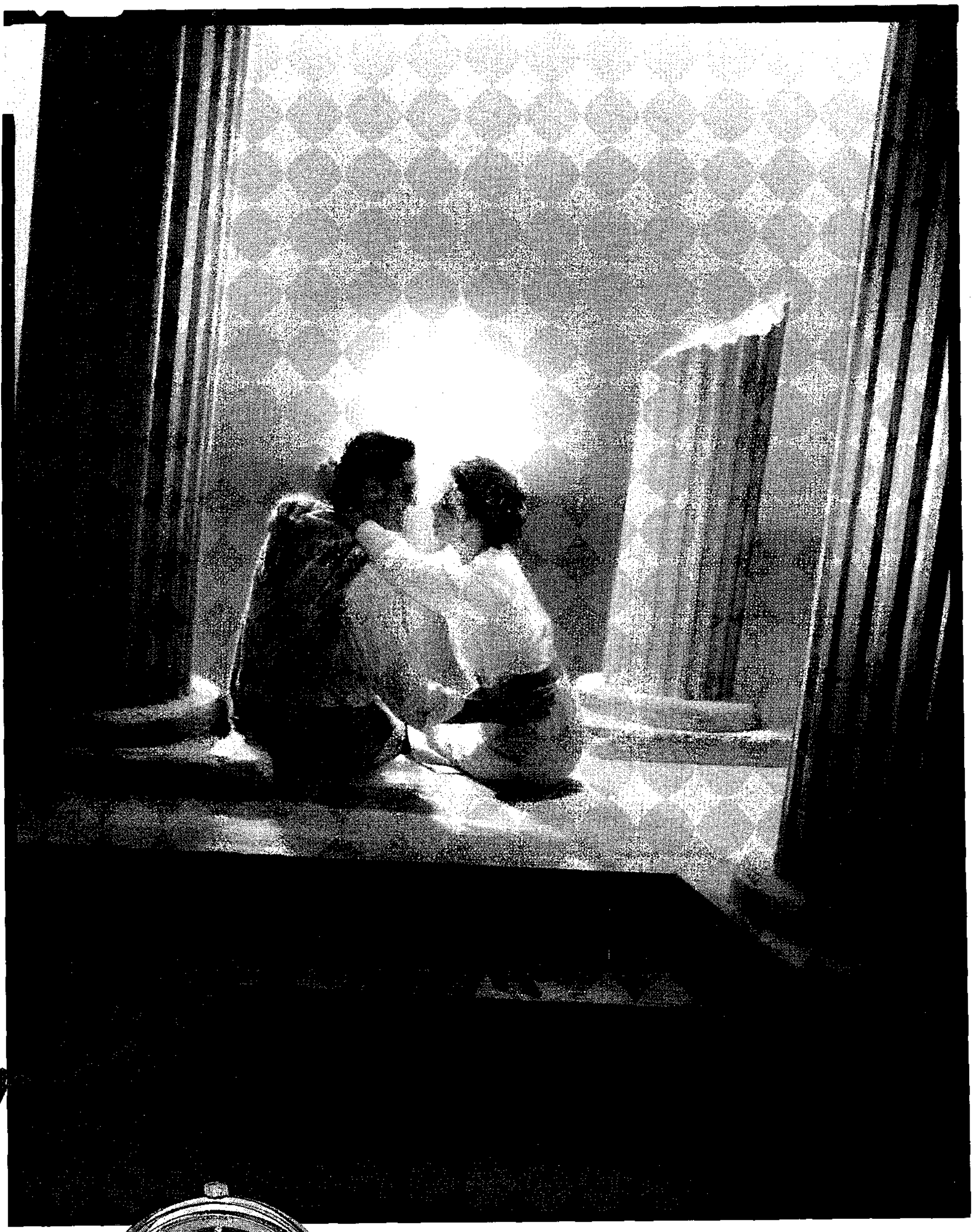

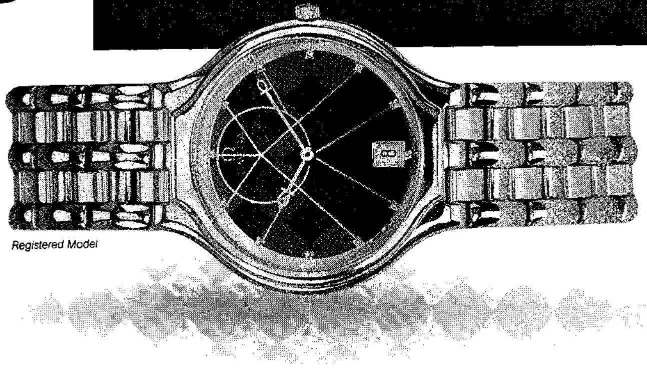

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her skin. I remember that child now as the bee walks across my hands, and think she would enjoy sitting here with me today. At last, my bee decides it is time to return to her sisters, and she flies back to her hive, the third one from where I am sitting.

In the comparative midday warmth, the bees are attending to other sanitation chores. Winter bees live several months longer than summertime ones, who may wear their wings to nubbins and die in six weeks, but in the course of the winter there are always some who die. On a day warm enough to tend to them, the worker bees carry out their dead sisters and drop the bodies some distance from the hive. It is a sign of a healthy hive that the colony is strong enough to take care of this necessary task. Leaning away from the pine tree, I can see the front of every hive in the row, and all along it there are workers carrying out their few dead, each struggling with a weight nearly as great as her own.

"Let's run through this once more—and, remember, you choke up at Paragraph Three and brush away the tear at Paragraph Five."

• •

Bees evolved along with the flowering plants, back in Cretaceous times, probably somewhere in Asia. From their tropical homelands they spread gradually into temperate regions. When human beings came along, they learned to appreciate bees; they have been allied with bees at least as far back as there are records (a rock painting in eastern Spain, dating from 7000 B.C., shows a man gathering honey), and have helped them spread to places far from the tropics. But bees will maintain a steady tropical warmth within their home no matter what the outside temperature may be. In wintertime, they must generate heat to keep it the way they like it. Even during the early winter, as the daylight shortens and the queen lays no eggs and the bees have no young to raise, they will not let the temperature sink much below sixty-five degrees within the cluster. In January, when the queen has begun to lay eggs, the bees raise the temperature to more than ninety degrees, to keep their young brood warm.

Bees generate heat within a cluster simply by metabolizing fiercely. Honey is a dense, heat-producing carbohydrate food. One tablespoon of it contains sixty-five calories, and bees are efficient converters of those calories into heat. They preserve the warmth by forming a tight insulating cluster. One researcher measured bees' heat-generating capabilities and found that at 50° F. a single bee can produce at least one-tenth of a calorie of heat per minute. Presumably, a colony of even small wintertime size—between twenty thousand and forty thousand bees—is capable of producing thousands of calories per minute.

Depending on the outside temperature and the number of bees in the colony, the cluster may extend across several frames. During very cold weather, the colony of bees clusters tightly; on warmer days, the cluster expands slightly. On fine days, when melted snow runs in rivulets down the gravel roads, the cluster breaks up, and the bees fly out of their hive. In protected places along the south face of creek hollows, they may discover pollen-bearing hazel catkins or even unseasonably early maple blossoms. But significant sources of new food—serviceberry blossoms and the general bloom of maples—are yet months away, and if the colonies are to survive they must rely, at least until March, on honey made from last autumn's asters. As the bees eat up the honey stores in one part of the hive, the cluster gradually moves to another part.

Winter feeding of bees whose stores have been depleted is a risky procedure and may do more harm than good. Chilled, they will drown in the liquid honey or sugar syrup in a feeder. It is possible to give them a frame of honey from another hive, but in order to do so the donor hive, too, must be opened, and the seals that the bees have so carefully made against the cold must be broken. This stresses both colonies. Any bees that need to be fed should be fed early in the autumn, and even then I do it only on an emergency basis. If a hive is too low in stores to get through the

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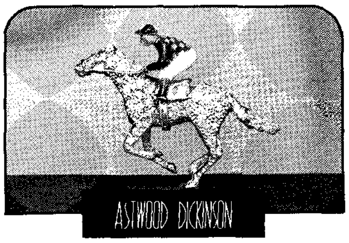

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winter, I prefer to combine it with an abler hive, because even if it does survive the cold weather it will not be strong enough to prosper in the springtime.

The low sun is no longer shining against my pine tree, so I move to another. I can see the fronts of the beehives better from here, too. I pour myself a cup of coffee from the thermos and settle down to watch the bees attending to their wintertime tasks.

In more northerly parts of this country and in Canada, where winters are long and severe, many commercial beekeepers gas and kill their bees at the end of each honey harvest. They can then take all the honey that the bees produced during the long daylight hours of a northern summer. In the spring, the beekeepers start anew with package bees shipped from Southern bee breeders. They consider this the only economical way of producing honey. A few years ago, our state beekeeping association was addressed by one such commercial operator, from Nebraska, who laid out the saving in labor costs from not wintering the bees. The audience was quiet and attentive, and I thought that perhaps I was the only one who found his methods repellent and unacceptable. I was surprised when one of the most prominent commercial beekeepers in our state, a man with thousands of hives, jumped to his feet. He is a tough ex-marine, a shrewd businessman, and no sentimentalist, but he passionately condemned the Nebraskan's method as cruel. He put into words what, as it turned out, most of us at the meeting believed: this was an ungrateful way to keep bees. We applauded him for a long time.

I thought of the meeting as I sat watching my bees. It makes no business sense for me to spend the time and money to drive around to my beeyards in midwinter. There are better ways I might have spent my day than leaning against a pine tree in the pale sunshine sipping rapidly cooling coffee. I am not helping the bees now. They do not need me. But I need them.

BEEKEEPING is farming for intellectuals. The Greeks spun tales about the god of beekeeping, Aristaeus. Pliny wrote about bees. Aristotle observed them, puzzled over them, and reported his findings. Virgil made bees the subject of his fourth Georgic, a part of the series of poems with agricultural themes. Classicists insist that Virgil

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was writing about politics, not agriculture, yet it is clear that Virgil knew bees and loved them. His fourth Georgic is a beautiful poem; it gives me goose bumps when I reread it, sitting beside the wood-stove fire on a winter evening. In L. A. S. Jermyn's translation, it begins:

> Honey that's borne upon the winds of heaven,
> A gift of the high gods, is now my tale.
> On this page too, Maecenas, turn thy glance.
> For look! amazement grows as thou beholdest
> Great-hearted leaders in such tiny states,
> Orderly custom, yes! and national aims,
> Tribes and their tribal conflicts. Small the theme,
> But yet not small the glory, if such gods
> As frown thereon, permit the tale in song,
> And if Apollo hearken to my prayer.
>
> In the first place, we must seek out for bees
> A habitation free from wind that checks
> The airy robbers winging booty home,
> A place where sheep and butting goats tread not
> The flowers, nor hooves of wandering heifer sweep
> The dew from off the plain, nor crush the plants
> That newly spring. Far from the brimming cells
> Be lizards driven—for all their painted scales!—
> Bee-eaters too, nay, birds of every kind,
> And Procne in particular, her breast
> With blood-stained claws imbrued; for these make vain
> Your labour everywhere, and carry off
> In snapping bills the flying bees themselves,
> Sweet-savoured morsels for young beaks agape.
> But let clear founts be nigh, or moss-grown pools,
> Or tiny rivulet hurrying through the grass:
> Let palm or huge wild olive shade the porch,
> That when the young kings lead the early swarms,
> And, issuing from the hive, young warriors sport
> In the springtime which is their very own,
> A bank nearby may woo them from the heat,
> And fronting trees with hospitable shade
> Enfold them.

Columella, the Roman writer on agriculture, knew his bees, and although nearly twenty centuries have passed

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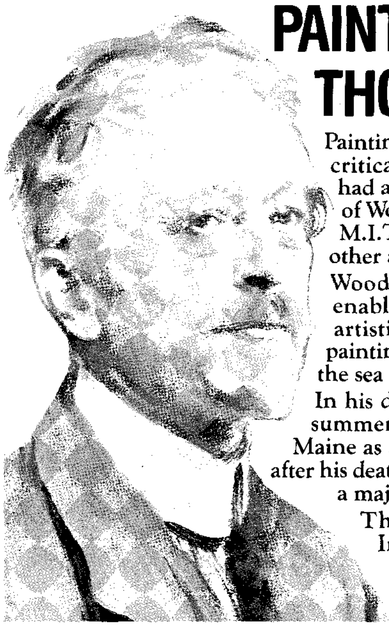

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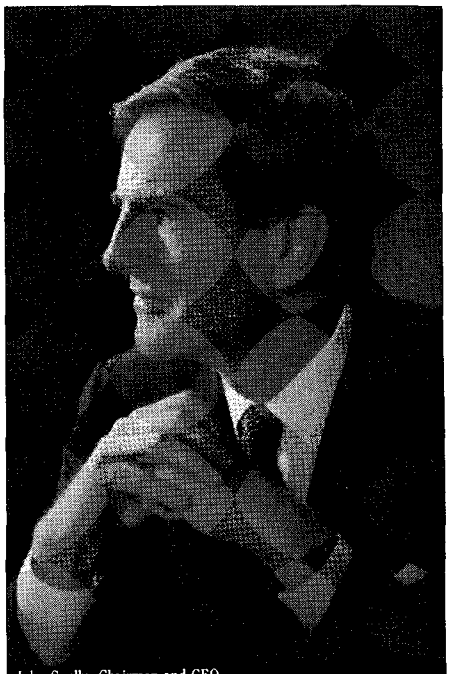
since he wrote, his fastidious advice still bears consideration:

> If thou wilt have the favor of thy bees, that they sting thee not, thou must avoid such things as offend them: thou must not be unchaste or uncleanly; for impurity and sluttiness (themselves being most chaste and neat) they utterly abhor; thou must not come among them smelling of sweat, or having a stinking breath, caused either through eating of leeks, onions, garlick, and the like, or by any other means, the noisomeness whereof is corrected by a cup of beer . . . thou must not come puffing or blowing unto them, neither hastily stir among them, nor resolutely defend thyself when they seem to threaten thee; but softly moving thy hand before thy face, gently put them by; and lastly, thou must be no stranger unto them. In a word, thou must be chaste, cleanly, sweet, sober, quiet, and familiar; so will they love thee.

In 1609, Charles Butler, an Englishman who also wrote books on logic, music, English grammar, and the marriage of cousins, published "The Feminine Monarchie, Written out of Experience," in which he daringly asserted that the King Bee was not a male but a female, and must henceforth be called Queen. In addition to being a close and accurate observer, Butler was a splendid writer. The temptation is to quote page after page of his writing, but I shall hold myself to one small sample. "The drone," says Butler, "is a grosse, stingless Bee, that spendeth his time in gluttony and idleness. . . . For howsoever hee brave it with his round velvet cap, his fine gown, his full paunch and his loud voice; yet is hee but an idle companion, living by the sweat of others' brows. Hee worketh not at all, either at home or abroad; and yet spendeth as much as two labourers: you shall never find his maw without a good drop of the purest nectar. In the heat of the day hee flieth abroad, aloft, and about, and that with no small noise, as though hee would do some great act: but it is only for his pleasure, and to get him a stomach; and then returns hee presently to his cheer."

According to the ancients, Aristaeus, the god of beekeeping, was the son of Cyrene, a naiad who despised spinning, weaving, and similar housewifely tasks. Instead, she preferred to hunt wild beasts all day and half the night. Apollo once watched her wrestling with a lion, and was so struck with love for her that he carried her off to Africa and built a palace for her there, in the place that still bears her name. After their son Aristaeus



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was born, Apollo left her, and Cyrene, yearning for wild places, left, too, and her son was raised by a group of myrtle nymphs, who taught him how to curdle milk for cheese, keep bees in terra-cotta pots, and cultivate olives.

When Aristaeus was grown, he left Libya and travelled among human beings, who accorded him divine honors for the useful arts he taught them. He was a healer, and once warded off the plague by changing the direction of the wind. In his wanderings, he met Eurydice, a wood nymph and the beloved of Orpheus. He tried to rape her, but she ran from him through the woods and, in her terror, did not see a large poisonous snake in her path. Tripping on a tree root, she stumbled and fell. The snake struck her, and she died from the poison of the bite. Orpheus, heartbroken, went down into Tartarus to fetch her back, but he could not keep himself from looking to see whether she was following, and so he lost her. The other gods were filled with wrath at Aristaeus and punished him by killing his bees. He had no idea why the bees had died, so he set out on a journey to find his mother, mistress of wild things, and ask her for help. After a long time, he found her living under a stream with other naiads. She knew nothing about bees but suggested that he go see her cousin Proteus, of the many shapes, and ask him why the bees had died. Aristaeus found Proteus and wrestled him to the ground, forcing him to hold one shape until he revealed that the bees had been destroyed by the gods.

Armed with that piece of information, Aristaeus went back to Cyrene and asked her advice. She and the other naiads consulted, and determined that he should return to his home, and there he should sacrifice four bulls and four heifers and pour blood over them. Then he should go away, leaving the carcasses, and return nine days later, in the morning, with poppies of forgetfulness, a fatted calf, and a black ewe to propitiate the ghost of Orpheus, who by this time had joined Eurydice's shade in Tartarus. Aristaeus did as he was told, and when he returned on the ninth day he found a swarm of bees emerging from each of the carcasses. He captured them and put them in his empty terra-cotta beehives.

Aristaeus was grateful for the gods' forgiveness and settled with his bees in Boeotia, where he married Autonoë. To

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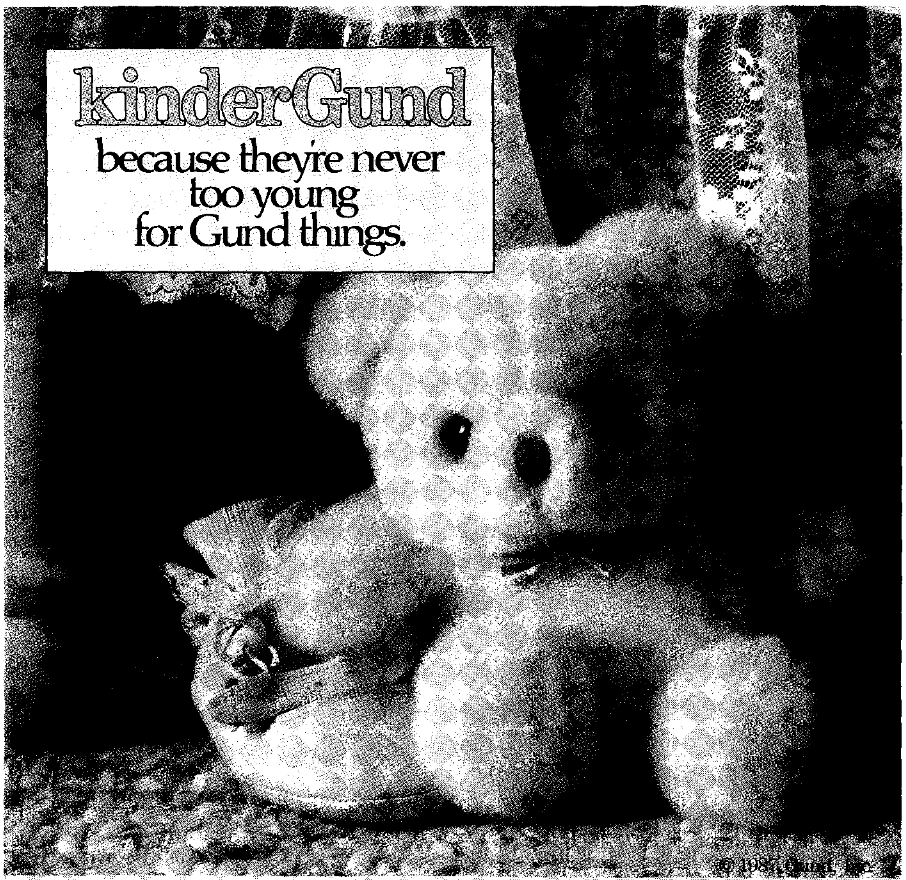

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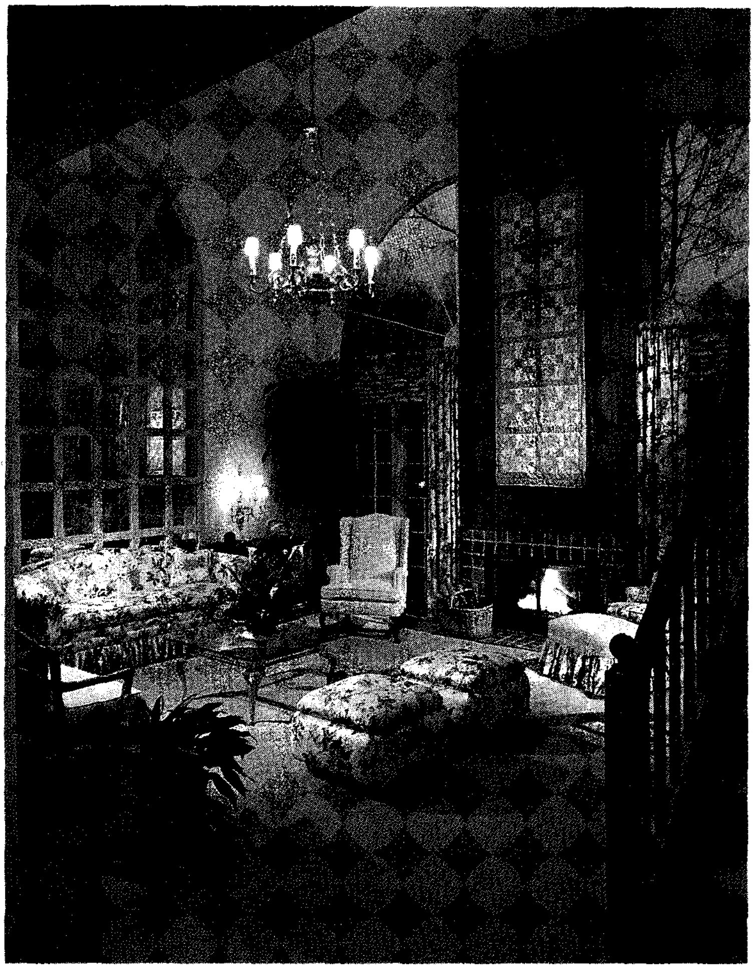

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them were born two children: Macris, who was to become nurse to Dionysus, and the ill-fated Actaeon. After Actaeon had grown to manhood, he was out hunting one day with his dogs and came upon a pool in which the goddess Artemis was bathing. He was so struck with her naked beauty that he stood and watched. Artemis was enraged when she discovered him, and punished him by changing him into a stag, whereupon he was torn to bits by his pack of fifty hounds. Aristaeus was grieved by his son's death and left Boeotia to begin travelling again. He went back to Libya, and to Sardinia and other distant islands, spreading the knowledge of beekeeping and the agricultural arts. Near Mt. Haemus, in what is now known as the Balkan range, he founded the city of Aristaeum, and then, as a god may do, disappeared without a trace.

SPRING for bees—and so for beekeepers as well—has nothing to do with the calendar. In protected hollows in the Missouri winter, bees can find a bit of springtime in flowers with enough pollen to feed the first young bees growing from the eggs that the queen has begun to lay.

Various species of maples—members of the genus *Acer*—with their delicate blossoms, ranging from yellow-green to red, are among the earliest plants to bloom. Maples are tall trees, and their blossoms are borne high in the crowns, but bees have no trouble finding them. American hazel (*Corylus americana*) is a smaller tree—hardly more than a shrub—that is also an early source of pollen. It grows wild through most of temperate North America and produces the nuts we call filberts. In late winter and early spring, when most other plants are at rest, hazel produces generous amounts of pollen on long, dangling catkins. I like to stop on my walk down to the mailbox and draw one of the yellowish-brown catkins between my thumb and forefinger and watch the powdery golden pollen spill into my palm. On days that are warm enough, bees, having declared it springtime, will be on the catkins collecting pollen. Skunk cabbage, with its coarsely sheathed flower and supposedly vile odor, makes spring for bees in February in northern parts of the country. If a walker in the wet woods or swamps takes the time to look inside a skunk-cabbage spathe on a mild day, he will usually find a honeybee there, packing pollen into the carrying baskets on her back legs.

Mature adult bees are carbohydrate feeders. They live on nectar and honey, which are almost exclusively carbohydrate in composition except for a few traces of minerals, vitamins, and other materials. But young and developing bees need protein to grow muscles, glands, and other tissues, and pollen—variously rich in protein, depending on its source—is what provides it. A bee takes about three weeks to grow from egg to adult. Three days after the queen bee has laid an egg, it hatches out into a nearly white larva, with a ferocious need for food high in protein. Bee larvae don't wriggle around looking for food, as some insects do in their early stages; they lie passively in their cells, growing, changing. They are small animals with disproportionately large stomachs waiting to be filled by nurse bees—young adults just emerged from pupation. These nurse bees feed on the gathered pollen, produce secretions from their hypopharyngeal glands, and use the secretions as food for the developing larvae.

In recent years, venders of nostrums in the health-food industry have been delighted by Ronald Reagan's public consumption of pollen, and pollen has become a hot item in health-food stores. Claims are made that human beings who eat pollen are stronger, sexier, livelier, and more cheerful, but so far there is no good medical evidence to back up these claims. As a matter of fact, some people have experienced severe allergic reactions after eating it. Pollen from a hay-fever sufferer's local area is also said to cure him of his allergy. I have an open mind. I am an empiricist. I have hay fever. And, after all, bee venom does help my arthritis. So one summer, when my eyes were running and I was sneezing exquisitely from ragweed, I gathered pollen from my bees and ate it. Pollen has a bitter taste. It is no fun to eat, but in the interests of testing the efficacy of the stuff I dutifully went on eating it—and sneezing. It is possible that pollen may cure someone else's hay fever, but it doesn't cure mine.

I am always too eager to start working with the bees in the spring. I miss them in the winter and want to be back with them. But I can do more harm than good if I open their hives before

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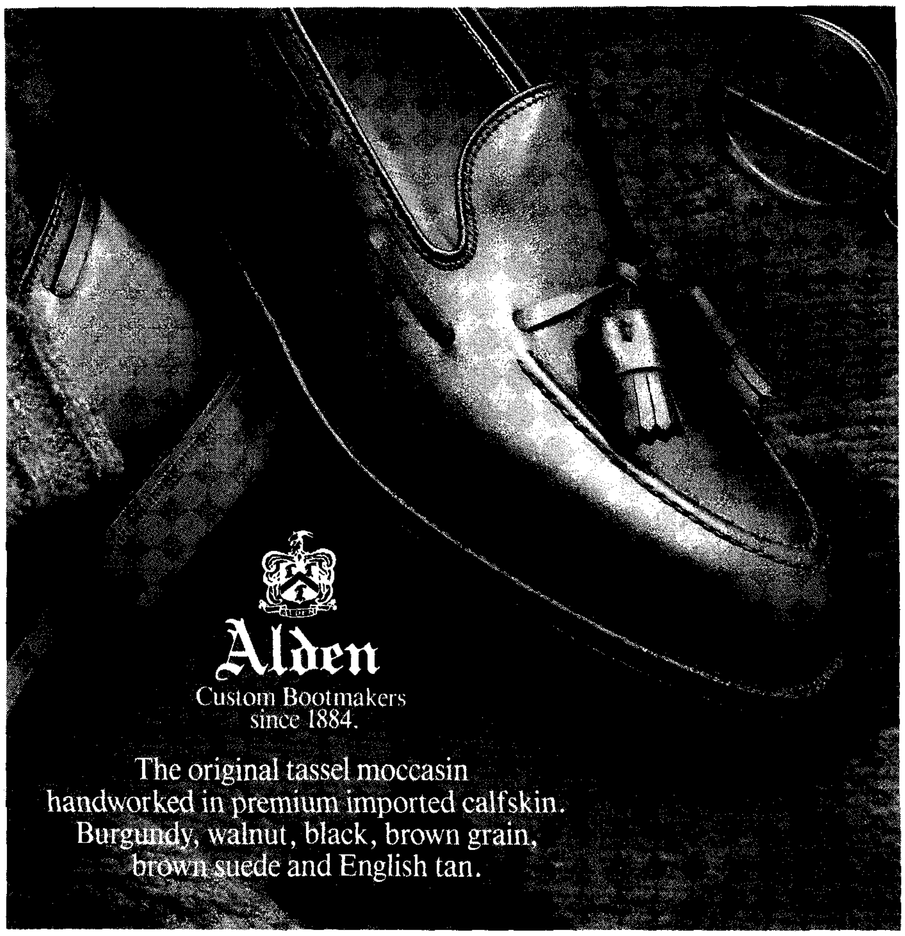
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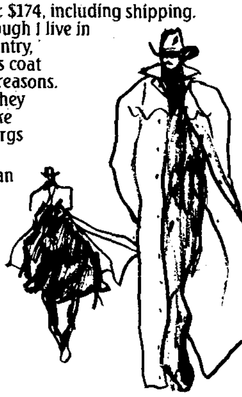

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the daffodils bloom, so when the crocuses flower around my cabin I have to content myself with crouching down beside those purple, white, and yellow blossoms to watch the field bees gathering pollen. Each worker bee is covered with stiff hairs. These catch the granules when the bee brushes against a flower's pollen-bearing anthers. She is soon covered and stops to use her two front pairs of legs to comb the sticky pollen from her body and pack it into the baskets on her rear pair of legs. When her back legs are heavy with wads of pollen, she returns to her hive to unload. House bees arrange the pollen granules in the honeycomb cells around the developing bee larvae, where it is conveniently available to the nurse bees.

In the springtime, a typical frame of brood—as beekeepers call developing bees—contains a large central semicircle of cells holding eggs and larvae in various stages. The eggs and larvae are there to see, but the oldest brood, stomachs full, have spun themselves cocoons in which to pupate, and are hidden in their cells by a tough velvety brown covering, from beneath which they will emerge as adults. The entire semicircle of brood is bordered by a ring of pollen-filled cells, which, in turn, is surrounded by nectar, or, as the season progresses, honey.

In this part of the country, most of the early pollen collected is yellow and makes a bright ring around the fuzzy brown sealed-brood area. But as the season advances and the days lengthen, more pollen sources are available. The slopes of the hills near the rivers are frosted with the white blossoms of serviceberry. Redbud flourishes in the woods' understory, with dramatic purplish-red clusters of blossom. Henbit, which everyone except beekeepers thinks of as an unwelcome weed, covers the ground with a thatch of purple-blue flowers. The wild fruit trees—plum, cherry, and peach—bloom extravagantly. These flowers have pollens of different colors, and the pollen cells ringing the bees' brood are as various: scarlet, pale green, yellow, and orange—as beautiful as a stained-glass window.

In early springtime, the bees' need for pollen may be greater than what is available, and then they will compulsively gather up almost any fine granular material—sawdust, bits of plastic packing material, ashes—whether it is

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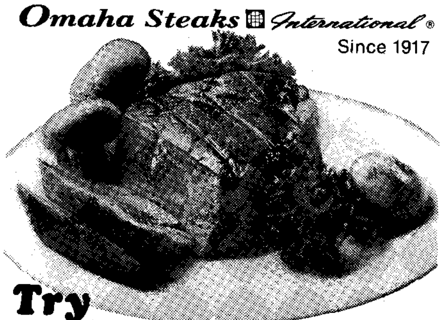

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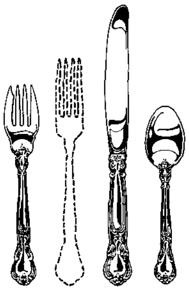

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useful to them or not. I often see them at the bird feeder, picking through the birdseed.

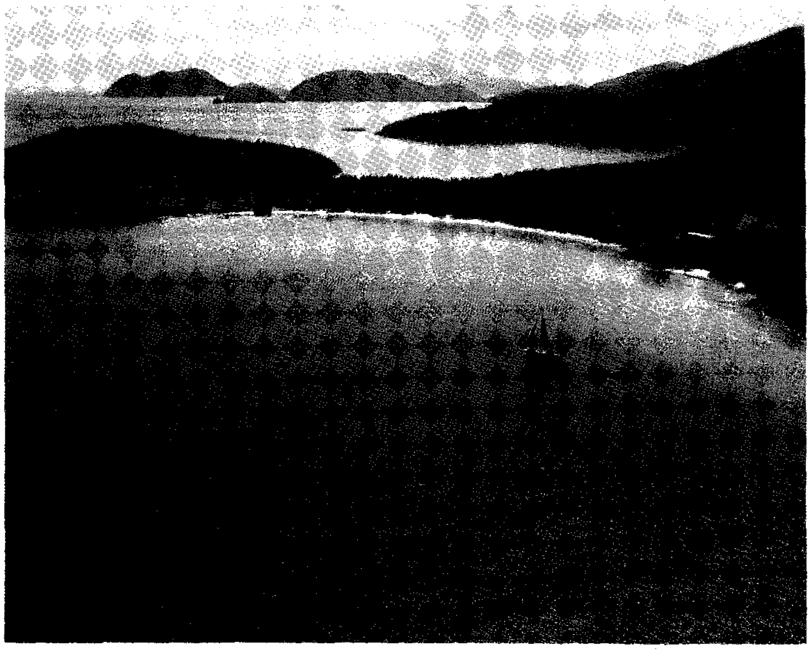
At that time of year, I am likely to get a telephone call from a dairy farmer who lives near one of my beeyards. "Hey, Sue," he says. "How about coming over and feeding your bees? They're in the calf feed again."

He's always a little embarrassed. The first time he called me, years ago, was on a day in autumn. There were, he said, bees flying all around the inside of his milking shed. He didn't want to spray them with insecticide, but he was going to have to do that unless I could lure them out.

It sounded like an odd way for bees to behave, but I drove over to his place. There they were—golden-striped, fuzzy insects flying around inside his barn, darting here and there. They looked like bees, but they didn't act like bees, so I captured one in my hand. The creature did not sting me, as a honeybee would have done, and on close scrutiny its beelike appearance vanished. For one thing, the insect had only a single pair of wings instead of two sets, as a bee has. A single pair of wings puts any insect into the zoological order Diptera (which means twice-winged), the order of flies. Honeybees belong to the order Hymenoptera (membrane-winged), which includes not only all the bees but also wasps, ants, and similar insects.

I wasn't sure which flies these were in the milk barn, because I don't know much about Diptera, but I knew that there were a number of fly species that mimic bees in appearance. I showed the farmer the single pair of wings and told him that this insect and the others in the air were flies, not bees. He was interested, and asked more questions than I could answer. When I got home, I photocopied as much information about bee-mimicking flies as I could find on my bookshelves and sent it to him. Now when he calls he always makes sure that the bug about which he is lodging a complaint is indeed a honeybee.

The first time he found bees in his calf feed, he was worried that they were after the calves and might sting and frighten them. I assured him that the bees were not in the least concerned with the calves but were looking for the pollen they needed as food in the springtime. As soon as some pollen-



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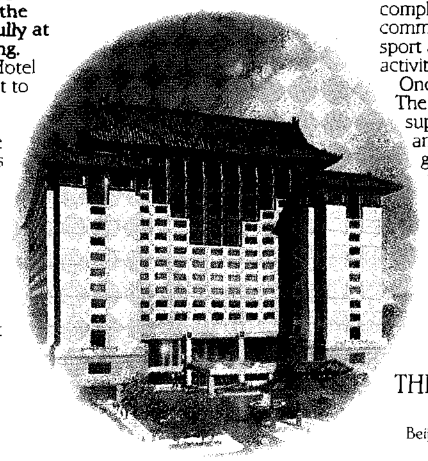

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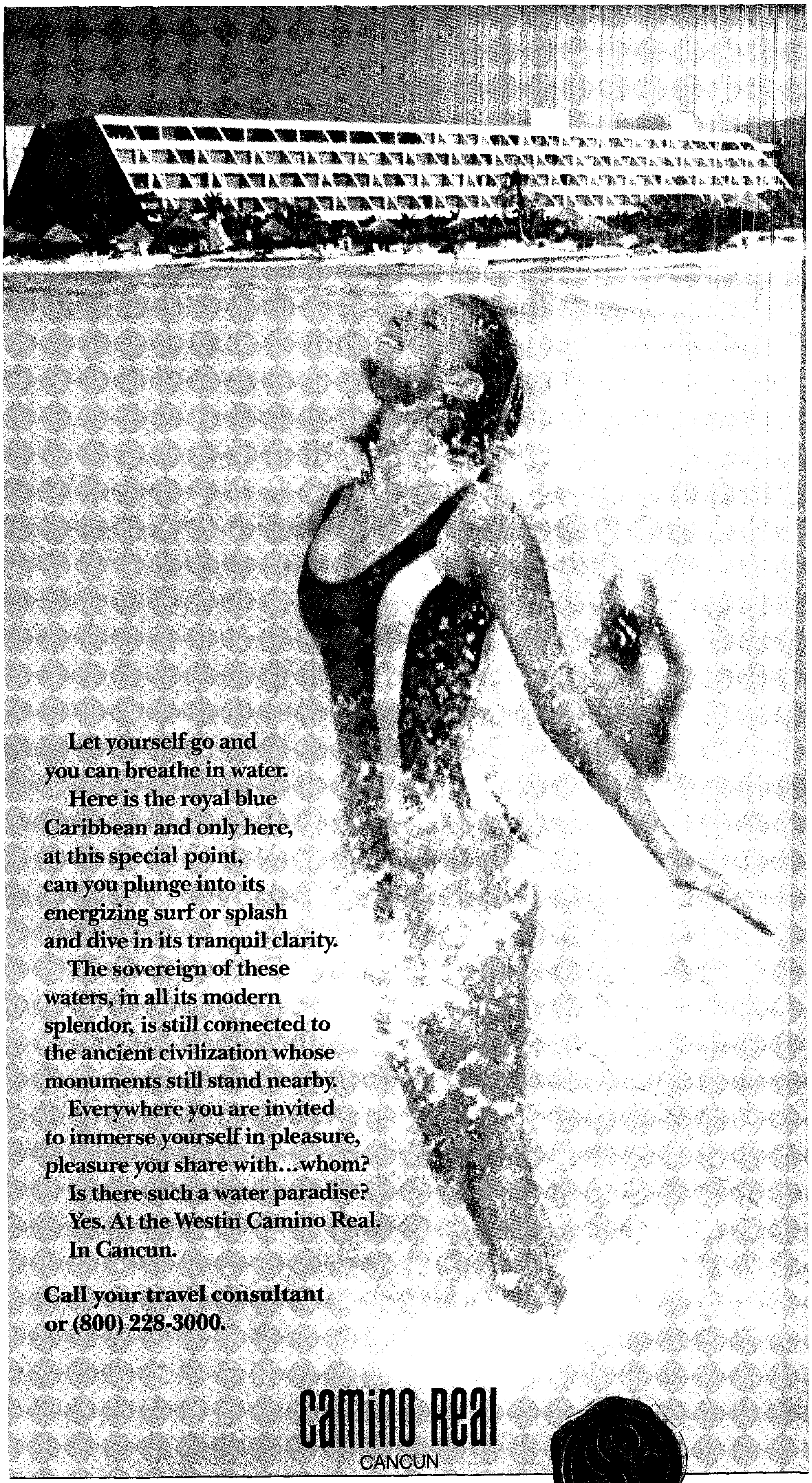
bearing flowers bloomed, I told him, the bees would disappear from the calf feed, but in the meantime I'd try giving them a pollen substitute that might satisfy them. Beekeeping-supply companies sell a commercial pollen substitute made of a combination of protein-rich materials such as soy flour and brewer's yeast. This powder can be mixed with honey and made into patties, and the patties can be squished between the top bars on the frames of the upper hive bodies. In parts of the country where there is no dependable source of pollen, this may be a good practice, but I have concluded that here in the Ozarks it is not worth the expense or time. Bees prefer the real thing—fresh pollen—and although a day or two in these hills may pass when they can't find any, something usually bursts into bloom, and then they scorn the substitute, leaving it to molder inside the hives. Indeed, the per-hive yield of honey from my bees has increased in what appears to be a direct ratio to the decrease in the number of times I open the hives. The less I fiddle with the bees and disrupt their activities, the more they can concentrate on making honey.

Now when the dairy farmer calls, more as a public-relations gesture than anything else I go to the health-food store and buy fifty-nine cents' worth of soy flour, take it over to the hives near his place, lift off the outer cover of each hive, and sprinkle some of it on the inner cover. I did that a few days ago, and today I stop by his place to give him a jar of honey as recompense for the nuisance my bees have been to him. Then I drive over to the hives and lift up the telescoping covers. The soy flour stands unused on the inner covers, and I shake it off on the grass. The bees, their rear legs wadded with golden pollen, are flying to the hives so heavily laden that they find it hard to stay airborne. I sit down beside the end hive and watch the bees arriving with their loads of pollen—stores that will assure the development of the thousands of young bees needed to gather nectar and make honey in the months to come.

The sun is shining on my back as I watch, and I can feel its warmth. The air is fragrant. There are flowers in bloom everywhere today.

—Sue Hubbell

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)



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PERSONAL HISTORY

THE BENEFACTRESS

LATE in November, 1952, I received a letter at college from my father saying that he had been in India for a month or so but was coming right back to America and hoped to see me soon. I was staggered. There was no hint in the letter of where he would get the money, what job, if any, he had landed, how he could think about flying from continent to continent as if he were a maharajah.

In 1947, we'd lost practically everything to Pakistan during the Partition of India and become poor refugees. In 1949, feeling that I should have the same opportunity for education as his six other children (meningitis had left me blind at the age of four), he had made it possible for me to come to America, at the age of fifteen, and my high-school education alone had cost him several times that of any of his other children. Still, he was employed during those years as a high-ranking official in the Indian government and received a good salary. But in 1951 he was forced to retire, having passed the government's mandatory-retirement age of fifty-five. After that, he got an assignment in Washington with the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, but it was only for six months, and when he wrote the letter he had just finished a term as a visiting Fulbright professor at the U.C.L.A. medical school—essentially an honorary position. He had spent the rest of the summer in Los Angeles and San Francisco looking for something to do, but had found nothing. So in September, when I entered Pomona College as a freshman, he left California with no prospects for the future and few resources.

On the heels of my father's letter came another letter from India, this one from a Mrs. Ethel Clyde. She said that my father had been travelling with her as her "court physician" and was taking her back to New York in early December, and that she would like it if I joined the two of them in Miami over my Christmas vacation. She added that I could travel by plane or train, whichever was convenient, and she would cover all the expenses, because I would be her "guest." She said I could write to her at 52 Gramercy Park, New York City. The letter had a few words scribbled on it by my father, saying that he wholeheartedly approved of the plan.

I was overwhelmed. I had never met Mrs. Clyde, or even heard of her. The terms "court physician" and "guest" in the senses in which she used them were totally unfamiliar to me. Until her letter came, I had dreaded the approach of Christmas—dreaded battling the onset of depression as the routine of classes was broken, the residence halls emptied out, and I was left to walk around the echoing halls by myself.

Over the next few days, I must have written a hundred different letters of thanks to Mrs. Clyde in my head, but none of them sounded quite right, and before I managed to get one off to her a parcel from her arrived in the post, with a card saying that to help me with my studies she had picked up a little present for me in Switzerland, where she and my father now were. I tore open the parcel, and could scarcely believe what I found. It seemed like a toy typewriter, but it turned out to be every bit a real one, and more. Made in Switzerland, it was light, compact, and small, it had French-accent signs, and it responded to my fingers as if it had been specially made for them.

I typed out the following note to Mrs. Clyde on my new typewriter:

December 9, 1952

DEAR MRS. CLYDE:

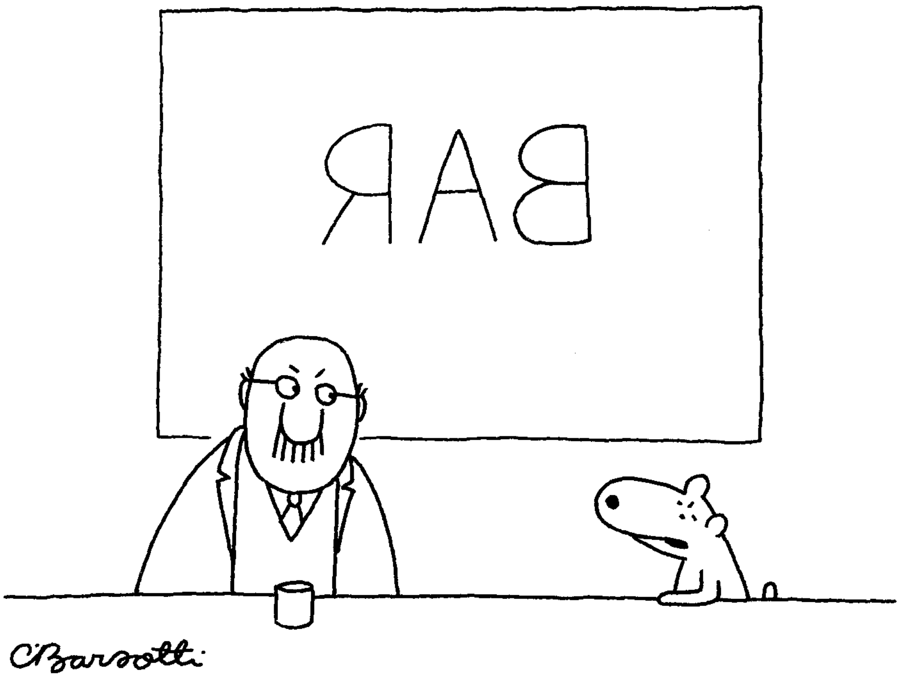
It was indeed a delightful and pleasant surprise to receive your very sincere letters and your practical gift. For you see this new gadget will have a two-fold purpose. It will aid me in my studies, and—sentimental and foolish though it may be—provide me with a constant reminder of the greatness of a person whose thoughtfulness and generosity could extend itself to an individual she hadn't even met, and place such faith and confidence in him. I hope I will prove worthy of this confidence, and thus endeavor, in my little way, to show my overflowing gratitude. Words actually fail me in expressing my thanks to you, so please excuse this futile attempt.

Surprises never cease. Because I had been expecting to spend a rather dull, yet perhaps studious Christmas holiday, now seeing you along with Daddy will be to me a great lift and will act as a stimulus to my work.

Hoping with keen anticipation to see you. With my very best compliments for the season and kindest regards.

Very sincerely yours,
VED MEHTA

After I posted the letter, I heard from Mrs. Clyde again, this time from London. She wrote that, as it turned out, she had to spend Christmas Day



"Yeah? Well, I happen to know that you're not supposed to be in here, either."

itself with a very sick friend, Ben Marsh, in Winter Park, Florida, so could I meet my father and her a couple of days later? I had planned to fly to Florida, but I now decided to take the train, as a way of having something to do on Christmas Day.

ON the day of our meeting, Mrs. Clyde wrote in her diary:

> We drove to Tampa and met Ved, who arrived from Pomona by train at 1:10. He has fitted right into our little group. What tragedy and what courage! Poor Ved and poor Mehta. It is a heartbreaking business!

She must have mistaken my fright for courage, because I remember that I was scared as I stepped off the train, carrying my suitcase and trying to force my eyes open, so that I would look as independent and normal as I could. Suddenly, a familiar arm was around my shoulder, and my father was introducing me to Mrs. Clyde. I put out my free hand to shake hers, and that caused some awkward confusion, for it turned out that she had to shift a cane from one hand to the other. (I learned later that she was seventy-three years old.)

Outside the station, her car and a driver were waiting for us. I remember that it was a big Packard, that Mrs. Clyde got in the front seat next to the driver, and that my father and I got in the back.

We drove toward Miami, Mrs. Clyde doing most of the talking, my father mostly murmuring agreement, and I scarcely opening my mouth. She spoke of examples of meaningless suffering she had come across in the morning's newspaper. Someone's operation had been botched, and he had been left paralyzed. Someone else had starved somewhere. Each time, she asked rhetorically, almost provokingly, "To what end?" She mentioned Ben Marsh, the sick friend she had just visited. He had a severe case of pleurisy, she said, and was on his deathbed. "To what end?" she repeated. "If your God exists, Mehta, he must be a fiend."

My father didn't rise to the bait. Instead, he said to me, "You see, Mrs. Clyde is a vehement atheist."

"But do you believe in God?" I asked him, remembering that he used to make fun of my mother for her superstitious religious beliefs.

"Not as such, but I certainly think there may be a power higher than we."

"But to what end, Mehta?" she said, and then, turning to me, "Do you think such meaningless suffering could exist if there was a God?"

I wanted to say that I thought it could, but I wasn't sure of my ground. I couldn't make out exactly who Mrs. Clyde was and whether my father would have me speak freely with her.

"I think the best thing all the statesmen in the world could do would be to make one big bomb and blow the world up," Mrs. Clyde said.

I could hold back no longer, and, like the college freshman I was, jumped into the debate with both feet. "You can't possibly mean such nonsense. You're voicing a sort of death wish. A person may have the right to wish death for himself, but not for the whole world. Even people who are miserable and suffer a lot would rather live than die." And so on. I liked the sound of my voice, and thought that my arguments were very impressive—the more so because she seemed to be giving me her full attention.

"But horses manage their affairs much better than we humans do," Mrs. Clyde said, with a laugh. She had a distinctive, hearty laugh. It erupted, and went on for a long time. She seemed to throw her whole self into it. I suddenly became aware that I wasn't getting anywhere with her, and felt crestfallen.

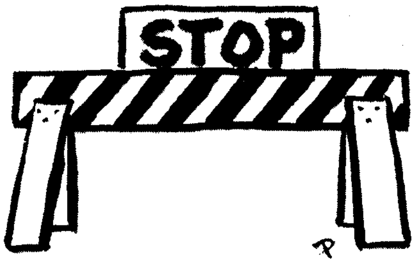
"The greatest compliment Mrs. Clyde can pay anybody is 'He has horse sense,' " my father said, as if to console me—to say that no one else could get anywhere with her, either.

"Horses don't have war or poverty or crime, and they live in harmony with nature, without clothes—without shame and guilt—as we human beings were surely meant to do, but don't," Mrs. Clyde said. "Can you tell me why we wear clothes?"

She laughed, and my father joined in, as if they had had this conversation before.

"To be decent, I think," I said.

"What's decent about clothes? Aren't horses decent? Aren't all animals decent? Would you be surprised if I told you I used to go to a nudist camp?"



I said I was surprised.

"Mrs. Clyde believes that none of us should feel any more guilty than horses," my father said.

"Your father told me you're studying philosophy," Mrs. Clyde said. "You must have studied the problem of free will."

"Yes, I have. Different philosophers have different views on it."

"Well, I've got the answer in my book. Did you know I'd written a book?"

I said no, I hadn't known that.

"It's called 'Horse Sense in Poetry, Prose, and Song,' " Mrs. Clyde said.

"There's a copy here in the car," my father said.

Mrs. Clyde went on, "It says, 'Man's actions are inevitably the same whether or not he believes in free will, since his actions are always and only the result of those things that make freedom of the will impossible.' "

"That's only one way of looking at it," I argued.

My father pressed my hand, and I desisted.

She laughed. "You can't help what you are. You are what you are. A criminal can no more help being a criminal than you can help being a student. That's why I think no criminal should be punished. He should be treated humanely and given a fresh chance."

"But what if he is a repeat offender?" I said. My father pressed my hand again, vigorously.

"I have an answer to that. Then he should be shot, so that society will be free of him."

It's all so strange, I thought. In one way, she comes out with rigid, sometimes shocking statements. In another way, she seems to be the most accepting, enthusiastic, tolerant person I've ever met. Although she's broad-minded, she's insistent about her opinions. I can't make her out.

"Feel free to speak Punjabi between yourselves," Mrs. Clyde was saying. "If I were in a foreign country, I would want to speak my own language. Go right ahead—don't mind us."

Immediately, I turned to my father and asked in Punjabi, "Why didn't you want me to discuss the free-will question with her?"

"You will see that the best policy is to agree with her, or, if you feel you can't do that, to be silent," my father said. "I know from experience that you cannot budge her from her view that everything is determined. You can argue the point with her until the cows come home, but she won't acknowledge any exception. If you don't agree that freedom of the will is impossible, you don't have horse sense, and if you don't have horse sense—well, you can't help it, because of your heredity, environment, and experience. Around and around the circle you go."

I had never known my father to be in any way hypocritical, and I felt a little uncomfortable talking about her in this way behind her back. I said as much.

"Then you'll have to learn by experience," he said.

"But why are we here with her, then? What are we doing here?"

"It's a long—a very long—story."

THAT night, we stayed at the Casa Grande Motel, in Coral Gables, on the outskirts of Miami. After dinner, as I lay on the edge of my bed in the room my father and I were sharing, I asked, "How long have you been together?" I had so many questions I scarcely knew which to ask first. "How did you meet? She was in India with you, so you must have been together for over a month. How do you stand it day after day, week after week?"

"Patience—have patience," he said. "I'll explain it all to you, but a step at a time."

The windows were open to let in the Florida breeze, and outside, against the night silence, the sound of the crickets seemed to recede. I lay very still, with my hand under my cheek, listening to my father.

The road to Mrs. Clyde began with the Watumulls, he was saying. In the summer, before he left Los Angeles, he had gone to a dinner party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Watumull, an Indian-American couple known for their philanthropy, and had met Margaret Sanger there. He had long admired her work for family planning, and she had wanted to meet him ever since the year before, when she had read, as a judge, an essay he had written on population growth and entered in a competition sponsored by the Watumull Foundation. His essay had won first prize. Mrs. Sanger and my father didn't have much of a chance to talk at the dinner party, but she invited him to spend a couple of days at her home, in Tucson. On his way to New York, he stopped off in Tucson. She gave him an earful about free love, abortion, and the contribution of the suffragists. He had not often heard women talk so frankly about such matters. Then she told him that though she was in her seventies and was in poor health, she was determined to go to an international conference on population control to be held in Bombay from November 24th to December 2nd that year.

"Mrs. Watumull is going, and I'm very eager that you should also attend—in fact, take up the cudgels for our cause in your country," she added.

"I know about the conference," he said. "Mrs. Watumull has urged me to attend. I myself am very eager to go and help wake India to the cause, but I am a retired man, and I am in no position to volunteer my services, like you and Mrs. Watumull. I don't even have the wherewithal to go to Bombay and stay in a hotel."

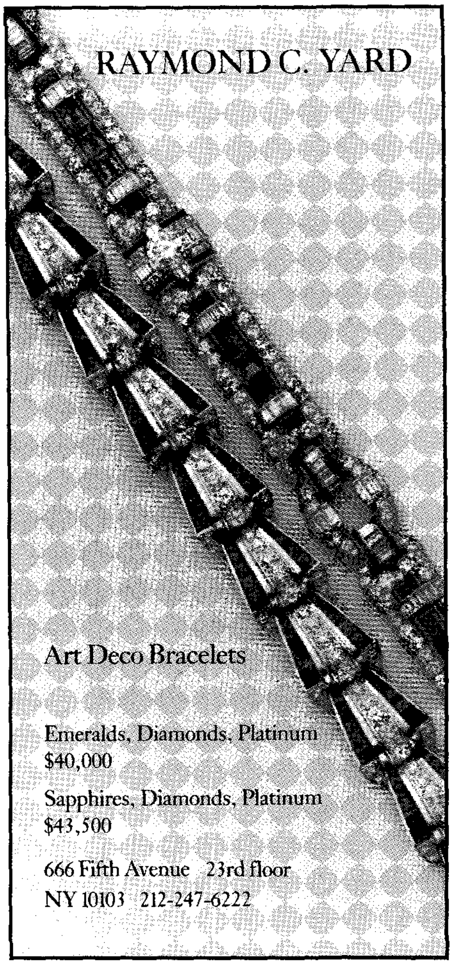
She lost no time in pressing into his hand a check for six hundred dollars toward his expenses, and then wrote letters of introduction for him to several people in New York, one of whom was Mrs. Ethel Clyde. "You should call on them when you get to New York," she said. "They are all good friends of mine. But, of them all, Mrs. Clyde is the only one who might actually give you another check. She's been a big contributor to Planned Parenthood and to the Presidential campaigns of the Socialist Norman Thomas."

"I'm not in need of more money for my expenses at the conference," he said. "I'm looking around for a paying job."

"You'd enjoy meeting Mrs. Clyde—she's a friend of Mrs. Roosevelt's. Who knows? Maybe you can persuade her to come to the conference."

In New York, my father telephoned Mrs. Clyde. She told him that she was feeling abominably tired but would like him to come to tea that afternoon.

When he arrived at her apartment on Gramercy Park, the door was opened by a large woman with brown eyes and plenty of silver-gray hair, done up in little curls, which came down to her nape. She had an expressive face and a pleasant smile. She was colorfully dressed—in a red dress, with flat shoes that exactly matched it—but the clothes looked simple. She introduced herself as Ethel Clyde and led



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my father into her living room, shuffling rather than walking.

He looked around. The apartment appeared to be two apartments made into one, but instead of seeming luxurious it had a homelike feeling. There was a lot of old, worn French-looking furniture, and innumerable objects apparently picked up all over the world. Above the piano hung a painting of a tall old man with a white mustache and a pointed beard. He had classic features and a broad forehead.

"That's my father, William Clyde," Mrs. Clyde said. "After I was widowed, I took back my maiden name—keeping 'Mrs.' because I had children. But I brought them up as Clydes."

"Your father is a very distinguished-looking man," my father said. "He must have been a banker or an important business executive."

She laughed in her explosive, resonant way. He had never known a woman to laugh that way. She is brimming with more vitality than many young women in India, he thought.

"He was the president of the Clyde Steamship Company, which my grandfather founded."

"A very famous line," he said, and he told her that when Mahatma Gandhi first went to England he sailed on a ship called the S.S. Clyde.

"I don't know anything about that," she said. "I never took any interest in the business."

She had him sit next to her on a sofa, and asked him directly, the expression in her eyes turning noticeably hard, "What can I do for you?" She picked up a handbag from a corner of the sofa.

He remembered what Mrs. Sanger had told him about the ease with which she wrote out checks. Fund-raisers must come calling on her every day, he thought. She probably gives each one a check and sends him away.

"What can you do for me, personally?" he asked. "Nothing. I am an old physician from India. I just completed a short assignment for the U.C.L.A. medical school. I'm harboring an ambition to settle in London and set up a medical practice there one day."

She laughed. "I took you for a fund-raiser," she said.

He thought that perhaps he had sounded too comfortable, so he told her about his straitened circumstances—about the Partition and his retirement.

She listened to him, sitting back and studying him, but with friendly eyes.

Eventually, my father raised the possibility of her attending the population-control conference in Bombay. "Mrs. Sanger is going, and she wants me to attend," he said. "She thought you might like to go, too."

"I went to your country in 1925, and I never want to go near it again," she said. "There's so much poverty and misery there." He thought her reaction childlike and typically American, but she suddenly added, as if on an impulse, "Still, if Margaret is going I'll think about it."

"I myself am not a good example of the population control I preach," my father went on, with a twinkle in his eye. "I have seven children, and whenever my children complain that we have too many I ask them, 'Which one could we have done without?' "

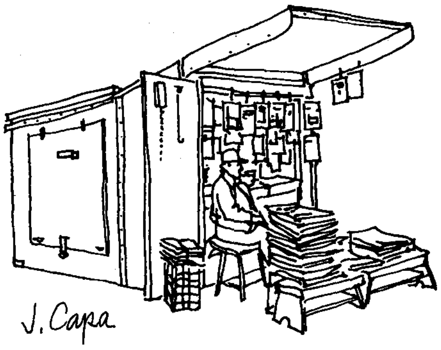
Mrs. Clyde laughed. "But I'm a good example," she said. "I have only two sons, and they are now middle-aged, and between them they have just one child, my Toby."

They had a good laugh about the size of their families. Then he looked at his watch and, realizing that he'd stayed for almost two hours, got up to say goodbye. As he was leaving, she asked him where he was staying, and he told her the Commodore Hotel, on Forty-second Street.

"I enjoyed our talk," she said. "I hope we'll meet again."

He said he would like that very much. Outside on the street, the light was fading fast and he hurried along toward the hotel. No sooner had he reached his hotel room than the telephone rang. It was Mrs. Clyde. "Tomorrow, I'm going to Old Fields, my farm, with my doctor, Coda Martin, and his wife, Kitty," she said. "If you're free for the weekend, I would like to take you along. The farm is in Huntington, Long Island."

Even before the phone call came, he had been telling himself that he was a lucky man to be out and about in the land of his dreams, healthy and vigorous for an Indian man of his age. He had always dreamed of coming out to the West after retirement, and now here he was, in America, in New York, being invited for a country weekend. He began looking forward to the companionship of a new friend and also of a fellow-doctor, who might suggest some means of employment. Who knew where this acquaintance with Mrs. Clyde might lead? He accepted the invitation with alacrity.



"My doctor and I will be driving out there," she said. "We'll pick you up at seven in the morning at the back entrance of your hotel—that's on our way. Would you wait for us outside?"

"I'll be standing out there five minutes before seven," he said. "I'm one of those Indians who are punctual to a fault."

ON my second day in Florida, we drove to Miami Beach for a swim. In the car, Mrs. Clyde reopened the discussion about free will. I threw myself into it, arguing that we did have some kind of choice, however limited it might seem. "Look, I can raise my arm. That's my choice. That's free will."

"But the choice is made for you by your heredity, environment, and experience."

I went on trying to argue with her, saying that her schematic, generalized formulation almost seemed to preclude discussion, but I felt I was in a ring boxing with shadows. Besides, I felt constrained. She was the benefactress and I was the beneficiary. She was seventy-three and I was eighteen. Still, I persisted. "Can you give me an example of what you mean by heredity?" I asked. "Can you be specific?"

"Heredity is heredity. Don't you know what it is?"

My father pressed my hand and said innocuously, as if to change the subject, "The sky here is certainly nice and blue, but I myself thrive on the gray fog of London. I find that climate very bracing."

"How can you like the English climate?" Mrs. Clyde asked. "The English don't get any sun. I don't like England."

"Some of us like it very much," my father said.

"That's because you come from a hot country," she said.

He protested, saying, "Some of us like

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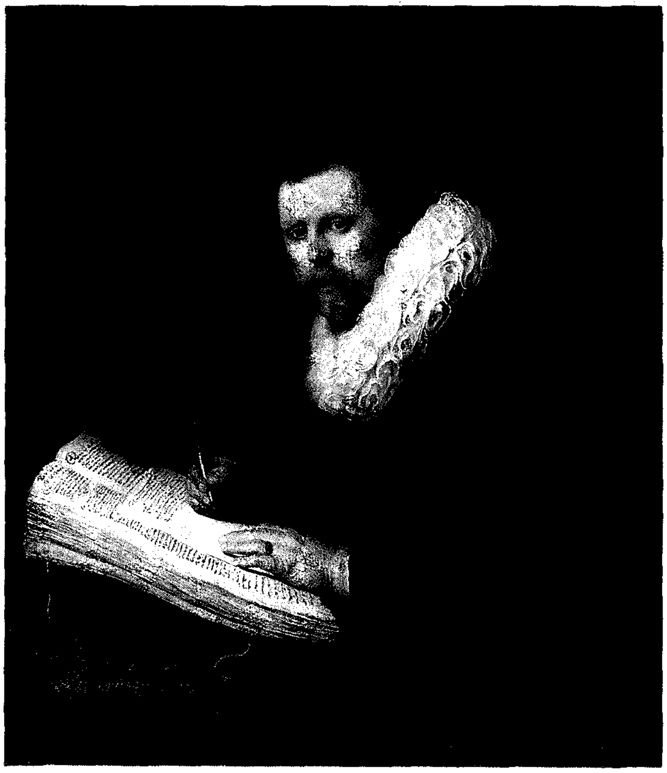

Rembrandt van Rijn, *Portrait of a Scholar*

March 26 through June 5, 1988

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

July 9 through September 18, 1988

The Art Institute of Chicago

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the English climate for its own sake."

Mrs. Clyde repeated his statement, worried it, challenged him to justify it, debated it, and would not rest until he had acknowledged that his view reflected his heredity and his experience of living in the environment of India.

"You always win, Mrs. Clyde," he finally said, laughing.

I had to laugh, too. For all his admonitions not to argue with her, he had fallen into the same trap I had.

"And would it surprise you to know that I never graduated from high school?" she asked me.

I said I was indeed surprised.

"I took some classes with my son Bill when he was going to Columbia. I took courses from John Dewey and Edward Hodnett, because I didn't want my sons to be so much smarter than I was that I wouldn't be able to talk to them. Can you imagine mother and son sitting in the same class? We created quite a stir."

She certainly is unusual, I thought. She doesn't fit into any mold.

"I never graduated, but one of my interests is 'educating the educators.' "

"Any time a cartoon, a newspaper story, or some fact that Mrs. Clyde comes across strikes her as important, she sends it to a mail-order house with a note that every president of a college, or dean, or professor of history—whatever—should receive a copy, along with her compliments," my father said.

I was much impressed, and felt that she and I shared a thirst for knowledge and a faith in education.

At the beach, my father, an experienced swimmer, went beyond the breakers to swim. I wasn't much of a swimmer, and hadn't been in the ocean since I was a child, so I just waded in again and again, ran after the waves as they were going out, and ducked as I felt them coming in, to allow myself to be carried back. I was surprised at how warm and gentle the sea was, and in my heart I thanked Mrs. Clyde for bringing me to it.

WHEN Mrs. Clyde's car pulled up to the back door of the Commodore Hotel at seven o'clock in the morning, my father was waiting. He slipped in beside Dr. Martin, who was behind the wheel. Mrs. Clyde sat in the back, alone. "I was looking forward to meeting your wife," my father said to Dr. Martin.

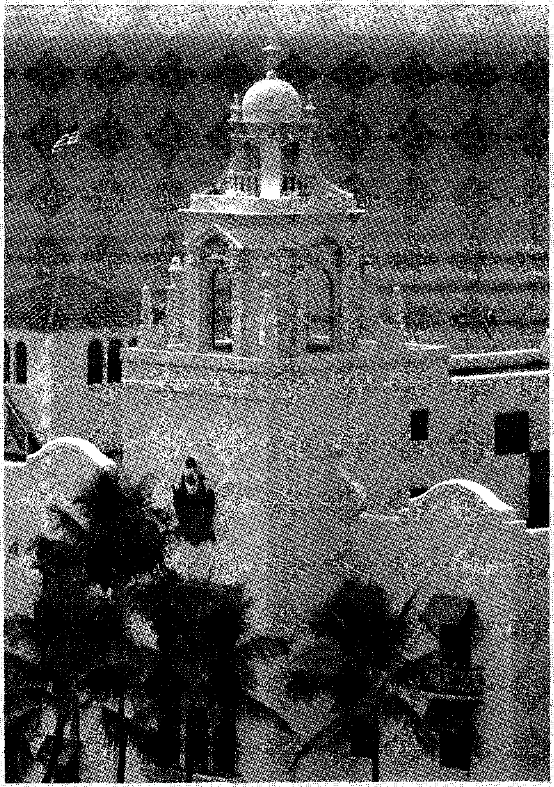
"My wife couldn't come," Dr. Martin explained. "She had to stay back to look after Jimmie, our dog, who's very old and sick."

Dr. Martin had a pleasant manner and bearing, and was well spoken, but he was dressed in a gray suit, and he came across as a businessman. My father had trouble imagining him in the striped trousers and long white coat of an English doctor. (My father had studied medicine for a year in London, and still hoped to practice there one day.)

While Mrs. Clyde dozed, Dr. Martin drew my father out, quizzing him about his medical training. My father thought that Dr. Martin was trying to find out if his training was comparable with that of an American doctor, and wondered whether Dr. Martin might have a job for him up his sleeve.

"This was one of the first prefabricated houses to be built on the East Coast," Mrs. Clyde said when they pulled up to her country house an hour or so later.

"It could be a mansion," my father said, genuinely surprised. "This is a



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wondrous country, where such a house can be sold and bought, perhaps from a picture in a catalogue. The grounds, too, look very big."

"They're fields, not grounds," Dr. Martin said. "About forty acres' worth."

Mrs. Clyde told Dr. Martin and my father that they could do what they liked until lunchtime. A man called Berni, a German, who seemed to be a resident chauffeur cum butler, showed each of them to an upstairs bedroom with its own bathroom, while Mrs. Clyde went to sit in the sun on a glassed-in porch attached to her room.

My father went downstairs and knocked some balls around on a billiard table. He went out on the lawn and sat in a chaise longue and watched birds and rabbits dart about. He sauntered along a road, shaded by poplars, that seemed to lead into the village.

A couple of hours later, Mrs. Clyde came downstairs dressed in shorts. He was taken aback, but then reminded himself that, like Margaret Sanger, she was an outrageous rebel, even if she was also a gracious Victorian lady. "Let's go for a walk," she said, picking out a cane from a collection in a stand. "I'd like to see what's doing in the fields."

The day was crowded with many new impressions, but what he later remembered most clearly was that Mrs. Clyde talked to him and conducted herself with him as if he were an old, close friend rather than someone she had met only once before.

The next morning, as Dr. Martin and my father were sitting at the breakfast table—Mrs. Clyde hadn't come down yet—Dr. Martin asked my father abruptly, "Would you be interested in travelling with Mrs. Clyde to India if she goes to the population conference?"

"I'm going to the conference anyway," my father replied. "I would be glad to accompany her and show her around."

"Well, she needs more than that," Dr. Martin said. "She told me that she would like you to take charge. If you're interested, we'll talk about her medical history when we get back to the city." He added, "I think she would make it worth your while to be her 'court physician.' She's very rich, you know."

" 'Neither their friendship is good nor their enmity,' as our Urdu couplet has it," my father said. Then, realizing that the couplet might be off-putting, he added quickly, "I would certainly be interested." He had never heard the term "court physician" before, and didn't know what that might involve, but the prospect of having a job, any job, and especially one connected with his profession, was tantalizing.

"She has the unmentionable disease," Dr. Martin announced. "You know what I mean."

My father didn't know what he meant, but decided to keep his own counsel for the time being.

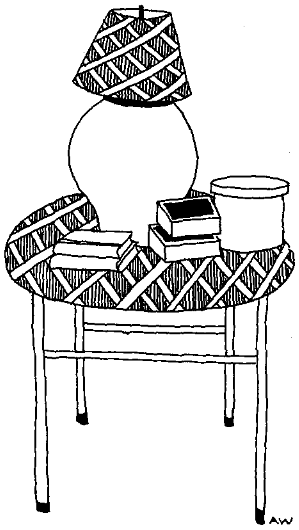
"My opinion is she shouldn't travel without medical attendance, and she can well afford it," Dr. Martin said.

"Perhaps you would be interested in accompanying her yourself," my father suggested.

"It isn't easy for us American doctors to just pick up and go like that," Dr. Martin said.

On the particular night of my Christmas holiday when my father told me about that conversation, it didn't occur to me to ask what "the unmentionable disease" was. Just his mention of it made my teen-age heart race. After Mrs. Clyde died, at the age of ninety-eight, in 1978, I asked my father if professional ethics would allow him to tell me what the disease was.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "There is no great stigma attached to it nowadays. It was epilepsy." He went on to say, "But I have to confess that when Dr. Martin first volunteered the name of the disease to me, in New York, in those early days, I was thrown. My medical knowledge of epilepsy was very rusty. I don't think I'd read anything about it since the twenties, when I was a student, when it was indeed an unmentionable disease. I had to read up on it in the library. I learned that a lot of progress had been made. Dilantin kept it mostly under control. Mrs. Clyde took that medicine, but she must have had seizures in public when she was a child, before Dilantin was available, and she lived in constant fear that she might have a seizure in public again. You might say her doctors had to minister to her fear of the public manifestation of the disease, rather than to the disease itself. The few seizures she had while I was with her were very easily taken care of. The picture was a little complicated, however, because she had a heart condition. She had to take digitalis. I remember at one point her fear of having a seizure in public started keeping her awake, and I consulted a specialist at the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center in New York, and added to the Dilantin a quarter grain of phenobarbital. This combination became her standby."



THE evening following the week-end that my father and Dr. Martin spent at Old Fields, Mrs. Clyde told my father that she wanted to have a serious talk with him. She had asked him to come and see her, and they were again sitting in the living room of her apartment. She had in her lap a legal pad, her diary, and her check-book, and various papers were spread about her on the sofa. "I had the brain wave to go to India with you as my court physician when I realized you weren't a fund-raiser. Now that Coda has discussed the whole subject with you, let's get down to business." Her expression, usually pleasant and receptive, abruptly became hard and challenging. "I'd like to go a month or so before the conference and do a little travelling. I'll pay all your expenses when we're travelling. What salary would you like?"

He suddenly woke up to the fact that he was actually going to be paid a salary.

"My last real job was with the International Bank," he said. "I was getting eleven hundred and fifty dollars a month."

"Then I will pay you the same," she said, almost as if she were clinching a deal.

"But that included a daily allowance of fifteen dollars for expenses. My actual salary was seven hundred dollars."

"Well, then, I'll pay you seven hundred dollars, since I plan to pay both your travelling and daily expenses as my guest," she said immediately. The salary seemed very fair. It was even princely by Indian standards.

"But Mrs. Sanger has already paid me six hundred dollars toward my expenses in Bombay." He was prompted to volunteer this fact because, after all, Mrs. Sanger had given him the money for a designated purpose.

"Then I'll deduct that from your expenses—from the cost of your plane ticket," she said, noting down the amount. "In America, you will be my guest, like all my other friends, so I will pay you a salary only when you are travelling with me. Anyway, my tax people tell me that since you're not a citizen of this country and don't have a green card I can pay you only when we're abroad."

It never occurred to him to protest. She, of course, had her own doctors here, and technically he would be on duty only when they were travelling. He nodded.

"Hurrah!" Mrs. Clyde cried. "Then it's settled! The plan is very advantageous to both of us."

And my father recited to himself an Urdu couplet:

> In this ocean of destruction, the
> boat of life sails along.
> Whichever place the boat happens
> to run aground, that is your
> shore and home.

In the afternoon, my father and Mrs. Clyde went to 125 East 72nd Street, where Dr. Martin had his office. Mrs. Clyde was given injections against cholera and typhoid and a vaccination for smallpox, which were required for travelling to India. Then she visited with Kitty in the Martins' apartment, which was in the same building, while my father stayed in the office and Dr. Martin filled him in on Mrs. Clyde's medical history. After telling him about various vitamins, sedatives, and medicines she took, he said, "She's no spring chicken, you know. You have to be careful that she doesn't fall sick. When she's travelling, she has to stay in first-class hotels and eat in good restaurants."

My father finally had an inkling of what it meant to be a "court physician": he was being asked to attend on some kind of American queen.

"What financial arrangements have you and Mrs. Clyde arrived at?" Dr. Martin asked, without any preliminaries.

My father told him.

"An American doctor of your standing might have asked for four or five thousand dollars a month, and got it," Dr. Martin said. "She can well afford to pay, and, after all, you're going to be on call twenty-four hours a day."

My father felt a pang for having been so open and spontaneous with Mrs. Clyde—for carrying his heart on his sleeve, as usual. "At least, it's all found," he said, laughing it off. "Seven hundred dollars a month is all that the services of a retired Indian doctor are worth."

When Mrs. Clyde and my father left Dr. Martin's building, she suggested that they walk for a few blocks before getting a taxi. As they made their way along, people turned back to look at them, smiling a little. She had on her flat, comfortable shoes and was carrying her cane, and that day she was wearing a cape. It was cut very loose, and, draped around her, it emphasized her largeness. The shoes, which she had told my father were handmade for her on Cape Cod from the leather of cows that had died a natural death, seemed a little incongruous on the city sidewalk, and so highlighted her eccentricity. The cane was a practical necessity for her, but it also gave her walk a certain dignity, verging on imperiousness. And there was my father at her side, in complexion so light, in bearing so distinguished that he could have been taken for an Italian nobleman. She looked so old and he looked so young that they might have been a mother and son who had just stepped off the boat from Europe.

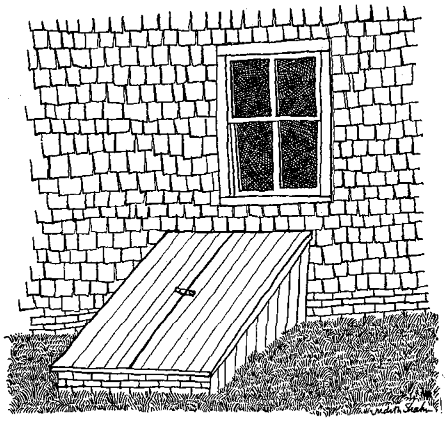
Without a preparatory word, she stopped on the street and pulled out of her bag a few ten-dollar bills and tried to press them on him.

He drew back. "What is that for?"

"I'm tired. Let's get a taxi."

"I have money. Anyway, a taxi ride is only a few dollars."

Right there on the street, she explained to him that whenever he was with her he was her guest. Wherever they went, whatever they did together, and even wherever he went alone on her behalf, she must pay. That had been her practice ever since she could remember, and everyone who was her friend knew and accepted it.



It will be one thing for me to settle our hotel accounts with money from her when we are travelling, he thought, but it's quite another thing to accept cash directly from her. The money was still waving in her hand, so that any passerby could snatch it, and he found himself saying, "I'll keep a record. You can give me the money later." He tried to hail a taxi.

"But I don't like carrying money," she said. "I want you to carry my money, and I want you to pay for everything, because you're the man. You ask Coda Martin. Whenever he and Kitty and I go out together, I give him the money and he pays for everything."

People were beginning to stare at them, as if they were having a family quarrel. He wanted to put an end to the argument, to hurry her along, get her into a taxi. He looked up and down the street, but no empty taxi was to be seen.

"While we are preparing to go, there will be many little expenses—passport fees, traveller's checks, restaurant bills—that you'll have to take care of," she was saying. "There may be times when I don't feel like going out to lunch, and you'll have to eat alone and pay for it. Since you're my guest, you should have money in your pocket. That's why everything will be so much easier if you'll just agree to be my banker. I make all my companions my bankers."

The term "banker" assuaged his feelings somewhat, but he saw his job with Mrs. Clyde in a new light. It wasn't like the International Bank job or the Fulbright at all. It was personal, that of a courtier. He took the money, emptied the inside left pocket of his jacket, and stuffed the bills in. From that day on, he treated that pocket as Mrs. Clyde's "bank."

Over the next fortnight or so, my father went with her in taxis or in her car, driven by Berni, to doctors' offices, to the homes of her friends, to shops, to her tailor, where she had herself fitted for a new cape. He accompanied her on expeditions outside the city, here to see a sick friend, there to investigate the efficacy of hypnosis or of the single-tax movement, and, on a longer trip, to drop in on her invalid brother, Will, and her sister, Mabel, who lived together in the Mayflower Hotel in Washington. He took most of his meals with her. Everywhere, he was her "guest," paying from her bank in his pocket. She told him it would make her very happy if he would give up his room at the Commodore and stay in her guest room, but he resisted, clinging to a vestige of economic independence. Whenever he stopped to think about his new life, his new job, his new friendship, he recited to himself the Urdu couplet:

God knows what happens after death.
At least the present passes in tranquillity.

THE few days I was Mrs. Clyde's guest in Florida, I was bowled over by her restless energy. We would "hit the road" in the morning without knowing where we would be spending the night. She seemed to go anywhere, do anything that came into her head. We went from Miami to Palm Beach and on to West Palm Beach, St. Petersburg, St. Augustine, Jacksonville; from hotel to hotel, restaurant to restaurant, tourist attraction to tourist attraction, auto camp to auto camp.

I had met rich people over a meal now and again but had never spent a whole day in such a person's company, and I couldn't get over Mrs. Clyde's complicated attitude toward money. She would choose simple, unostentatious restaurants, and balked at tipping more than ten per cent. Yet an extra zero on a check she was writing for our hotel rooms seemed to make no difference to her. It was as if she worried about pennies but didn't care about dollars. She booked into hotels without comparing rates with other hotels or asking what a room would cost. If something caught her fancy in a shop, she bought it, without stopping to think whether she needed or could use it. She made long-distance telephone calls to her friends from hotel rooms without worrying about what the calls would cost. We could never have dreamed of a life like hers.

All the time I was with her, I tried to persuade her that I didn't need a separate bed in my father's room—that I could sleep on the floor.

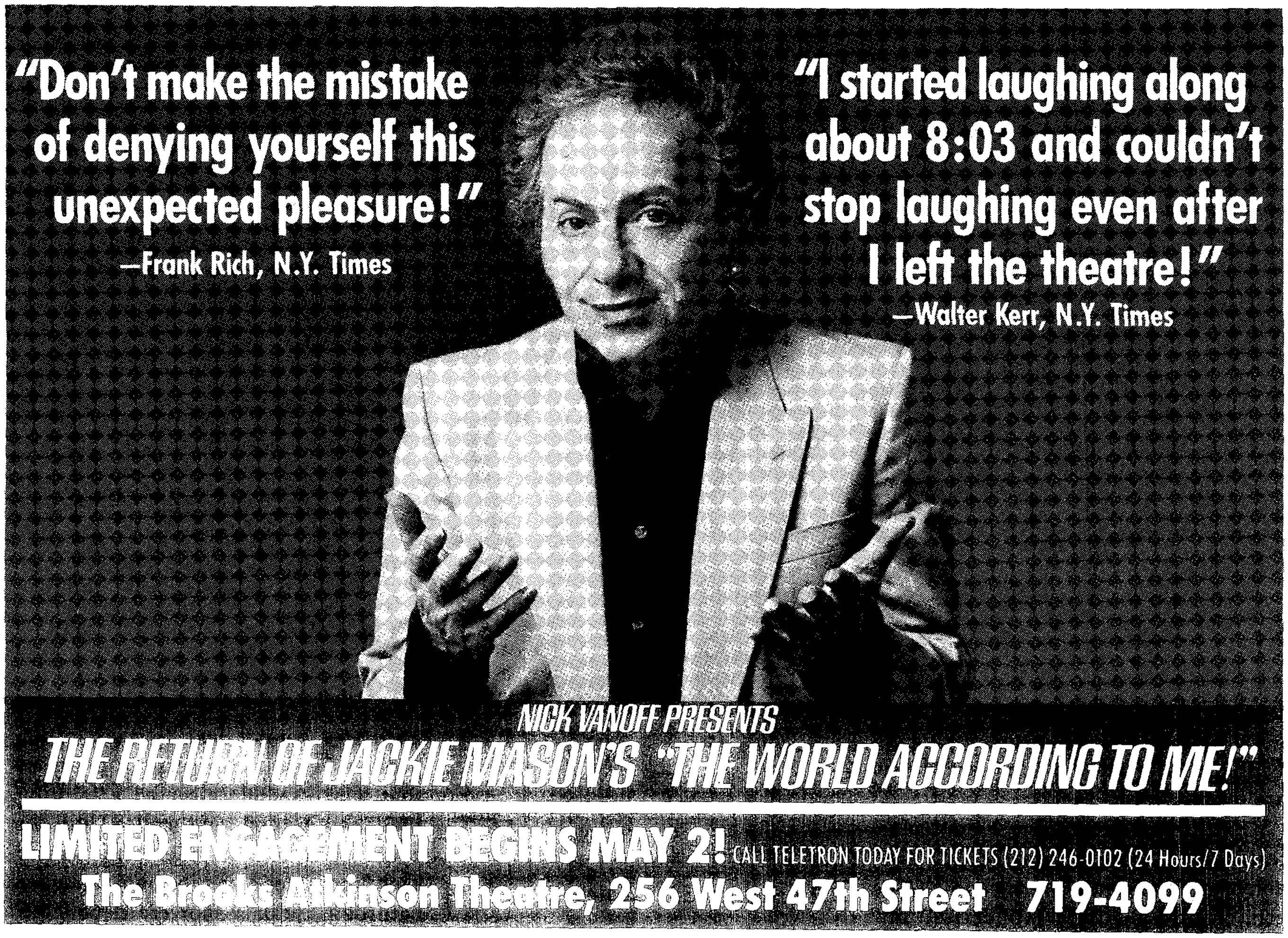
"Why?" she asked.

"You can save some money by having us stay in a single room instead of a double."

"And have you, child, uncomfortable?" She laughed and laughed. "You are my guest."

It seemed there was no way to recompense her except through talk and argument.

MY father and Mrs. Clyde arrived in London on the way to India on the morning of October 21st, and he started telephoning hotels from the airport. It was part of his job to make all the travel arrangements, and before leaving New York he had visited the offices of Thomas Cook & Sons and American Express. He had found the task uncongenial, and, moreover, he had been staggered by the prices quoted to him. The travel agents had assured him that rooms in London were plentiful at that time of the year, so he had put off making hotel reservations until he and Mrs. Clyde reached London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and he could personally visit the hotels, thinking that that way he might be able to get lower rates. But now, when he telephoned, he discovered that he and Mrs. Clyde had arrived in the middle of automobile and agricultural exhibitions, and it seemed there was not a room to be had in the entire city. After a great deal of telephoning, he was able to secure two single rooms, without private baths, at the India Service Club, on South Audley Street, in Mayfair.

When they arrived at the club, it turned out that Mrs. Clyde was the only woman guest in the place, and he was able to prevail upon another guest to trade his single room with private bath for her room. When Mrs. Clyde was shown to it, she shrank but bravely said aloud, "It will be fun." She seemed very sporting and understanding about his failure to make prior arrangements. "How could anyone possibly have known that all the hotels in London would be taken over by trade shows?" she said.

But the next morning, when she and my father started down to breakfast, they caught sight of the back of a big fellow walking out of his room in an undershirt and a pair of baggy drawers, and with long hair hanging wildly down his back.

"What kind of place is this, where a half-dressed man with dirty long hair can walk around in full sight of everyone?" she asked. "I wouldn't object to him half as much if he were in the nude and lived in the open, among birds and trees."

"He belongs to the martial religion of the Sikhs," my father said. "Ordinarily, his hair would be in a topknot under a turban, but he must have just got up."

"What is he doing wearing his hair like a woman? Hasn't he ever heard of a barber?" She laughed. Even when she was irritated, she saw the humor in things.

"Keeping long hair and a beard is part of the Sikh religion."

"Why haven't I heard of that religion? What is he doing living in England? He's not English."

"There are a lot of people living in England who are not English. They are immigrants."

In the dining room, the waiter came to take their order. She ordered a sizable combination of Indian and Western breakfasts. She's wonderful, my father thought. She has a healthy appetite and is very adventurous. No wonder she has so much energy.

"I thought your country was hot. Those Sikhs must sweat like anything. I thought you said your people were clean."

"I don't remember the context in which I said that, but we Hindus are known for being clean in our personal habits, for bathing frequently."

"But no one would say that that Sikh upstairs was clean."

"He was probably going for his wash. Sikhs bathe and wash their hair regularly."

"I thought India was dry and poor and you had to conserve all the water you could for the crops."

"But it doesn't take that much water to wash hair. Our women keep long hair."

"Maybe your country would be better off if you cut off the hair of Sikhs and your women."

"For the Sikh men and our women to wear long hair is a very old tradition. Indeed, we Hindus think that long hair is a woman's crowning glory."

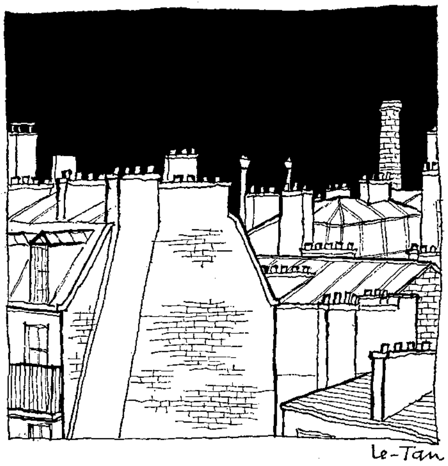
"What good is hair and glory if you've got people starving to death?"

"Not everyone is India is starving. Anyway, it's our culture—our religion, our society."

She looked skeptical.

He searched for some comparison that might make sense to her. "Sikh men are like the Biblical hero Samson. Their hair is a symbol of their power and virility."

"If Samson were living today, he would cut his hair," she declared, and added, laughing, "He would certainly not go around in an English hotel with his hair flying about wildly. Why, the whole floor smells of sweaty hair. You know, I have a nose like a dog."



My father laughed, too.

Breakfast was served, and she attacked it vigorously, but that didn't slow her talking—or, rather, asking question after question about Sikhs, Hindus, India. Asking questions seemed to be her way of carrying on a conversation. "My middle name is Question Mark," she said. He tried to make the conversation personal, thinking that that way she might be able to have more sympathy for the Sikhs. "By the way, my grandmother was a Sikh," he said.

"Then why don't you have long hair?" she asked.

"I'll try to be clearer," he said. "Many Punjabi Hindus have Sikh relations in their families, but they remain Hindus. Sikhs are converts from Hinduism—they belong to a different religion."

"How can any thinking person be religious after Darwin?"

"Why not? There are plenty of thinking people who are religious."

"Science tells us religion is superstition. You're a doctor. You're a scientist. How can you not be an atheist? It's all heredity, environment, and experience."

He tried to argue with her, saying that for believers religion was as objective as the table he and she were sitting at.

"They're all barking up the wrong tree."

Mrs. Clyde and my father were at the breakfast table long after everyone else had left.

"I hate this hotel," she said suddenly. "I don't want to spend another minute here. I want to move right now."

They had planned to spend only two nights in London, and he attempted to persuade her not to move, since there was just one more night. The time would go very fast, he said. But once she had taken something into her head it was very difficult to get her to change her mind. So he said he'd go out and look for another hotel, and asked her for exact specifications.

She said that she would like them to have two rooms next to each other, possibly with a connecting door, so that if she suddenly sensed a fainting spell coming on and called him he could rush to her side. She wanted each room to have its own attached bathroom, with a shower. If possible, her room should have a balcony or a sitting room with a lot of sunlight. "You know from Old Fields that I'm a sun worshipper," she added.

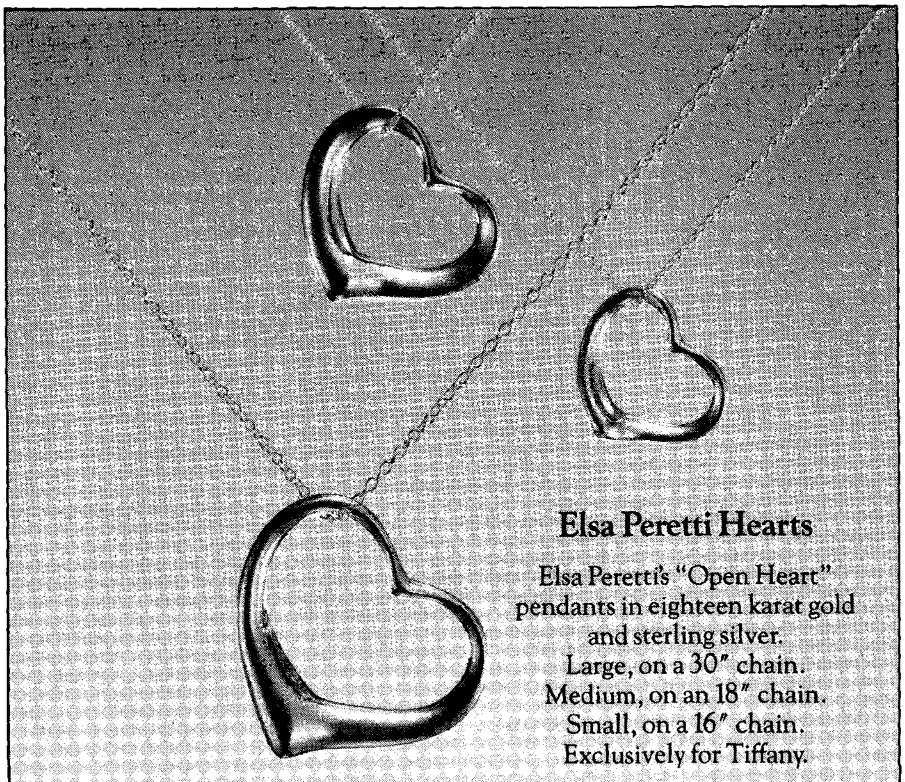
Finally, he caught on to the fact that she would not be satisfied with anything less than a five-star hotel. Hang the expense, he thought. It's her money, and she has the right to spend it as she likes. Remembering that all the most important Indian princes used to stay at the Savoy, he went there. Apparently, the farmers and automobile dealers of the trade shows had not been interested in staying in such a grand place, and rooms that more or less met Mrs. Clyde's specifications were available. He took them, and by teatime they had moved in.

"The rooms are perfect," she said, and he felt relieved.

Mrs. Clyde didn't want tea in the Savoy, however, because it didn't have "tea music," such as she was used to hearing on visits to Germany. He took her to the Regent Palace, in Piccadilly, which he remembered for its waltzes, and she enjoyed her tea very much. She nodded to the rhythm of the violins playing "The Blue Danube" and ordered a second round of sandwiches and pastries.

They laughed about the pastries they were eating, the Sikh in the club, my father's Sikh grandmother, and why he liked women with long hair, and about how Mrs. Clyde had such thick hair for her age that most acquaintances didn't believe it was natural until she had them pull it. It dawned on him then that she was just a joyous, outgoing creature, who enjoyed everything—enjoyed her food, enjoyed talking, enjoyed asking questions.

MY father and Mrs. Clyde got to Bombay almost a month before the population conference was to begin, so that she could see something of India, as she had planned. But on the way from the airport to the Taj Mahal Hotel, where my father had reserved rooms for them, she saw from the taxi a sight that never stopped haunting her: whole families living in abandoned sewer pipes. She kept repeating in the taxi that she wished she'd stayed away from the "poverty, filth, tragedy, hell, heartbreak" that was India. When she reached her hotel room, she choked up with tears in the middle of a sentence and collapsed into a chair. "Those poor people living in sewer pipes!" she



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sobbed. "To what end? To what end? I don't know why they should be allowed to survive."

My father tried to console her, alternately sympathizing with her point of view and trying to put the poverty in some kind of understandable context for her. "The poverty here is terrible," he said. "But at the same time you should know that the sixteen-mile stretch from the airport to the hotel has some of the worst squalor in India. Not all India is like that."

"It's so hard to bear," Mrs. Clyde said. "I want to go home. I wish all the nations on earth would help to build a great big bomb to blow up this miserable world!"

She had often made this statement before. Still, he was shocked by it again, and tried, as he had previously, to tell her that life, with all its joys and sorrows, was better than extinction. But she kept on weeping and shaking her head, saying, "To what end? To what end?"

"Before you run away, we should go and see the beauty of the Moghul monuments, and the boat and mountain life of Kashmir, as we planned," my father said. "India is rich in scenic treasures and spiritual heritage. There is more to the country than what you've seen."

She wiped her eyes and started looking her cheerful self. "It would be wonderful to get out of this hell and see something else," she said.

He thanked his stars that Mrs. Clyde had come to India in October, one of the three or four best months, for a combination of Indian heat and Indian poverty might indeed have driven her back to the United States. They started making plans to leave Bombay after a day or two of rest, my father writing out an itinerary for her and explaining to her the geography of Kashmir, and of Old and New Delhi, where some of the Moghul monuments were situated.

When he saw that her mood had improved, he remarked that he didn't enjoy going anywhere without his wife, his "one and only," and that he was arranging to have my mother join them in Delhi and travel with them in India.

She made a face. He had half expected that she wouldn't cherish the idea. He had noticed that on the whole she didn't get along with the women he had met when he was with her, but sought out the company of men, as if she considered women a bore and felt she could have serious discussions only with men. Still, as a family man, he had always assumed that his wife was welcome wherever he was welcome. And didn't Mrs. Clyde accept the company of Kitty Martin as a matter of course? My father had even hoped that she might be curious about my mother and eager to meet her.

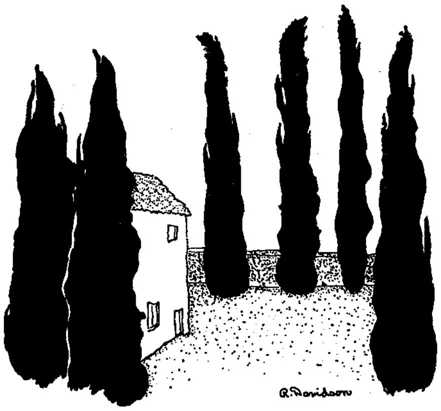
"How can you possibly pay for her?" she asked. "I thought you were a poor refugee."

"It's true that I can't afford to have her with me in Europe or America, but from what I'm earning from you now I can easily pay for her travels here. Anyway, two can live as cheaply as one in the hotels."

She made a face again but said nothing.

She's so literal-minded that she takes my being an impecunious refugee to mean that I am without any resources, he thought. He recalled that in London she had insisted on paying for a scarf he needed against the cold, saying he should save every penny of his salary or he would starve to death, like many of his countrymen. It is almost impossible to get her to understand that I'm capable of taking care of my needs, the needs of my family, he thought—that, having lived most of my life with a good salary, I cannot suddenly behave as if I were an indigent, with no confidence in tomorrow, as if I had no earning power. At the same time, he didn't want to do or say anything to give her the false impression that he was not in any need, and so jeopardize whatever help she might be able to give him. He tried another tack. "The idea of a man going about with a lady who is not his wife will not be understood in India," he said. "A Hindu can travel with a woman at his side only if she is his wife."

She laughed, as if he were making a sociological joke. "Mehta, I'm old enough to be your mother. I'm an old lady and you're my doctor. What's so difficult for anyone to understand about that?"



"But this is India," he said. "My children, in-laws, and relations will certainly not be able to understand our situation."

She was silent.

He pressed home his advantage. "I have not seen my wife for almost a year, and she must be with me."

"But she can be with us only as long as we are in India," she said firmly.

Since his financial situation made the question of my mother's travelling with them abroad academic, he said nothing.

WE were in a cabin at an auto camp in West Palm Beach. "Your mother . . . Mrs. Clyde . . . and I arrived back in Bombay . . . a few days before the population conference," my father said haltingly. His voice grew fainter and fainter; he was obviously drifting off to sleep.

I lay very still. I should let him sleep, I thought. But our time is so limited. I have to know what my mother made of Mrs. Clyde, what Mrs. Clyde made of my mother, whether Mrs. Clyde saw anything else about India besides its hellish poverty—whether she came to like India.

"But you haven't told me yet what you did in India the month between your two stays in Bombay."

"Sightseeing . . ." He was fast asleep.

In spite of several conversations in Florida about that month, my father never really succeeded in evoking it for me. Perhaps we didn't have enough time, but I now think it is more likely that for my father Mrs. Clyde in India had been a little too much to cope with. It was one thing for him to be "Mehta" and her attendant in New York and London, and even in Geneva and Cairo, where they had stopped on their way to India, for in those places he was nobody. It was quite another thing for him to be in that subservient position in India, where he was the head of the Mehta clan—the lord of his manor, as it were—and where he had a vast network of friends who admired and respected him, and had been master of a huge government department. I didn't get a full picture of what that month had been like until long after Florida, when, some months before Mrs. Clyde died, she allowed me to copy the pages of her diary concerning the time she spent with my father, and gave me permission to use them. (She kept a diary most of her life, but her executors, in accordance with her wishes, destroyed it.) Those pages have proved invaluable in reconstructing this narrative.

29 October
Maiden's Hotel, Old Delhi.

We took the 8:30 A.M. plane for Delhi, arriving at 12:30 P.M. Shanti, Mehta's attractive wife, dressed in Indian costume (they are Hindus), has joined us at Maiden's Hotel. His charming daughter Umi and her nice husband came to call on me in my suite, and I kept them to dine with us.

31 October

A wonderful day full of the beauty, charm, and horror of India. Mehta, Shanti, Umi, and I drove to Agra (4 hours) starting about 8:45 this morning. Part of what we passed looked as though we might be back in Bible days. We saw bullocks (white) in a field, walking up and down a ramp pulling water from a well in a bucket made of a water buffalo's hide. This was emptied into a narrow trough, which ran to where a man irrigated the field by throwing the water about from a broken water pitcher, the kind carried on the head. I photographed the ramp, etc.

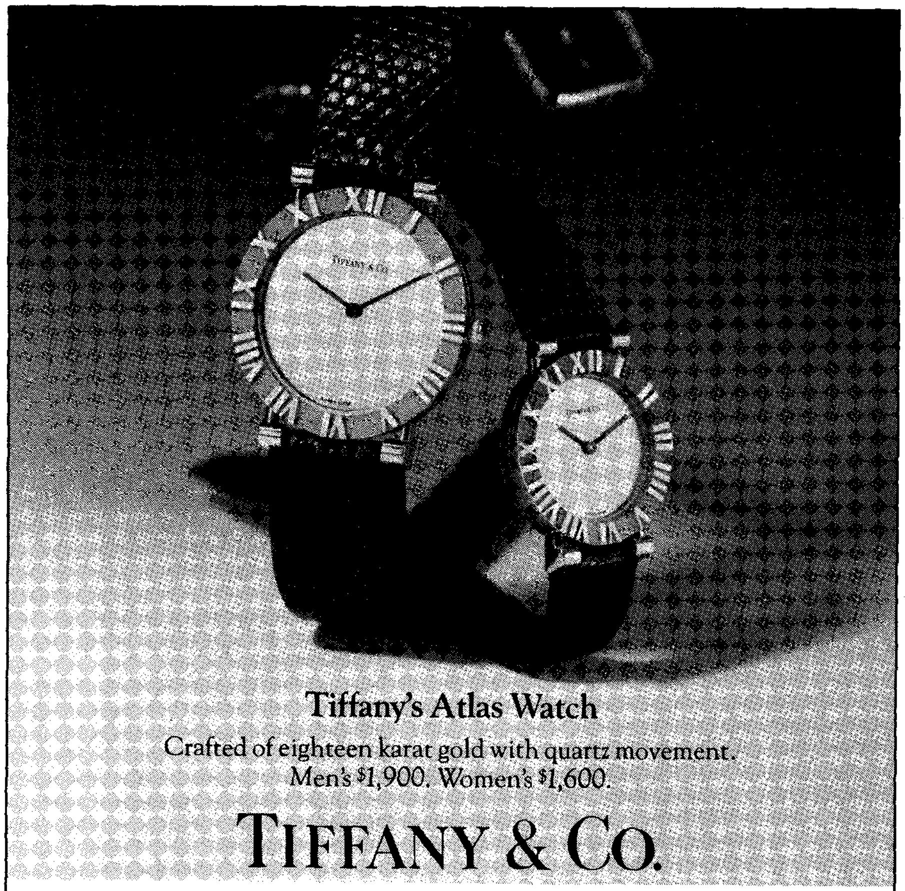
We had a rest after a good luncheon at the hotel. Then we went to the Taj Mahal at sunset. Had another rest before a good dinner. Returned to see the Taj in the moonlight before starting the long drive back to New Delhi. Very few were at the Taj at the time. I was able to sing one note under the dome and had it taken up and elaborated, as if by an angel chorus. It is uncanny indeed, and only works well if the note is a high one. Mehta tried, and his note carried on up higher, higher, higher.

1 November
Nedou's Hotel, Srinagar, Kashmir.

We walked to Dal Lake and took a very comfortable ride in a sort of river taxi called a *shikara*. We reclined on a short mattress with a straight back at one end and were propelled by a paddle through a tangled mess of houseboats, *doongas*, and other craft, between appalling banks covered with all manner of dwellings unfit for human habitation.

2 November

Unfortunately, I have what is called "hill diarrhea." I understand that the majority of those that come here are bothered with it. Am eating light. This is the best and only hotel—has practically no view. The toilets flush only spasmodically; there is very little light anywhere in the evening, due to insufficient current. It is cold at night and there is no heat in the outer dressing room or bathroom. When water runs out of the basin, it runs into an indentation in the floor under the tub, as does the tub water, and from there out through a drain! The towels one would prefer not to touch, and the beds are far from comfortable, with hard pillows! Dur-



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ing the day, when the stoves are lit, they give off too much heat.

We took a drive this morning and I made a rough pencil sketch at the lake.

5 November
Maiden's Hotel, Old Delhi.

Am immensely enjoying the comparative luxury of this hotel after the one at Srinagar.

13 November

Hungry early. Had breakfast in my room. Thomas Cook's and shopping this morning.

After luncheon, we got our visas for Indonesia, and I saw the garden where Gandhi was killed when he went there to pray. The spot is marked by a simple stone on which is carved the date and "oh, Ram" in Hindu. That is what he said when he was shot—his last words. (Ram is the name of a god.) The people quietly came to this place and removed their shoes before approaching the stone. One prayed, another picked red blossoms from the hedge nearby, to sprinkle on the stone, as others had done. I saw no woman come, but a small boy came with a man. Such simplicity, respect, reverence, and, I think, affection. I believe it would have pleased and touched Gandhi.

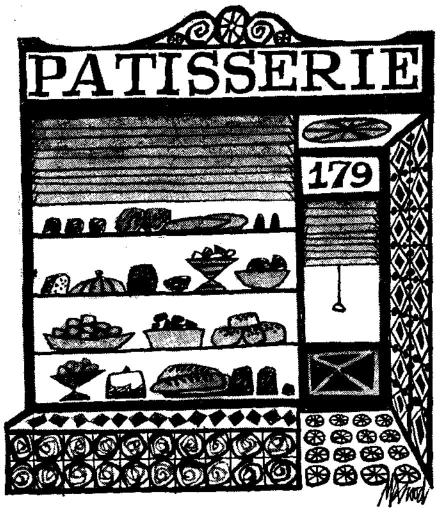
Had made a beautiful dressing gown out of half a bedspread I bought this morning.

16 November

Early this morning, Mehta, Shanti, and I drove to Qutb Minar, the famous minaret Tower, one of the architectural wonders of India. It has been called the most perfect tower in the world. It has stood about a thousand years. Afterwards, we visited an Indian village. Mehta and I took a variety of photos, among them ones of "holy men" who were truly appalling.

Aside from Bombay and the trip to Agra, Mrs. Clyde went only to Delhi and Srinagar, but on the whole the Indian pages of the diary bear the stamp of a person who makes a business of being on perpetual vacation. Much space is devoted to straightening out reservations bungled by travel agents; getting visas; going out to airports, for which a lot of extra time is allowed, in case the car has a puncture or there are long lines at the ticket counters; settling into hotels; confirming air tickets for the next leg of the journey. At one point, she decides that she wants to travel home via Thailand, Fiji, and Australia. Reservations have to be applied for, waited for, checked. Some are not available. Then she hears that Bangkok is hot and humid and full of mosquitoes. She decides that she never wanted to go to Thailand anyway. Now a new itinerary is drawn up, via Rome, Geneva, and Nice, Bermuda and Florida. That, too, is revised, and the trips to Florida and Bermuda are put off until after a rest in New York. New reservations have to be made. And, whichever way she goes, there is always the question of hotel accommodations. Throughout, she observes and comments on the hotel service, the food, the beds, and what she sees on the street below.

From what my family members recall of her visit, her daily routine while travelling was fairly simple. When she wasn't writing postcards or shopping, she was taking snapshots of scenes such as porters standing at train stations and men on the roadside cleaning people's ears or actually performing cataract operations. She looked through American newspapers when they were available, and enjoyed following the adventures of comic-strip characters. She sometimes fell asleep during the day with the newspaper open in front of her, but she stayed awake at night—a night owl, she called herself. She had a friend or two in every port of call. Most of the friends were Americans involved in some kind of "humanitarian" work. She enjoyed surprising them. She hardly ever accepted hospitality from them; it was simpler for her to have them for a meal at her hotel. The talk at these meals was of other friends or of her guests' financial, medical, or family problems—very rarely about what was happening in the world. Letters were forwarded to her from other friends, concerning similar problems, and in response, as often as not, she sent a check, usually earmarked for a specific thing—new dentures or eyeglasses, say—because she liked to feel she was alleviating a particular need. She began confiding in my father and discussing with him the little, specific needs that her guests and other friends, consciously or unconsciously, brought up. He was careful not to curb by word or gesture any of her generous impulses.



One day, he told me, he drove Mrs. Clyde in his car, an old Vauxhall, to see the house he was building. The government had given refugees compensation of ten per cent in kind for property lost in Pakistan, and had cleared certain areas for the establishment of refugee colonies. My father had obtained a plot of land in one such colony and had got his brother Romesh, an architect, to design the house. The second story was being worked on when he and Mrs. Clyde pulled up in front.

"How can you afford to build a house?" she asked. He admitted that he didn't have enough money at the moment to finish it, and she started scolding him for building a house in the first place. He explained to her that because of the way he had obtained the land from the government it was cheaper in the long run for him to build a house than to rent one, and that, anyway, without a roof over one's head in India one could very easily be sucked down into the vortex of poverty.

She then noticed a man who was camping out on the property to keep an eye on the construction, and my father told her he was the one servant the family still had in its employ.

"What extravagance!" she exclaimed. "A man in your position shouldn't waste any money on such luxuries."

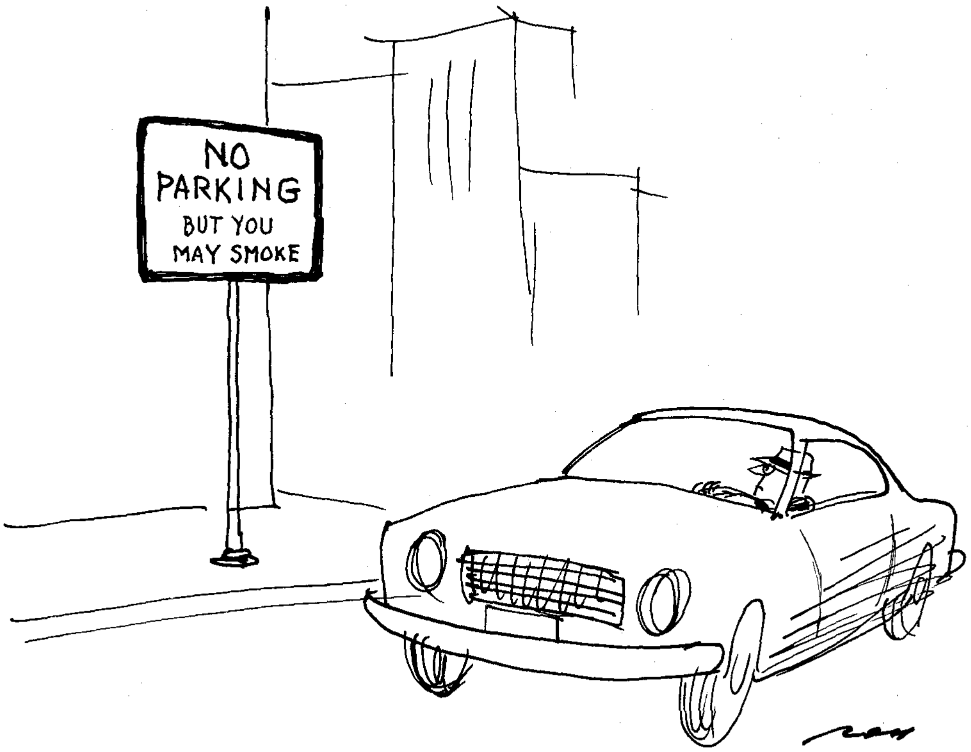
"Here we do not have labor-saving devices like vacuum cleaners, dishwashers, and washing machines, or conveniences like hot running water, supermarkets, and good public transportation—all of which are taken for granted in American cities," he said. "For a man of my class, you might say, a servant, like this car we are sitting in, is almost a necessity."

"But you're a poor refugee."

He couldn't get her to see that, however poor he was, he still had ambitions for his family.

"I don't like being here at this house," she said. "Why did you bring me?"

He recalled that expeditions she made with him to his club and his office, which he had thought would help her to picture his life before retirement, had made her equally impatient. It was almost as if she wanted him to be an orphan, without a family, without a former life, and without ambitions—to be completely dependent on her. He felt discouraged, and quickly drove her back to the hotel.



Later that day, however, when he mentioned the expense of my education, she seemed very sympathetic. He realized that she had to be able to understand a situation and take an emotional interest in it in order to respond to it—that her sympathy was more easily engaged for someone who was sick or handicapped, who had a particular problem that she thought could be solved with money, than for someone who, like him, was struggling to keep his head above water and to make something of his family.

Throughout her travels in India, Mrs. Clyde was careful to speak to my mother, who knew very little English, slowly and in simple sentences, and frequently complimented her on her small store of English words and phrases. At one point, she admired my mother's Kashmiri shawl and wanted to get one like it. My mother took her shawl off and presented it to Mrs. Clyde. At first, Mrs. Clyde resisted, but then she put it around her shoulders as if she meant to keep it as a souvenir of their friendship. Nevertheless, it would be hard to imagine two women more different. My mother remembers that when Mrs. Clyde saw her knitting, ironing, sewing, or embroidering in the sitting room of a hotel suite she would ask how my mother had the patience for such things. When she saw my mother eating pickled chilies in the restaurant, she wanted to know how she could bear to eat such hot food. But her questions were rhetorical. My mother, for her part, found Mrs. Clyde and her ways completely mystifying. Except for her canes, she seemed never to have anything in her hands—no knitting or sewing needle, no embroidery frame. She was supposed to be rich, but she wore costume jewelry, like a poor woman, and, what was worse, it *looked* like costume jewelry. She had creases in her aged face, but she seemed to wander around the world as if she were young. She lounged in the sitting room, not only with her head uncovered in front of the menfolk but also while she coiled strands of her hair around small cylinders—the like of which my mother had never seen—until her whole head of hair was bunched up tightly around her scalp. Then, when she removed the cylinders, she had little curls all over her head, like a schoolgirl. She talked to my father as an equal—as if she were another man—and she talked and talked and talked, seemingly without taking a breath, as if she never stopped to think.

When my mother aired some of her bewilderment to my father, he tried to explain to her that women in the West tended to be more interested in intellectual pursuits than in domestic ones, and did not attach the same importance to gold and silks that women in the East did; that the fairer skin of Westerners tended to wrinkle more, and Mrs. Clyde was, after all, seventy-three; that women in the West, instead of covering their heads, took pride in showing off their hair to men. But he had to acknowledge that when it came to talking he had met few—women or men—who were Mrs. Clyde's match.

BETWEEN meals and after meals on that Christmas trip in Florida, in the car and in hotels, whenever my father and I could snatch time for a conversation, he continued the remarkable story of himself and Mrs. Clyde. They returned to Bombay and the Taj Mahal Hotel a few days before the opening of the population conference, on November 24th. My mother was with them, and before they had even settled into the hotel my sister Nimi arrived, covered with soot, having endured a thirty-hour train journey from Jamshedpur, in Bihar, where she was doing social work among the laborers in a steel plant. "The more the merrier," Mrs. Clyde said to my father.

Most of the time in Bombay, my father, my mother, Nimi, Mrs. Clyde, and my brother Om, who was studying marine engineering there, went around like a happy family. He sometimes felt that he was looking after his widowed mother, just as he had actually done for thirty-three years. At a special table my father had secured in one of the Taj Mahal's restaurants, they ate, laughed, and talked about Mrs. Clyde's Indian experiences. Everything about the strange country and its strange customs and attitudes—the condition of the poor, the position of servants, the caste system, the antagonism between Muslims and Hindus, the effects of the Partition—had to be repeatedly explained to her. Whatever her questions, whatever their answers, she always ended up laughing, as if she had never known adversity, as if she asked questions for the sake of asking them. Her laughter touched off laughter in the others. It seemed that the whole point of talking was to try to bring everyone around to her benign point of view—to what she called her "philosophy." She would often finish a

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discussion with one of her verses from "Horse Sense":

> Forgiveness! What nonsense! There's
> nothing to forgive.
> Our thoughts and actions are not free
> one moment while we live.
> Heredity, environment, experience,
> these three
> *Give all the freedom that there is on*
> *earth for you and me—*
> *Freedom* from all responsibility.

Or

> What is sin? Now at last 'tis known
> That what man does he *must.*
> Heredity, environment, experience—
> *then dust.*

Then Mrs. Watumull and Margaret Sanger arrived for the conference with a friend named Georgea Furst, and my father had to divide his attention between them and Mrs. Clyde. Mrs. Watumull did not like her room. My father, who had made friends with the manager, got him to change it. Mrs. Sanger had had two heart episodes on her way to the conference and needed some medicine, and he got it for her. Miss Furst didn't know that there was total prohibition in Bombay, and asked for a drink. My father took her on a wild search through the offices and bazaars, in an attempt first to get her a drinking permit that foreigners were entitled to and, when that failed, to get her an unadulterated bottle of gin from a bootlegger.

Finally, the conference started. They all attended the sessions and listened to the reports of delegates from various parts of the world, but Mrs. Clyde was visibly bored. It was soon evident that she was not interested in speeches or in the fine points of population control. The conference was just an occasion to travel and to support the cause of a friend. Still, she did like to be in the middle of whatever was going on.

At one point, Mrs. Watumull was having tea with Mrs. Clyde and my father at one of the hotel's restaurants after a conference session, and she happened to mention his prize-winning population essay.

"I think you told me about your population essay, but I have never read it," Mrs. Clyde said. "I want to see it." She added, "Now is the accepted time."

My father didn't have a copy of the essay in Bombay, but Mrs. Watumull did, and fetched it.

Mrs. Clyde closeted herself in her room for an hour, then emerged with the essay, saying, "It's wonderful. I have a brain wave." "Brain wave," my father had realized, was her term for a dramatic inspiration, and he prepared himself for anything—anything at all. She went on, "I must have a copy of this essay in the hands of every conference delegate by tomorrow morning."

"Now, now, now," my father said. "That is out of the question. It's almost seven o'clock now."

"There has to be a way," she said. "In this big city, there's bound to be a printer who will help us out."

Once she'd had a brain wave, there was no stopping her. The only idea he could come up with was to take her and the essay to the newspaper offices of the *Times* of India. A man in charge informed them that the printing section was closed, and said they should come back the next day. She was disappointed, but the mere act of having gone there made her feel that the project was under way.

In the morning, my father was tied up with the conference, but Nimi returned to the *Times* with Mrs. Clyde. The manager of the printing section told them he couldn't do the job in a hurry, and directed them to the printing shop of the Commercial Printing Press. It undertook the job.

Back at the hotel, when my father heard the price Mrs. Clyde was paying—a hundred and sixty-six rupees—he said he thought it was exorbitant.

"What is thirty-five dollars?" Mrs. Clyde said. "In America, it would be ten times that."

The pamphlets arrived the following morning, beautifully printed. My father and mother, Nimi, Mrs. Clyde, and Miss Furst carried the bundles down to the conference, and Mrs. Watumull had them distributed. Mrs. Clyde was very happy. She felt she had made a valuable contribution to the conference, and was confirmed in this opinion when delegates started lining up to get my father's autograph.

On leaving Bombay, my father and Mrs. Clyde went to Rome, Geneva, and Paris, and then back to London and the Savoy. There he redoubled his efforts to find something else to do, for Mrs. Clyde had paid him his salary and he had some foreign exchange to help get himself established. He still had it in mind to move the family to London.

Indeed, in New Delhi he had got his friend the British High Commissioner to stamp the passport of each member of the family "For Immigration to England." His Indian medical degree was registered with the British General Medical Council, and its number, 969424, was almost as familiar to him as his telephone or club-membership numbers. He now scanned the *British Medical Journal* for advertisements of medical practices for sale, and studied the real-estate pages of newspapers. He went to Lloyd's Bank in Pall Mall to explore the possibility of getting a loan. The manager assured him that that would not be a problem. He bought a gray coat, a blue suit, black shoes, a new felt hat, and a new umbrella, and walked the familiar London streets in his new clothes, imagining what it would be like to be a London doctor, with my mother perhaps serving as his receptionist and nurse.

A friend introduced him to an Indian doctor who was looking for an assistant. The Indian doctor at once offered him the job, but the doctor's clinic was forty miles outside London and he wanted my father to begin immediately. My father told the doctor that he wasn't a young bachelor who could just get a room somewhere and start working—he needed time to get Mrs. Clyde back to New York and to go home to Delhi and wind things up there. He had no time to explore alternatives: after three days in London, he and Mrs. Clyde were on a plane bound for New York.

In New York, Mrs. Clyde wanted him to stay on with her as her guest through Christmas and the New Year. My father asked her if he could fly to California and spend Christmas with me. She reminded him of her brain wave of inviting me to Florida. He wanted to revise the plan. He longed to spend some time alone with me, and help me to sort out my college experiences. He wanted to have a "holiday" from her, because he was feeling the strain of her constant company and the subordination of his will to hers. He was eager to get back to London and set things in motion there. Above all, he wanted to reclaim his independence, to be his own man. He felt he had spent a lifetime pleasing bosses. But he agreed to her proposal, and arranged to move into her guest room while he was in New York, because it turned out that she had no one else to spend the Christmas holidays with.

I WAS back at college by the beginning of the new year. It seemed that for days after I left, Mrs. Clyde asked questions about me: How could my father possibly have allowed me to come alone to this country at such an early age? What would happen to me if I got sick? Who would pay the hospital bills? Who would look after me? How did he think I could possibly manage to keep up with my studies and compete with people who had eyes? What use would my studies be to me for earning a living? What would I do for my summer vacations? How could he possibly hope to pay for it all? When the questions were about my habits of work, she would be satisfied with his answers only until she could think up a new problem and a new question. When they were about finances, she couldn't be satisfied with his answers at all.

"What will happen if you should die?" she asked. "Who will take care of Ved? Where will he get the money even to fly home?"

"I'm not going to die."

"How can you say that? How can anyone say that? Look at Ben Marsh."

When she returned to Winter Park after seeing me off to college from Jacksonville, she discovered that he had died just a few hours before. Although Mrs. Clyde had known for some time that he was on his deathbed, she burst into tears, and for many days after that she would suddenly start to cry, thinking about him, and she did so then.

My father comforted her as best he could. "One has to look at the bright side of things. If I had thought negatively, I could not have raised a family at all."

"What's the bright side of having a blind child in college you can't pay for?"

"Something will turn up. It always does. Just a few years ago, who would have thought that we would have a roof over our heads again, and in New Delhi, or that I would get the bank job, or meet you and be on my feet again, so to speak?"

"But you could die tomorrow."

"I wouldn't enjoy living if I worried about dying all the time."

So the argument went on. Back in New York, my father made arrangements to sail for England on the S.S. United States and spend some time looking more deeply into the possibility of moving to London. The evening before he was to leave, as he was busy packing in the guest room of Mrs. Clyde's apartment, she asked him to come into the living room for a "business talk."

When he entered the living room, he saw that she had spread all around her her diary, her checkbook, and an assortment of papers. As soon as he sat down, she picked up the legal pad that she usually had near her, and said, "I've had a brain wave. I'd like to make a contribution to Ved's education. Do you know of a nonprofit organization for the blind through which I could do it?"

He was thrilled, but also puzzled. The term "nonprofit organization" was unfamiliar to him, but as they talked he came to understand that she would make a contribution only if she could get a tax deduction for it, and the only contributions that were tax-deductible were those made to nonprofit or charitable organizations. He mentioned the American Foundation for the Blind, with which I'd had some dealings.

She placed a call to Dwight Rogers, her lawyer and investment counsellor, and had a long conversation with him, then turned back to my father. "Dwight is going to look into it, and he'll have an answer for us by tomorrow," she said. "Now I want to turn to another matter. You know you are very valuable to me as my companion-physician." The phrase, though less grand than "court physician," sounded more friendly to his ears. She said that it was too bad he lived so far away; she wished he could be in America all year round.

He said that if wishes were horses beggars would ride, but that, of course, he had a big family and a lot of family obligations in India. She said she was a little frightened about not having some kind of companion for her old age. Yet she didn't want to make a permanent arrangement with anybody—she could die the next day, and then her estate would be encumbered.

As she talked, it became clear to him that she wanted a loose arrangement with him for a good portion of the year. He very diplomatically told her that that would be impossible for him, because he still hoped to practice medicine in London. In truth, he had come to realize that three or four months on the job with her was the most he could ever spend and still keep his mental equanimity. He could tell from her face that she was unhappy. "What about your coming back in June and travelling with me for two or three months?" she said. "I'm sure you'd be happy to get out of that terrible Indian heat."

"Indian heat is something really terrible," he said, recalling that in the British days he and the whole family had escaped as a matter of course to a cool hill station for the summer. But now he couldn't afford to go to a hill station, and the Indian heat took such a toll of his health that he often worried about its shortening his life. Coming out in June would be a godsend, in more ways than one.

"You know, Mehta, every summer I get hay fever. This summer, I'd like to try out the Swiss Alps and the spas and baths in Germany to see if they help in keeping it under control. Maybe going to Bermuda or Hawaii would help. You could accompany me as my companion-physician, on our usual terms."

"Whatever you say goes with me," he found himself saying. "But what about my wife, my one and only?"

"What about her?"

"She doesn't like being left alone."

"I thought you said she was looking after the education of your younger children and keeping your home going."

That was true. Someone had to stay at home to look after things. "But she says that at our age we should live together."

"How can you? I thought you needed to save money. How can you pay for an air ticket for her, and pay for her hotels in Europe?"

He thought of saying, "Two can live almost as cheaply as one," but then he realized that that was not true in the West. Of course, as a rich woman, she could have invited him and his wife, and if he had been an American doctor he might have insisted that his wife travel with them. But an American doctor would have had some reserves at his back; he would have negotiated from a position of strength. My father had no reserves, nothing at his back, and so he didn't feel he was in a position to insist. He was beginning to realize that his friendship with Mrs. Clyde was of such a nature now that if she said she needed him he could not say no, any more than a practicing doctor can refuse to treat a patient—even a hypochondriac—who comes to him for help. After all, she was just arranging to pay for some of my education. (Years later, when I learned about this conversation from my father, I was horrified at the connection between her offering to give me help and her asking him to work for her. But my father reassured me, saying that if I'd been a witness to the conversation I would have realized that she had already decided to contribute to my education and was treating the two matters as separate issues—that it was not in her character to make one arrangement dependent on the other.)

"If you agree, I can write a check right now for your return ticket to New York," she was saying. "Now is the accepted time."

"Whatever you say goes with me," he said again. As it happened, after a great deal of struggle he had landed himself two lecture assignments. One, with the Associated Clubs of Topeka, Kansas, was for a lecture tour of its "knife-and-fork clubs" from mid-October to mid-November, and the other, with the University of Minnesota concert-and-lecture service, was for a series of lectures from early January to early February of 1954. He had been hesitating about accepting these engagements, not because they would involve a frantic schedule of travel in small planes and buses but because most of the fee of fifty or sixty dollars a lecture would be swallowed up by the airfare from New Delhi to America and back, and he would have no place to stay, nothing to do, between the two lecture tours. He now discussed the whole subject with Mrs. Clyde. She decided that the minimum time he should work for her abroad was three months, and told him that he could stay with her as a guest whenever he was at loose ends in America. Now his airfare to America would be paid, and his board and lodging between the lecture tours would be taken care of. He would be able to save much of the lecture money. It would mean perhaps postponing the London-practice idea. But it was a bird in the hand.

"I may often go to Europe," she was saying. "But I don't want to make any commitments for more than a year, because who knows? I could die tomorrow. And how would my executors know what my arrangements were? Anybody could come and make any claim. I don't want to burden them."

"That suits me very well," he said. "I want to remain a free agent."

She picked up her checkbook to write him a check for an air ticket, but he told her that he could not accept a check from her, because no Indian was allowed to keep dollars in India. It was settled that in the spring she would cable him an open-return ticket. She would arrive in Geneva on June 24th, and he would arrange to arrive a day or so earlier, so that he could receive her at the airport.

ON the day my father was to sail for Southampton on his way back home, the telephone rang in my room at college. Instead of just my father calling to say goodbye, as I had expected, both he and Mrs. Clyde were on the phone from New York. My father said in an excited voice that Mrs. Clyde had something to read to me.

"Yes," Mrs. Clyde said. "Your father and I and the lawyers and nice Mr. Barnett, of the American Foundation for the Blind, have been busy working on a letter that will be going out tomorrow. The letter is about you, and I thought you'd like to know what it says." She read the following letter in its entirety:

Old Fields
Huntington, Long Island
New York
January 15, 1953

American Foundation for the Blind, Inc.
15 West 16th Street
New York 11, New York

Att: Mr. Robert Barnett

Gentlemen:

I have today asked

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640 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York
Att: Mr. John Press

to segregate from my account and hold subject to your orders 80 shares of Montgomery Ward common stock. This is a gift to the American Foundation for the Blind which I hope you will use to assist blind students from India to obtain an American college education.

In using these funds I would be glad if you would help Ved Mehta finish his college education. He is a freshman at Pomona College, Claremont, California, where he is making a brilliant record. He is in great need of financial assistance to that end.

I would suggest that no beneficiary of this fund be given more than $1,500 a year in semi-annual installments. It would be perfectly satisfactory to me if you take no responsibility for disbursing the funds beyond making payments to the Dean of any college where such a student is in residence, considering it compatible with your ideas on this subject, that a receipt from the Dean should be a completely satisfactory accounting for the disbursement of the funds.

With many thanks.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Ethel Clyde

I no longer remember what words of thanks I stumbled through, but I do have a clear impression that she didn't invite thanks in any way. She almost brushed them aside, as if the act of doing something for others were sufficient thanks in itself.

MRS. CLYDE showed little interest in her family, as I discovered when I once tried to draw her out on the subject. Our conversation went like this:

"Were you born in New York City, Mrs. Clyde?"

"No, in Babylon," she said cryptically.

"Babylon where?" I asked.

"Where do you think? Babylon, Long Island."

"What were your brothers and sisters like?"

"Oh, Lord, you want to know that, too? There were eight of us, but one brother, William P., died a few days after he was born. He was the second- or third-oldest, I don't remember. I wasn't around then—I came later. The only ones that were still around when I met your father were Will and Mabel."

"What was your father like?"

"He was a very stuffy man. My cousin Louie Runk and I lost our religion after we read Darwin's 'Origin of Species.' My father used to say, 'A woman without religion is a pretty cold object.' " She laughed her hearty laugh. "But he was also fearless. I remember that a client of the Clyde lines sent his hound dog from down South to New York and the dog didn't arrive. The owner wrote to Father that he was coming to New York to 'get him.' Father went and met the man, and faced him down. He told him, 'Any time you want to "get" a man, don't notify him first, or he'll have the police present.' That was characteristic of him."

"And your mother?"

"She didn't go to college, or anything like that. She had a lot of children. She was a gentle type of person. Sweet, but nothing definite or striking one way or the other. Everyone thought her to be a little crazy in the head. But then all the Hills, her family, were a little crazy in the head."

"Did you grow up in New York City?" I asked.

"I didn't go to school, if that's what you mean—or hardly ever," she said. "I think I was sent to boarding school for one year, when I was about fourteen. I was up in New England somewhere. Until that time, I studied at home. I was a very delicate child." She laughed, as if she had trouble picturing herself as delicate.

"How did you spend your time at home then?"

"A lady came and read Chaucer aloud to me. I gave her a hard time. I also travelled a lot. I remember that when I was a little girl I saw Queen Victoria in London, going past in a big coach, and I've been travelling ever since. I used to go on cruises, but I was never on one of the Clyde lines of my father's. Never in my life. But I met my husband on one of my cruises."

I knew from an edition of *Who's Who of American Women* that she had married Ernst Gottfried Vollmer in 1907, and I asked her now about her husband.

"Why do you care about him? He's

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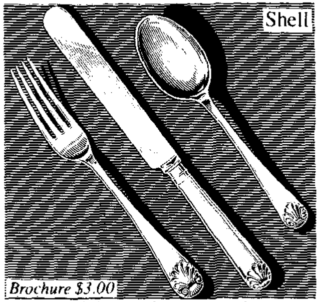

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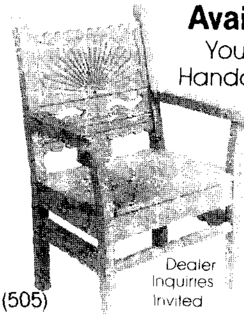


dead, and I didn't like him anyway. Can you imagine me being married to an officer in the Kaiser's Guard?"

"How old was he when you met him?"

"Do you realize that you're asking me about someone I knew forty or fifty years ago? All I remember is that when I told my father I was going to marry a German he laid down two conditions—that I wait a year, and that I learn German. I had always been the rebellious, nonconformist type. They used to call me the black sheep." She laughed. "But I decided that my father's conditions were not unreasonable, and went along with them. While I was waiting a year and learning German in Europe, my father went to see Gottfried's superior, to try to get him to dissuade Gottfried from marrying me. The superior said, 'You are a very lucky man, Herr Clyde, to have your daughter courted by Gottfried. I wish Gottfried would marry my daughter.' I got married hastily, in a civil ceremony in Potsdam, but Father didn't consider me really married yet. He wouldn't let Gottfried and me hold hands. So we went to London and had a real, proper church wedding for him. That wedding, too, was so hastily arranged—Lady Strafford had to go out and buy flowers for the church at the last minute."

"After you got married, where did you live?"

"Oh, in a huge palace of a house in Potsdam. But we weren't very happy. Gottfried was always shocked by me. He once asked me to bring him his slippers. I said, 'I'll bring one if you bring the other.' I once put on his uniform during a parade and stood out on the balcony. The officers passing below saw my uniform and saluted me, and I saluted back. That really shocked him. He was a very striking man and had many girlfriends, and our marriage broke down early. I remember at the outbreak of the First World War we were here in the United States. He wanted to go back to fight with the German Army. We had to fake or steal a passport for him, secretly buy German money, and smuggle him out of America. He was killed in 1916. I was never meant to be married to a German, or maybe to anyone else. If he hadn't died, I would have divorced him. After my marriage, I'd taken on German nationality, but since Germany had become America's enemy I wanted to become an American citizen again. There was a long legal fight, which I won. And that's when I took back the name Clyde. I never liked being called Frau Vollmer anyway. Who would?"

"Were your sons born in Germany?"

"Yes. Bill was born in 1908, and Tom in 1912. But they got their schooling here in America, at Choate. Then Tom left Princeton after two years to go to Wall Street. Bill went to Columbia and Williams. But his main interest was always flying planes. Poor boy, he was heartbroken during the Second World War, because they only let him fly transport planes—they wouldn't let him fly on the front line, because his father had been a German."

"Toby is your only grandchild?"

"Yes. But don't ask me any more questions. I'm an old lady, and all that is in the past now." She picked up the newspaper.

EVERY year or two, for twenty-five years or so, almost up to Mrs. Clyde's death, my father would find himself meeting her in Europe or America, in the most ad-hoc way imaginable, and would end up doing whatever she took it into her head for them to do for a few months—often from spring to fall, the period when she suffered from hay fever—and then return to India to recuperate from his job with her and devote himself to family concerns. As I write, I have at hand the sections of Mrs. Clyde's diary recording the months that he spent with her during the years from 1953 through 1956, when I was an undergraduate at Pomona. These pages throw some light on the kind of person Mrs. Clyde was and the kinds of things she and my father did together in those days.

She writes that on June 24, 1953, as planned, my father arrives in Geneva in good time to receive her off the plane from America. He conducts her to the hotel she knows from previous visits, and they settle in. Over the next few days, she takes a stroll and eats some delicious meals. She shops for silk chemises and looks up a couple of old friends. She notes that he has some tooth trouble and has to make visits to the dentist. She drives in a hired car to a sanatorium in Thun in search of a hay-fever cure. But Dr. and Frau Waerland, who supposedly have the cure, are at another sanatorium, in Bad Soden. She unhurriedly makes her way there by car and train. She checks into the sanatorium and, under the guidance of the Waerlands, begins a treatment of diet, exercises, and inhalations of "atomized" air containing certain medicaments. (Although my father doesn't really believe in the cures, and the life of the convalescing rich isn't natural to him, he more or less has to do whatever she does, including taking the cures. He finds himself developing a medical interest in them, however, because my mother has been asthmatic for most of their married life, and the Waerlands' cure has to do with allergic and respiratory problems.)

She flies back to America and divides her time between Gramercy Park and Old Fields. She calls this friend, sees that friend, meets her sons, has her hair done, goes for dress fittings, watches birds, does her exercises, writes letters. There are bills to be paid, house chores to sort out, doctors to be visited—for internal examinations, for blood tests, for cardiograms. She experiments with organically grown foods. She goes on expeditions to see Lady Wonder (a horse that reads minds and types) and to visit a freak museum that has on view a twenty-six-inch full-grown woman and is showing a circus of trained fleas. Her hay fever comes and goes. Every day, she checks the pollen count in the newspaper. She starts making plans to be someplace where ragweed doesn't grow, thinks that Bermuda doesn't have any ragweed, and goes there for ten days.

The next June, she returns to Europe and Bad Ems, where my father receives her. She takes the full spa cure—regular daily mineral-water baths, nose and mouth inhalations, ingestion of special mineral waters, "fango" mud-pack treatments, and massages. She takes advanced German lessons and makes my father take beginners' lessons. She visits churches, tastes local wines, has tea and cakes, and goes to outdoor concerts staged daily for patients taking the cure. She has some trouble with her neck and a shoulder and intensifies the fango treatments. She tries some homeopathic medicine for her hay fever. She mentions that my father is having dental work done, and has developed some ear and arm trouble. (The life of a convalescent has its own dynamics, and he develops some symptoms of his own. Having them treated gives him something to do, makes him participate in the business of the cure.) She takes a train to Geneva, but her luggage is misdirected to Basel. She goes to Basel and holes up for a night there. She returns to Geneva, and, after some difficulty, finds accommodations in a good hotel, and they settle in. She visits an exhibition of watches and jewelry. Her wristwatch bothers her arm; her wedding ring constricts her finger. She gets rid of both, buys a watch on a chain, and feels "freer." She takes a lesson or two in French. She gets a bad knee, and for a spell has to walk with crutches—a situation that requires special attention from my father. She takes a train to Paris and from there flies to London. Then she goes back to the United States by sea, and he flies back to India. The next two years are much the same.

Although every page of Mrs. Clyde's diary is dated, the diaries as a whole have a timeless quality, a little like that of Mann's "The Magic Mountain." Despite all the time Mrs. Clyde and my father spent together, she seems to have known as little about him as she knew about the foreigners around her; it's as if she were leading him through some intricate social dance. Indeed, when she was abroad she lived among foreigners like a prototypical American tourist—untouched and unscathed, unknowing and innocent.

It seemed to my father that since he and she had very little to do they often bickered about nothing. Once, in Bern, he recalled, they were walking to see some bears living in a pit, for which, it was said, the city was named. They passed under an arcade. "How dumb of them to have this cover overhead," she said. "It cuts off all the sun. What do you think made them put it there?"

"Rain," he said.

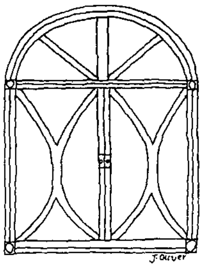
She seemed put out. "You must always say 'I think' before you speak. You should say 'I think it is because of rain,' because how can you possibly know?"

" 'I think' goes without saying," he said.

"But you didn't say 'I think'!"

He felt checkmated, and decided there was no point in arguing, but she kept on with the subject all the way to the bears in the pit.

Years later, he realized that what she had really objected to was his laconic answers, as if he weren't doing his share of carrying on a conversation. Both she and he were great talkers, but in her presence he soon started talking less, because everything he said seemed to get him into hot water. He would therefore simplify things for her benefit or sometimes try to divert her to forestall further questions, only to arouse her curiosity. She ascribed this increasingly laconic conversation to his foreignness or, as he grew older, to the onset of deafness on his part. As for him, he tried to carry the burden of conversation whenever he thought he could safely do it without involving himself in a dispute.



In addition to accompanying her everywhere and performing all sorts of personal services in the manner of, as it were, a gentleman-in-waiting, my father had many medical duties to perform for Mrs. Clyde. He had to monitor her pulse, her blood pressure, and her weight daily, consult with her doctors, review prescriptions—generally oversee the health of his patient. I used to hear from him regularly, and had several opportunities to observe for myself the personal side of his work for her, but I often wondered about the medical side of it. A long time afterward, I came upon copies of letters he regularly sent to Mrs. Clyde's New York doctors from Europe to bring them up to date on the latest treatments she was trying out—among them the titillating of the mucous membranes of the nose with an olive-shaped probe activated by a vibrating machine.

Reading such reports, more than thirty years later, still distresses me. I suppose I'll really never get over my father's being caught up for most of his retired life in the nonsense of a rich hypochondriac. Indeed, in hundreds of letters he wrote to me, and in many conversations I had with him about Mrs. Clyde, he expressed regret that after retirement he had never taken up the challenge of doing something that was more in his professional line. At the same time, he maintained that there was no feasible alternative to working for her. He constantly sought and followed up other leads, he said, but none of them seemed to hold a promise of setting the family on its financial feet. He would point out to me that his meagre financial resources made it impossible for him to pull up stakes in India and set them down in the West, for instance, and no sooner would he say this than he would get to wondering whether he was right, and start dreaming about what else he might have done. To this day, I have more or less carried on with myself the debate he carried on with himself: Was there no feasible alternative to Mrs. Clyde, or did he take the easy way out? Did he forfeit the chance to venture out on his own, or did that chance never exist? I'm also bedevilled by other questions, which I could never bring myself to discuss with him: Was the burden of my education responsible for his finding himself in such a fix, or did my being in the West and needing him actually give him a certain goal and purpose in his post-retirement years? Such questions of character and motive are hard to assess from this distance.

Could a man of his experience and worldliness not have found anything better to do than to work as a companion-physician to a rich American lady, whose ways of dealing with him he sometimes found irksome and perhaps humiliating?

If the situation with Mrs. Clyde had been presented to him as a long-term affair, he would have rejected it out of hand. He would have preferred staying in India and being "master of my fate and captain of my soul," as he liked to say, and somehow carrying on, like other refugees in his position. But, as it was, he would wake up one day in India and find a cablegram saying, "What about meeting me in Europe on such-and-such a day?" The arrangement gave him an illusion of freedom of action. It nurtured his hope of finding something more professional to do. Meanwhile, the arrangement grew and developed, almost by itself, without ei-

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ther of them ever deciding upon what it turned into. And it wasn't always a job. In America, he was, of course, always her guest and, after the first few years with her, they were on a first-name basis.

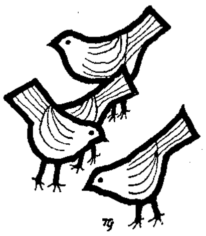
So he must have gathered fairly soon that she had a particular fondness for having him around?

But he kept on running into dozens of other friends whom she'd taken on trips to Europe, Bermuda—wherever. He always felt that they were better suited to travelling with her than he was, and that she probably preferred them to him. They were all Americans; they were altogether more on her wavelength.

Let's suppose that is all true. Then why wouldn't he have done something else in the first place, like setting up a private medical practice, and not needed to depend on Mrs. Clyde?

Set up a private practice *where*? In America? At that time, the American quota for Indians was so minuscule that it would have taken him years of waiting to be admitted, and, once he had been, he would have had to pass a battery of tests before he could be licensed. And how could he have supported himself and his family all that time?

Why not England, then? In those days, it was easy for Indians to immigrate there. He was already a member of the British Medical Association. And how avidly he studied the advertisements in the *British Medical Journal* of private practices for sale!



But after the Partition it would have meant being uprooted a second time in the space of very few years—uprooting the younger children in the middle of their schooling. And then there was the whole question of which culture they would belong to, live in, marry in, get jobs in. There was also my mother's well-being to think of. Two of my sisters were married and settled in India, with children. All her friends and relations were in India. How would she survive socially in England without knowing much English? And then there was her asthmatic condition—could she really tolerate the cold, damp English climate? Anyway, he felt that without a cushion of capital for a new life in another country the move was too hazardous.

What about the money he was starting to earn from Mrs. Clyde? Wouldn't that have been capital enough?

All the money he ever earned from Mrs. Clyde got spent as it came. He never asked for and never got an increase in his salary. And, remember, she paid him the seven hundred dollars a month only when they were travelling outside the United States. This money went a long way toward paying the bills in India, but it never did amount—never could have amounted—to much in the West.

Then was he not in earnest about settling in England at all?

Until retirement, except for three years or so in the West, his whole life had been spent in India. India was reality; settling in the West was maybe just a dream. He kept on postponing the move, procrastinating. Some of that was in character, but some of it also had to do with the difficulty of his circumstances.

Why couldn't he have set up a private practice in India?

There were some problems with that, too. In the India in which he had grown up and spent his working life, working for the government was the most respected thing you could do. The public sector dominated every aspect of the private sector. And very few of his contemporaries who had retired from the government were able to make the transition to the private sector. They simply couldn't adjust. For them, it was like moving from being members of the nobility to being commoners. And they preferred the fate of impoverished nobility to that of the money-grubbing world of the common man. Yet it had less to do with conscious snobbery than with a certain way of living and being. For instance, even the idea of sending your friends—people of your caste and subcaste and group—bills for services rendered was repugnant to an ex-government servant. In fact, many Indian doctors in private practice tended to treat their friends free of charge. And then there was the psychological aspect of his own age, which can't be emphasized enough. Every working day of his life, he must have come across evidence of how young the average Indian died compared with the average life span in the West. In part through his efforts, that average age had been raised, but when he retired it was little more than thirty. To reach the age of fifty-five in that kind of environment must have made him feel that he was really living on borrowed time. On top of everything else, the fact of retirement itself must have taken a heavy toll. He had been a very active man, with an important place in the world, whom the country had put to pasture—discarded, as it were—to wait for his own death.

Was the whole idea of private practice then just a dream?

Maybe so. It's not clear whether, deep down, he had the confidence to actually see and treat patients. After all, his entire adult life had been spent in administration, in preventive medicine, in controlling and fighting epidemics. He'd hardly ever given an injection himself or written a prescription. His medical knowledge of the treatment of individual patients was no doubt very rusty. He would almost have had to go back to the university and bone up.

But a man of his knowledge about the East and the West surely could have found some other avenue of work related to medicine?

It wasn't for the lack of trying. He looked into lots of things, like being an Indian representative of an American chemical or pharmaceutical company. His lengthy correspondence with several drug companies survives, but none of them wanted him. Perhaps the truth was that he didn't have a head for anything to do with business. He had romantic ideas about chasing money but no head for making it.

Could he have done more lecturing in America?

He used to wonder about that. But he claimed he missed his chance when he bungled an interview with a top-flight lecture agent, Lee Keedick. He balked because the agency wanted a thirty-per-cent commission, and he walked out, thinking that he would be his own agent. He used to say he was always penny-wise and pound-foolish. After that, the only lecture agencies that were interested in him were small-time bureaus in places like Kansas and Minnesota, and the lecture fees didn't amount to much more than fifty dollars. Anyway, the question comes up—lecture on what? He wasn't a scholar, he wasn't a writer or a politician, he'd never given any lectures before. He didn't have a name. About the only credentials he had for lecturing were that he had a personality, was born in India, and had general knowledge about the country—and how much mileage could you get out of that?

Is it the case, then, that he really couldn't have done anything else?

Maybe. Most of his life was spent in a society that had practically no mobility, where people's destinies were fixed, almost like little planets. It must have been hard for him even to contemplate the idea of a career very different from the one he knew.

But the career with Mrs. Clyde *was* very different.

He just fell into that.

Did he like Mrs. Clyde?

Yes, very much. She represented to him everything he'd always thought America was: generous, openhearted, accepting, ingenuous, and rich.

Then, it must have been good for him in some way to be with her. There must have been many positive things about their relationship.

Yes, there were. Being with her in Europe and America provided him with an escape from the demoralizing, brutal Indian reality. Thanks to Mrs. Clyde, for a few months of the year he had the luxury of living in five-star hotels in cool climates, eating light, healthful meals, being free from petty Indian jealousies and backbiting—living in clean and restful conditions. Being with her must also have provided him with temporary relief from daily family cares and wants. It probably prolonged his life by twenty years or more. The truth may be that he was always pulled by the magnetic poles of East and West—his Indian background and a deep attachment to his mother and his family, on the one hand, and his Western education and his love of the Western life, on the other. The job with Mrs. Clyde allowed him to divide himself between the two worlds and be nourished by both, as if he were a man of private means.

So I keep on debating, as it were, the ifs and cans and might-have-beens. In retrospect, my father's association with Mrs. Clyde seems inevitable. But, then, in retrospect things always do.

—VED MEHTA

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THE THEATRE

Chess Games

"CHESS," the new British import (American edition) at the Imperial—idea and lyrics by Tim Rice, score by Benny Andersson and Björn Ulvaeus, book by Richard Nelson—opens with a prologue, set in Budapest in 1956. Soldiers rush through the streets shooting, there are shouts and yells, and, in an underground shelter, a little girl is taken away from her father. The first act is set in the Bangkok Hilton, at the present time, I guess, where the first game of an international chess match is about to start. The contenders are Freddie and Anatoly, an American and a Russian. At the table, in the midst of play, Freddie, who, Mr. Rice has said, is loosely modelled on Bobby Fischer and John McEnroe, starts a row. Florence, his very pretty second, tries to smooth things over with Anatoly, and they fall in love. Thus the springboard for the plot. In the second act, the match continues in Budapest, and we find out that Florence was the little girl in the shelter back in '56—a fact that proves of use to the devious Russians, what with hints of defection by Anatoly in the air. Enough of this, except to note that there is a great deal of plot.

I must say that, to my surprise, I enjoyed "Chess" quite a lot—partly, I suppose, because of the law of low expectations; it certainly sounded like yet another transatlantic glacier. But also because the performances, by an American company, under the direction of Trevor Nunn, of the Royal Shakespeare Company, are lively and credible and often humorous; Mr. Rice is an expert, experienced lyricist, and the score by the two Swedish composers—imitation American rock at first hearing—is certainly serviceable. Most important, the acting of the three principals—Judy Kuhn as Florence, David Carroll as Anatoly, and Philip Casnoff as Freddie—is of a strength that goes beyond musical comedy, and their singing, even with that deafening amplification, is pretty wonderful, too. They are very well supported by Harry Goz, Marcia Mitzman, Dennis Parlato, Neal Ben-Ari, and Paul Harman. The scenery—a turntable and floating panels and all kinds of production confections—was designed by Robin Wagner and lighted by David Hersey, and the costumes were designed by Theoni V. Aldredge.

A NEW musical comedy, "Lucky Stiff," at Playwrights Horizons, turns out to be more foolish than comic, the discipline and other requirements for farce being as stringent as they are, and the show almost drowns in amplification. (That bee certainly flourishes in my bonnet, but the small theatre seats only about a hundred and fifty people, and it should be possible to tell who is doing the singing or talking without having to glance wildly around the stage, hands half over ears.) Nevertheless, there is some fun to be had. The book, by Lynn Ahrens (who also wrote the lyrics), is adapted from a novel called "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," and tells the story of a poor shoe salesman in London who inherits the fortune of an uncle he has never seen on condition that he take the corpse with him to Monte Carlo for a vacation that the old man longed for and never had. The spectacle of Ron Faber, dead and flabby in a wheelchair, being pushed around by every passerby is a source of great pleasure. All the actor-singers, doubling and tripling, do well (allowing for the usual slippage in Cockney accents by American performers). Best of all, though, is the music, even through the electronic din; the composer is Stephen Flaherty, and his songs, melodic and refreshing, are the real thing. This show won last year's Richard Rodgers Development Award. The pleasing sets, costumes, and lighting were designed by Bob Shaw, Michael Krass, and Beverly Emmons.

"EMILY," at the Manhattan Theatre Club, is so dull and conventional in outlook that it would be tempting just to skip it if it were not for the presence, in the title role, of Lisa Banes, who is always interesting to watch, and of Brian Kerwin, who gives a fine performance opposite her. Miss Banes plays a stockbroker whose success in business all but unsexes her, and who has a sporadic, intense affair with a young actor, which, perforce, comes to nothing. Heidi Landesman's settings, a series of handsome photographs of this city projected on blank walls, give the show a patina of stylishness it doesn't deserve.

—EDITH OLIVER

In Concert and Out of It

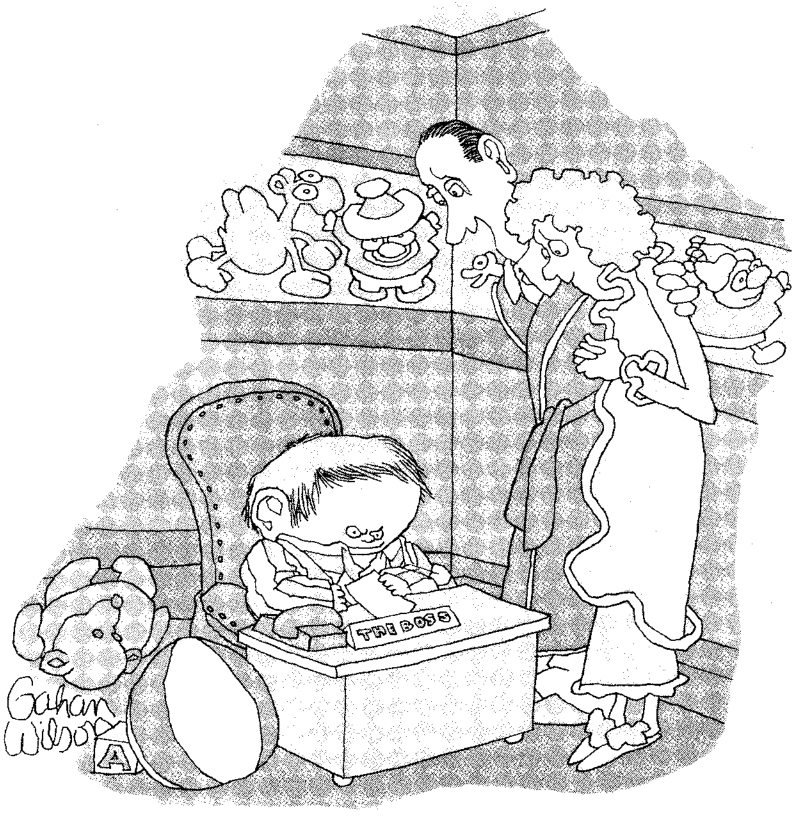
MORE than most opening nights, the opening of "Michael Feinstein in Concert," at the Lyceum Theatre, had the feeling of a very large party. At an opening, one is always surrounded by "friends" of the production, but here, possibly because of the size of the theatre (rather small), because of Feinstein's nervous chatter (acknowledging his "Yiddishe mama" in the audience), or because of the chattily overinformative program notes, one felt oneself to be among family—not Feinstein's own but the community of those who love old songs and the people who wrote them. The Lyceum is an in-between sort of venue—wide for a proscenium theatre but too small to have housed many big, glitzy musicals—and Feinstein suggests as much at the beginning of his show. (He is an accomplished historian of musical theatre, having been Ira Gershwin's archivist and amanuensis for six years before the lyricist's death, in 1983.) He himself can hardly point out that he is also something of an in-between phenomenon: a cocktail pianist who has never really had to *be* a cocktail pianist (not for long, anyway), who charges thirty-five thousand dollars to play at parties (the *Playbill* tells you this), and who by the time he was thirty-one had cut three albums, played the Algonquin and the Hollywood Bowl, toured with Liza Minnelli, and (in the words of the *Playbill*) achieved "international acclaim."

The cocktail pianist's art is very much a background art. It's commissioned sound, hired by the hour to fill the space between units of drink and conviviality; accordingly, cocktail pianists fall into two groups: those whose intrusion on conversation can be tolerated (or ignored) and those whose style is so compelling that a roomful of people falls quiet when they begin to sing. Feinstein has never been put to that test in New York. When he burst on the scene, in January of 1986, it was to play in the Oak Room of the Algonquin, and he quickly became the hotel's principal draw. This followed a successful stint playing the West Coast circuit, which had itself followed his apprenticeship to Gershwin and the late composer Harry Warren, who wrote the scores for such movie musicals as "Forty-second Street" and "The Harvey Girls." That Feinstein's cabaret-style material makes the transition to theatre as gracefully as it does is a tribute to the modesty of his musicianship. The hallmark of his style is its purity. Where other crooners attempt to put their own stamp on a popular song, Feinstein lets the song speak for itself, never upstaging a selection or putting himself forward unless it is to heighten a mood or feeling—as when he allows a spectre of deadly seriousness to emerge in "Be Careful, It's My Heart" or flirts with the syncopation in "Taking a Chance on Love." What comes across is measured sincerity—no relation to the oozing earnestness one has learned to expect from show-biz personalities.

The concert at the Lyceum, which runs through June 12th, consists primarily of songs of the twenties, thirties, and forties—mostly show tunes. There's a Gershwin section, a Berlin section, and a Warren section. Sometimes Feinstein performs solo, accompanying himself on a concert grand; sometimes he is backed up by a six-piece band led by Elliot Finkel, who also supports him on a second piano; sometimes the band takes over completely, and so leaves Feinstein free to move about the stage indulging in such endearing theatrics as dancing, perching on top of the piano, and propping up the proscenium arch. Among the show's high points are a duelling-pianos rendition of Great Moments from Broadway Overtures (performed with Mr. Finkel), a rousing "Lullaby of Broadway," and a sing-along version of "Lydia, the Tattooed Lady." Feinstein's knowledge of the genre is exhaustive: He knows all the songs *and* their intros. Thus, the program becomes a meeting place for the timeless and the charmingly dated. There are hit songs from forgotten musicals, songs that were cut from hit musicals, even samples of great songwriters' bad juvenilia. Given the extent of Feinstein's repertoire, half the artistry of putting together a show like this must lie in the process of selection. In general, his taste is flawless: he knows just how much of Noël Coward's "Sail Away" to give us (veering off on another tack before the lyrics become pompous and maudlin), and, wisely, tends to perform the better-known songs in medley, reserving the mock big-production-number technique for curiosities. Only once in the course of the evening does his judgment seem to falter—with an excerpt from "Never-Never Land." Feinstein's is a gift for bringing sentiment to whimsicality and making the whimsical sentimental. For a song that is both whimsical and sentimental he can do nothing.

UNQUESTIONABLY, the fact that Michael Feinstein's concert was attended by so comparatively little hype made it doubly easy to enjoy. I sometimes wonder if the producers and press agents who court coverage of their shows have any idea how quickly a feature article in the Sunday *Times* Arts and Leisure section can kill one's interest in a subject. (The *Times* has a way of investing theatrical events with an importance out of all proportion to common sense.) In the case of the Glenda Jackson/Christopher Plummer "Macbeth," the negative publicity surrounding the production had a perversely positive effect: all those gossipy articles about backstage rivalry and turmoil—the reports of Miss Jackson's high-handed way with journalists—only made you eager to see the thing. (Could anything really be in that much trouble?) How characteristic of Broadway that it should prove unable to live up to even negative expectation.

The Jackson-Plummer "Macbeth" at the Mark Hellinger Theatre is not, as one might have thought, gigglemakingly bad, merely numbingly boring and pedestrian. It's essentially what a friend of mine calls "stay-awake Shakespeare"—a production huffing and puffing with hirsute, manly men who occasionally shout their lines to prod some poor drifting codger back into consciousness. Patricia Zipprodt has clad the company in earth tones. The all-purpose, unit set, designed by Daphne Dare, is static and unimaginative, a throwback to the early sixties, when stylization itself—and not the stylized evocation of anything in particular—was thought to be sophisticated. Macbeth and Banquo come onstage chatting amicably, more like tennis partners than like comrades-in-arms fresh from the heat of battle (Mr. Plummer seems truly dressed in "borrowed robes"—his grandmother's furs, I would guess); the murder of Banquo is carried out in utter darkness; and the soldiers march in place waving staves back and forth to simulate Birnam



"He likes it."

Wood coming to Dunsinane. Plummer gives us an endlessly amiable Macbeth, all consternation and ingratiating smiles, and recites the dagger speech like an audition piece. It's hard to imagine how anyone so ordinary could commit something as provocative as regicide. Jack Gwillim's King, meanwhile, is more Polonius than Duncan, a very parody of a stage monarch (the useless old duffer—you're glad to see him go!), just as Jeff Weiss makes the Porter seem more like a Borscht Belt Mercutio. (Mr. Weiss is also cast as First Witch and Second Murderer—an unwise decision, for he is an inveterate ham, and every time he opens his mouth you want to laugh.) Although Kenneth Frankel, who is credited with "Original Direction," Zoe Caldwell, who is credited with "Additional Direction," and Robin Phillips, who is credited with no direction at all, all worked on the production, no one seems to have spared a thought for the character of Macbeth. Instead, the object seems to have been to hot up the production with sex: there's a good deal of touchy-feely stuff between Mr. Plummer and Miss Jackson, who keeps running her hands up and down her own flanks. The witches, too, frequently seem to be having a sexual experience, and at the end of the sleepwalking scene Miss Jackson appears to be giving birth. Of the weird women present, she is certainly the weirdest. Throughout the evening, she seems to suffer from intermittent bouts of nausea. It's the leitmotiv of her performance, culminating at the end of the banquet scene, when she throws up on the table. Astonishingly, in spite of these and other antics, Miss Jackson's is the only performance—apart from Paul Shenar's Banquo—to register. I suppose the saddest thing about this production is that, for all its mediocrity, it still offers something New Yorkers are not accustomed to: moments when one can take pleasure in listening to Shakespeare intelligently delivered—or, at any rate, correctly read. —MIMI KRAMER

•

Adjunct Assistant English Professor Judith Moffet described Updike's style as "accessible," citing his 1981 novel *Rabbit is Rich.* In that novel, a rabbit turns into a Toyota salesman.—*Carol Vinzant in the Daily Pennsylvanian, newspaper of the University of Pennsylvania.*

Accessible and a touch eccentric, perhaps.

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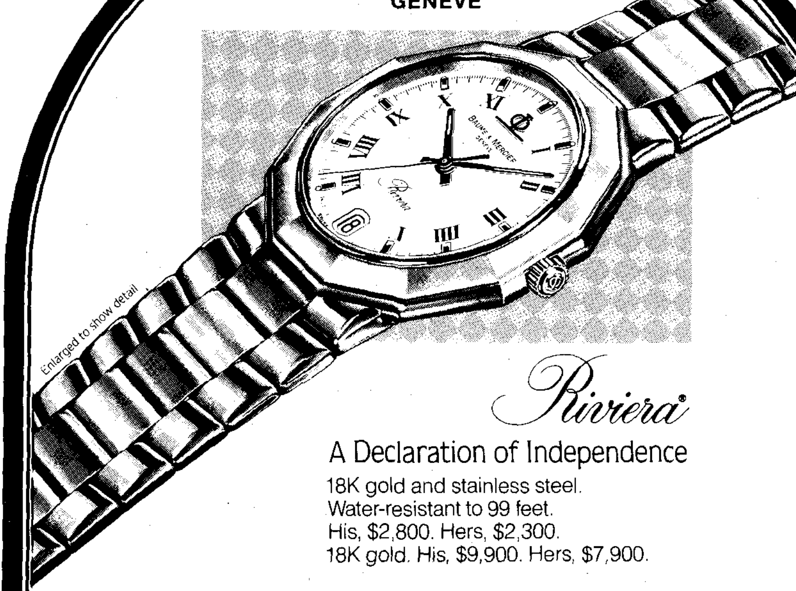

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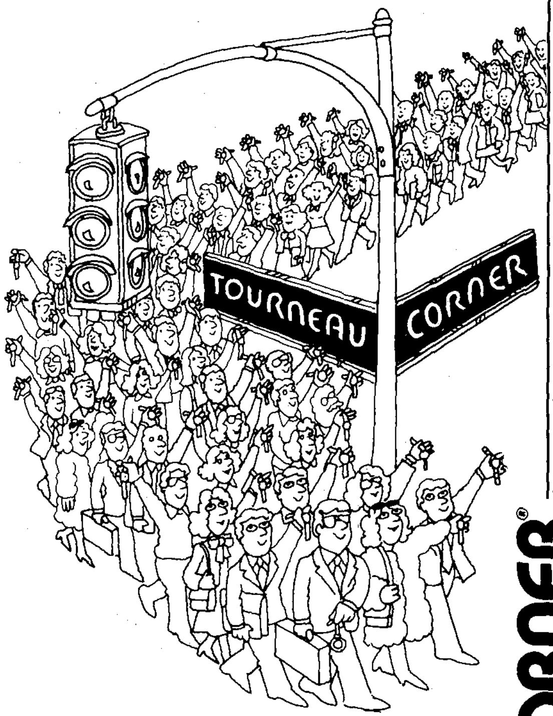

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THE SKY LINE

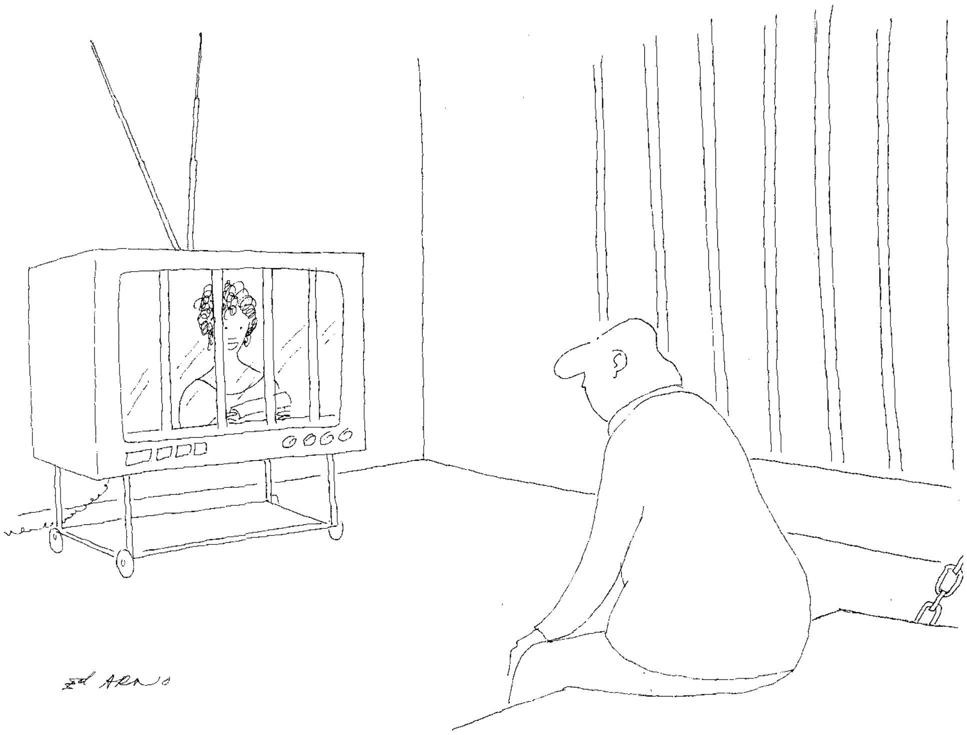
Corbu

ONE of the outstanding architectural events of 1987 was the celebration of the hundredth birthday of Le Corbusier—a celebration that, in defiance of the calendar, has lasted well into 1988 and amounts to an almost continuous series of hosannas to "the greatest architect of the century." What a lofty appellation this is, even by the generous standards permitted on birthdays! To call Le Corbusier the first among his peers in a period that has included (to omit the living) Wright, Kahn, Gaudí, Lutyens, Eliel Saarinen, and Mies van der Rohe is perhaps to mistake his uncanny lifelong power of persuasion—some would say his power of intimidation—for significance. Not altogether with tongue in cheek, I suggest that echoes of Le Corbusier's cantankerous personality have managed to survive the years since his death, in 1965, and exact from us a respect for his theories that is sometimes disproportionate to their value. On the occasions when his preachments on city planning were carried out, they tended to prove catastrophic; when they were not carried out, the world had reason to breathe a sigh of relief. Le Corbusier the designer has certainly earned higher marks in history than Le Corbusier the thinker and seer, but he was, like Wright, a maverick, and mavericks are by nature no more capable of establishing a tradition than of remaining within one. Again like Wright, he surrounded himself with an army of young helpers but produced no successors. He is, in Whitman's word, an "isolate."

It is easier to accept Le Corbusier as the most influential architect of the century than as the greatest; even so, one would hesitate to agree with recent published appraisals of him as the most influential architect since Palladio. What does this influence consist of at the moment, and does it show signs of extending, like Palladio's, over almost half a millennium? If in a few contemporary architects (Richard Meier is the most obvious American example) we find borrowings from the coolly Cartesian Le Corbusier of the middle years, we would be hard-pressed to find a single disciple of the primordial Le Corbusier of the later years—that rocky-faced old artificer who came to depend for inspiration less and less upon geometry and numbers and more and more upon the deep well of the unconscious. Of some seventy executed and still extant projects (a remarkably small number for an architect of Le Corbusier's presumed greatness), we can readily tick off half a dozen structures, including, at opposite ends of the spectrum, the Villa Savoye at Poissy and the chapel of Notre-Dame-du-Haut at Ronchamp, that promise to be enduring objects of admiration; but a number of the other buildings for which he is famous owe much of their fame to the controversies they have aroused rather than to their intrinsic architectural merit.

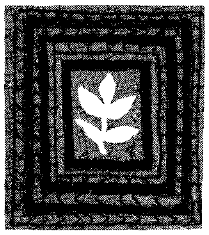
Le Corbusier was born in Switzerland as Charles-Édouard Jeanneret and adopted the pseudonym Le Corbusier in 1920, after moving to Paris. Even in the starchiest of academic circles, he is rarely referred to except by the nickname Corbu, which hints at the French for "crow," a bird not often loved and often feared, to whom Corbu was said to bear a marked resemblance. In correspondence, Corbu himself frequently used a stylized sketch of a crow in lieu of a signature. Faced by the formidable historic presence of Corbu, people find themselves buffeted by highly contradictory emotions. Like Joyce in literature, he arouses in us feelings of awe, mingled, even this late in the day, with a tincture of alarm; he is a great boulder that has fallen across our path, and we must find some means of getting past him, though doing so may mean seeming to embrace him. One cannot pretend that he isn't always immensely, combatively there, as Joyce is always there for students and practitioners of the novel. If we exclude the large portion of Corbu's œuvre that has been tested and found wanting, the question is what his measurable "thereness" amounts to.

I should say that it amounts, first of all, to an insistence as a matter of principle upon pushing architecture beyond its conventional definitions—a form of art, say, or a licensed profession—and obliging it to accept responsibility for the economic, political, and sociological consequences that its actions impose, directly or indirectly, on a given community. For Corbu, the decisions an architect makes are invariably moral as well as aesthetic; the society that an architect helps to fashion will be good or evil according to whether he is himself professionally honorable or dishonorable. An architect is no mere lackey, obedient to his employers; he is an indispensable part of the machinery by which a culture forms itself and prospers, and he is among those who are



to be held culpable if that machinery fails.

This is a heroic view of the nature of architecture—heroic without regard to the circumstances in which it may be practiced. (Politically, Corbu was not above flirting with Fascist notions, and during the Second World War he worked for a time with Pétain's puppet regime at Vichy.) Corbu adopted the heroic view in his twenties, in the course of making his first visit to Greece and the Near East. What a passionate idealist he was in those days! In the dispatches that he arranged to have published in a newspaper in his home town, La Chaux-de-Fonds, in the Jura Mountains of Switzerland—dispatches published in book form in French for the first time a year after his death and for the first time in English, by the M.I.T. Press, only in 1987, under the title of "Journey to the East"—he wore his heart upon his sleeve as he never did again. He had been employed as a draftsman under Auguste Perret, in Paris, and under Peter Behrens, in Berlin, but it was when he encountered what he called "the Byzantine soul," manifested in the mosques of the ancient Ottoman Empire, and "the early-Christian soul," manifested in the monasteries clinging to the precipitous sides of Mt. Athos, that he became convinced of his vocation as an architect. He wrote:



> I felt quite strongly that the singular and noble task of the architect is to open the soul to poetic realms, by using materials with integrity so as to make them useful. To provide the Mother of God with a house of stone sheltered from old misdeeds and to arrange the volumes of that sanctuary in such a way that a spirit emanates from it, inspiring through its mysterious relationships of form and color the respect of everyone, silence upon the lips, and fostering nothing but the rise of prayers and the singing of canticles in the rhythm of the controlled light—what a divine calling for the ancient builders! The purity of their purpose, of their efforts is lost. The discipline from now on is unknown to us, the bunglers of today. God! How painful was the ecstasy that seized us in those temples of the East! How withdrawn I felt, overcome by shame. Yet the hours spent in those silent sanctuaries inspired in me a youthful courage and the true desire to become an honorable builder.

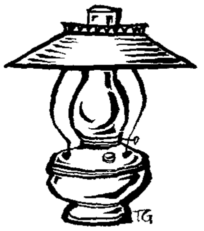
In Athens, Corbu was bowled over by the Acropolis, and especially by the Parthenon, which he sketched again and again. He wrote of it with an ardor that a few years later, in the journalistic pieces that eventually became the book "Vers une Architecture," acquired a very different tone—the harsh, staccato tone of a wisecracking Parisian antihero, a literary tough guy out of the age of disillusionment that followed the First World War. (The tone almost certainly imitated that of his mentor and patron, the artist Amédée Ozenfant, from whom he learned much about how to conduct himself in Paris and with whom he then ungratefully broke off relations.) In "Vers une Architecture," Corbu called again and again for "architecture or revolution." When he uttered that battle cry, in the early nineteen-twenties, architecture must have struck many of his readers as a laughably inadequate alternative to revolution, but there was nothing laughable about it to Corbu. He was in dead earnest even in the midst of making wisecracks, and the earnestness of his polemics in behalf of architecture has deserved our continued respect. Who today, after all, grants architecture a role as important as Le Corbusier granted it sixty-odd years ago? Who dares any longer to call it a noble profession?

FROM 1917 on, Corbu's slangy, pamphleteering approach to the august topic of architecture sustained a debate whose level of discourse was unsettling to academics and to many of his professional colleagues. He was a born platform debater, brainy, abrasive, and superbly self-confident. He said of himself, "*Je suis un type boxeur*," and he liked nothing better than to score what the French early learned to call "*un knockout*." He was exceptionally vain and exceptionally miserly, but in his defense it could be said that he had much to be vain about and that for him getting money was always commendably secondary to getting his way. He was every bit as hard on his clients as Wright was, lying to them, insulting them, ignoring their complaints about the faulty workmanship to which his careless disregard for details often condemned them. He had the cussedness of a peasant, which some people found stimulating and others found boorish. How often and how brazenly he sought commissions, and yet how often his intransigent nature caused them to be taken away from him!

Corbu strongly disliked being Swiss, and early in his career he took care to become a French citizen. In 1947, while he was living in New York City and working on the designs for the United Nations buildings, *The New Yorker* published a Profile of him by Geoffrey T. Hellmann. Corbu threatened to sue Hellmann for libel because he identified Corbu as having been born in Switzerland. Hellmann pointed out that this was indeed the case. Corbu growled "Still libellous!" but reluctantly gave up the suit. He was contemptuous of almost every aspect of American culture except its technological prowess. He was disappointed to discover that American millionaires were not in the habit of welcoming strangers with showers of gold; to him the name Rockefeller became an epithet. The little that he saw of the way ordinary Americans lived he mostly misunderstood, and he was often misunderstood himself. Even the remark he made in the course of his first visit here, in 1935, to the effect that American skyscrapers were too small—a remark widely admired at the time as a witticism—was a serious comment that, fortunately for him, was misinterpreted.

It may be noted in passing that the United Nations Secretariat Building is Corbusian in principle, though Corbu, a member of a large international committee of advisory architects, resented what he considered the short shrift and the mutilation that his suggested designs received at the hands of the official architects of the project, Harrison & Abramovitz.

Recently, I spoke with Max Abramovitz, a lively man in his late seventies, who looks ten or fifteen years younger than his age and is still in active practice here. He remembers vividly, and with considerable amusement, the difficulties that he and Wallace Harrison had with Corbu. "Trygve Lie, the head of the U.N., had asked Wally Harrison to set up the committee and Wally asked me to join him," Abramovitz said. "He and I had always greatly admired Corbu and were eager to have him with us. For a while, the French government was somewhat less keen. In any event, Corbu was fervently agitating for his appointment long before we offered it to him. No sooner had he arrived than he sought to take charge of the entire operation. Many years earlier, he had been unfairly deprived of the chance to design the League of Nations, in Geneva, and now he saw a chance to right that wrong. He proposed a monstrously big Secretariat Building, with a grand ceremonial ramp leading up into it from First Avenue. We had architects from England, Russia, and other countries making suggestions, which Corbu kept imperiously brushing aside or incorporating into his plan. Probably the most brilliant of the suggested designs was by Oscar Niemeyer, of Brazil, an avowed Corbu disciple. Corbu kept trying to use Niemeyer to promote his own designs, to the point where Niemeyer refused to come to any more meetings of the committee. Wally and I had to cajole him into returning, half against his will. One day, Gordon Bunshaft, of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, was being shown around the room where a number of models of the different proposals for the Secretariat Building were on display. Corbu was in the group. Bunshaft stopped in front of the Niemeyer model and praised it above all the rest. Incredulously, Corbu asked Bunshaft how he could possibly prefer the work of a mere neophyte—Niemeyer—to that of Le Corbusier, a mature man. In so many ways, Corbu was all but impossible to deal with, but at least he had a sense of humor. I remember his saying to me once, in French, 'Ah, yes, democracy is a fine thing as long as you have a dictator at the top!' " Abramovitz smiled, savoring the recollection. One can guess, in respect to architecture, who Corbu would have liked that dictator to be.



Corbu was at once a Protestant and a pagan, and at least two ways of viewing the world were constantly at war within him. In his public role as a champion of the high calling of architecture, he was a Protestant; in his private role as a painter, he was a pagan, content to have learned at last (in Yeats's phrase) that the soul is self-delighting and art, unlike architecture, has little to gain from polemics. Though he had plenty of wit, mostly in the range between sour and savage, he chose to confront the world with a prickly humorlessness. His contrarieties met in a collision that made him sometimes the best of companions and sometimes the worst. In the world's eyes, the decades of effort that he devoted to his career as a painter were eventually written off as an indulgence; putting paint upon canvas may have provided him with an opportunity to think hard, alone and without interruption, but the canvases remained, so critics said, inanimate. Corbu vehemently disagreed with this judgment. In his sixties, he undertook to paint a number of cartoons for tapestries, and we have his word for it that this task gave him great pleasure. One of the six tapestries that were woven at the Ateliers Picaud, in Aubusson, from a cartoon still-life that Corbu painted in 1954 was presented last November to the Harvard Graduate School of Design's library, in honor of Jerzy Soltan, professor emeritus of architecture at Harvard. As a young man, in the nineteen-thirties, Soltan had worked with Corbu in his Paris studio. On the occasion of the presentation, Professor Soltan said he recollected one of the many "slogans, maxims, holy principles" that Corbu was adept at devising. He quoted Corbu as saying, "I think that if one accords any meaning to my work as an architect, it is to these secret labors that one has to attribute its deeper value." Soltan added, "Le Corbusier's drawings for tapestries, his secret labors, were not only just visual but artistic—his spiritual calisthenics that he practiced every day from seven to nine in the morning." Without such calisthenics, there would perhaps have been no Ronchamp; one sees at a glance that the floor plan of the chapel and the design of the tapestry have much in common—seem, indeed, to be sharing some form of ancient pictographic communication.

Because Corbu responded with chagrin to the ignominies and diminutions of age—the enfeeblement of his body, the death of his wife, the death or enforced absence of friends and colleagues—we feel a sense of something like gratitude (though to what god or gods, in the presence of Corbu's dour ghost, would we dare to address our thanks?) for the appropriateness of his death. He suffered a fatal heart attack at the age of seventy-seven while swimming on a summer afternoon off his beloved Roquebrune, in

**Nation: Sioux Indian.
Life expectancy:
45 years.**

The health of Native Americans probably hasn't changed much since they helped the English settlers survive that first winter at Plymouth Colony. That was 368 years ago.

The Sioux mother above wants a full, healthy life for her child. So, she and other Lakota women have organized to improve their kids' chances. Indian infant mortality is double the U.S. rate, and the survivors still face much higher risks of pneumonia, diabetes, TB and cancer. Nine of the 25 poorest U.S. counties are in Sioux country, a third world in our midst.

The *American Friends Service Committee (AFSC)* is cooperating with the Lakota women working to turn this around. On the Pine Ridge and Cheyenne River Reservations, we're helping mothers treat infant dehydration, fight Fetal Alcohol Syndrome, learn emergency medicine, and start vegetable gardens to improve family nutrition. The Indian Health Service is also pressured to act on these problems.

A Quaker agency founded in 1917, *AFSC* has also helped protect Indian fishing rights in the Northwest, affirm Indian land claims in Maine, and defend the natural resource rights of the Plains Indians. William Penn kept the treaty he made with the Lenape Nation, a worthy precedent.

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the ancient Roman sea that had never failed to bring him refreshment.

A BOOK published last year in honor of Corbu's centenary and entitled simply "Le Corbusier" (Princeton) turns out to be a sort of posthumous Festschrift, containing fifteen essays by a diverse assortment of Corbu scholars: Reyner Banham, Tim Benton, H. Allen Brooks (who also served as general editor), Alan Colquhoun, Charles Correa, Norma Evenson, Kenneth Frampton, Danièle Pauly, Vincent Scully, Peter Serenyi, Jerzy Soltan, Manfredo Tafuri, Stanislaus von Moos, André Wogenscky, and Iannis Xenakis. According to Dr. Johnson's celebrated dictum, no man is under oath in the writing of lapidary inscriptions, and when it comes to Festschrifts ordinarily astringent academics are likely to display a certain kindly accommodation to the nature of the event. Corbu at a hundred! Well, well—how agreeable to salute the great dead on such an occasion and to omit the usual scholarly hemmings and hawings! But in reading the book one gradually becomes aware of a disparity between the laudatory façade of the essays and the unease with which their authors are signalling to us from behind it. Plainly, they have been invited to praise Corbu, not to bury him, but the praise is sometimes as violently at odds with itself as Corbu's own divided persona was. For example, here is Vincent Scully on the Corbu oeuvre:

> One cannot write about it now quite as one could in 1961. His urbanism, for example, cannot help but be judged as faulty in conception and highly destructive in practice, especially as we have seen it more or less universally carried out in American redevelopment and the French "New Towns," not to mention at Chandigarh itself, at Brasilia, and elsewhere.
>
> This major and inescapable fact, touching architecture's primary reason for being, which is to shape the human environment as a whole, tends to cast a shadow over other considerations and even over our view of Le Corbusier's individual buildings themselves. And even these, which are so much more lively and varied than his urbanistic framework, now invite questions that many of us would not have posed two decades ago. Does, for example, the elimination of almost all directly associational and mostly purely plastic detail that his buildings of the twenties shared with those of De Stijl, Gropius, Mies, and so many others constitute in fact a serious reduction rather than a liberation of architecture's vocabulary? Does the so-called Modern Movement, or rather that specific part of modern architecture that Hitchcock and Johnson called the International Style, represent, despite the many acknowledged masterpieces that it produced, a temporary and, as seen at this moment in time, almost inconceivable aberration in the general development of architectural tradition and of modern architecture as a whole? Does not such reductiveness, if it should indeed be regarded as that, represent a romantic primitivism that is hard to square with the complex urbanistic traditions that have in fact formed modern cities and, indeed, all types of contemporary buildings? Logically, at least, that reductiveness cannot be regarded as having much to do with the various technocratic arguments with which Le Corbusier, like his contemporaries, so often defended his forms.

The Indian architect Charles Correa, in his contribution to "Le Corbusier," takes a still more skeptical view of Corbu, at least in respect to Chandigarh, the capital city of the Indian state of Punjab. In 1951, Corbu was chosen to design the major public buildings of the new city; it was just the sort of commission, on a monumental scale, that he had spent his professional lifetime seeking, and he set to work on it with relish. Thirty-six years later, we have Correa speaking more in sorrow than anger:

> Over the past two decades, it has become evident that many of Le Corbusier's ideas don't work. For instance, sun-breakers [Corbu's trademark *brise-soleil*]: they are really great dust-catching, pigeon-infested contrivances, which gather heat all day and then radiate it back into the building at night, causing indescribable anguish to the occupants. They are not nearly as useful as old-fashioned verandahs, which are far cheaper to build, protect the buildings during the day, cool off quickly in the evenings, and, furthermore double as circulation systems. Neither have the great parasol roofs (as in the High Court) proved much more useful. Was Le Corbusier perhaps more concerned with the visual expression of climate control than with its actual effectiveness? In any event, his enthusiasm seemed to lie not in solving the problem but in making the theatrical gesture—assuming the heroic pose—of addressing it. . . . There seems to be a curious lack of concern for the actual users. This leads to a lot of inadequate planning and much gross detailing. For instance, throughout the office halls of the Secretariat there are files piled high on clerical desks. You can blame the clerks, but surely it was the architect's responsibility to analyze the program and identify the area (at least thirty per cent in any government office!) needed for filing. Or take the cafeteria on the roof: it has an exposed concrete counter from which even an animal would refuse to eat. . . . Then again, however fine the perceptions of Le Corbusier about the visual world, his Chandigarh buildings were never really concerned with the Indian psyche. After all, he was a Mediterranean man . . . one whose deepest instincts were intensely European.

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And Reyner Banham:

> Corbu may have died only just in time to have been spared confrontation with the inevitable outcome of the dilution of his revolutionary dreams by the pressures of a real world he had helped denounce in *La Maison des hommes*. The *misère des villes* was to persist. Architecture alone is no substitute for revolution.

The last words of the last essay in the book—an essay entitled "Yesterday's City of Tomorrow Today," by Norma Evenson—amount to an accurate summary of the yes-but-on-the-other-hand-no tone of the book as a whole:

> There appears no question that in today's critical climate Le Corbusier's urban concepts are widely discredited. Yet it would be a mistake to conclude that the condemnation that he has received in certain circles necessarily heralds the disappearance of his influence and the universal abandonment of his design approach. There is always a time lag in the spread of fashion, and the wave of propaganda inspired by the modern movement continues to be felt in those societies that still view automobiles and glass-walled towers as signs of progress. The power of visual images has always defied logic, and in many parts of the world the old modernist symbolism still works. Like it or not, we may have Le Corbusier to kick around for quite a while.

How odd it is for the final metaphor in a book supposedly honoring Corbu to evoke an echo of the infamous Nixon bidding his surly goodbye to the press! At the very least, that unlucky image is a sign of the ambivalence, often seemingly unconscious, that marks the book as a whole—and that the contentious Corbu might have taken some grim satisfaction in observing. For there he stands, athwart the path, undislodged and perhaps undislodgeable. Almost a quarter of a century after his death, he continues to assert a powerful claim on our attention—a claim based not so much upon his work, built and unbuilt, or upon his intellectual speculations, successful and unsuccessful, as upon the sheer force of his character. It is as if the tough old boxer were still indomitably dancing about the ring in pursuit of a knockout. We who stand watching at the ringside feel the same involuntary springing up of contrary emotions that distinguished Corbu himself throughout his life. Warily, we keep our distance from him, and yet we are helpless not to wish him well.

"LE CORBUSIER" contains a hundred and seventy photographs, drawings, and floor plans, published to reinforce points made in the text; it scarcely matters that the quality of the reproduction is indifferent, since what we seek from the pictures is information and not aesthetic delight. A volume of a very different nature—one whose photographs give aesthetic delight on almost every page and whose text is filled with information not readily available elsewhere—has just been published by the M.I.T. Press and the Architectural League of New York, in the large and sumptuous format that it deserves. Entitled "Architecture Transformed: A History of the Photography of Buildings from 1839 to the Present," it has been edited by Cervin Robinson and Joel Herschman. Herschman, an associate professor of art history at Fordham, wrote Part I of the book, covering the period from 1839 to 1880; Robinson, who is one of the most gifted of our contemporary architectural photographers, has written the Introduction and Parts II (1880-1930), III (1930-70), and IV (1970 to the present).

Robinson launches his introduction in a brisk, no-nonsense manner:

> This book is a history of style in photography, and its purpose is to demonstrate that from the beginning photographers have used their pictures to make critical and expressive statements. The extraordinary photographs in the book, some of them well known and others never publicly shown, were taken by photographers from countries that produced major architectural monuments in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. They illustrate how these men and women, both those who worked on commission and those who photographed for themselves, succeeded in showing the man-made world with clarity and a point of view.

The relationship between photography and architecture has always been an intimate one. From the start, as Herschman points out, there were technical reasons that architecture was an ideal subject:

> Buildings, unlike most other likely subjects, 'sat' patiently for the long exposures required by early emulsions. . . . It comes as no surprise that a considerable proportion of the photographs of the first two decades are of architecture. From the effort made by photographers between 1839 and 1880, there would evolve a photographic language that would express architectural forms with the vividness and precision of the older forms of architectural representation based on drawing.

Also from the start, it was perceived that the camera was not merely an accurate mechanical recorder of "something out there" but an instrument as personal and as capable of producing idiosyncratic results as the pencil in an artist's hand. No two photographers—perhaps no two human beings—have ever seen the Parthenon or the cathedral of Notre-Dame or the Flatiron Building in precisely the same way; the great architectural icons are inexhaustibly rich in the variety of responses they are able to elicit. Two photographs of the same subject taken at different times by different photographers will invite study not because of the major similarities they share but because of the many minor dissimilarities that separate them—dissimilarities that spring in part from improvements of a technical nature in the taking of pictures but in greater part from the temperaments of the photographers themselves and from the attributes (largely unexamined) of the societies in which they happened to work.

The famous "sea of steps" leading to the Chapter House of Wells Cathedral has altered very little over the past century or so, but the two photographs of the steps reproduced in "Architecture Transformed"—the first taken by Joseph Cundall in 1862 and the second by Frederick Evans some forty years later—are the products of radically different professional intentions and arouse radically different emotions in the viewer. As Herschman and Robinson point out, Cundall was bent upon taking the clearest possible picture of a certain example of Gothic architecture; he makes no effort to encourage a particular response to that example. Evans isn't content simply to take the

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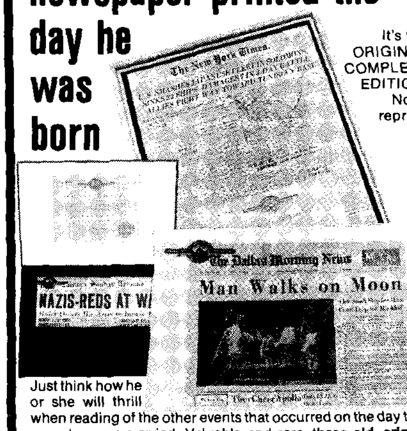

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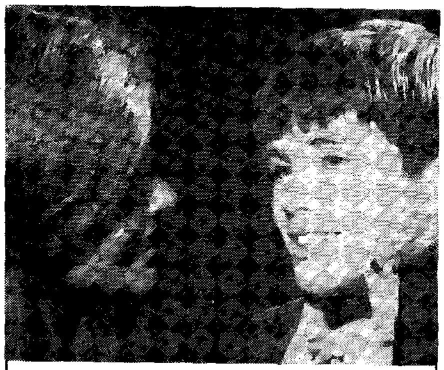

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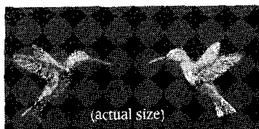

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clearest possible photograph; he wishes his viewers to share with him a sense—already, alas, a tourist's conventional sense—of the overwhelming *stepness* of the steps. They are, indeed, a sort of sea, and Evans skillfully succeeds in drenching us in them.

In recording the changes in photographic technique that have taken place over the decades—changes that are sometimes, and rather disreputably, little more than changes in fashion—Robinson is careful to distinguish what he calls development from what the photographic industry calls progress. He prints three small, imperfect photographs taken by Le Corbusier in 1911, of Prague and Pisa; they serve to demonstrate how architects on their travels made use of the camera as an *aide-mémoire* (though Corbu preferred making sketches for that purpose) and to demonstrate as well the limitations of the equipment that most amateur photographers depended upon in those days. Corbu's camera had what Robinson calls "minimal flexibility," offering "a limited ability to look up while maintaining parallel verticals," with the result that the pictures taken "inevitably emphasized surfaces at the photographer's feet."

Robinson quotes a director of the Eastman Kodak Research Laboratories as saying, "Film speeds have been doubling about every ten years," and comments, "Yet photographers in the first decade of this century were able to freeze the motion of pedestrians that a modern architectural photographer would not expect to be able to stop." Robinson goes on to say that "most productive photographers have always seemed wisely content to stick to equipment and techniques that were current when they began their careers."

As if with a sad shake of the head, Robinson writes in his introduction:

> We put up with technological development rather than welcome it. A radically new product that inexorably supplants an older one is like the superhighway we regret but use because it is more convenient than an older road we would have preferred to continue driving on. The impetus for the turn to the pervasive use of color film in the late 1970s came from developments in offset reproduction and from the demands by advertisers for color on the editorial pages of magazines, not from a desire by photographers and magazine editors to pass beyond black-and-white technology. The change solved no problems that architectural photographers had been interested in, such as how to include people in pictures; it only distracted them from those questions and presented them with new and, as it happened, less interesting ones, such as how to reconcile fluorescent light sources with incandescent ones.

Not surprisingly, there are no color photographs in "Architecture Transformed." Nor do we miss them; the color provided in architectural photography is nearly always inaccurate, offering us the limited number of hues that exist not in nature but in laboratories. They strike the eye as too luscious, too sensual, too melodramatic to be plausible. Color makes for pretty spreads in magazines, especially when the scenes photographed have been lavishly embowered in blossoming plants, but most of the architects and architectural historians whom I know prefer black-and-white to color, even going as far as to argue—as I do—that black-and-white gives a far more convincing *impression* of color than color can. In the velvety richness of the photographs in "Architecture Transformed" we discern a hundred shades of light and dark, upon which we are happy not to impose imaginary pigments.

As a survey of the relationship between photography and architecture, "Architecture Transformed" has a lot of ground to cover, and the candor—even the occasional acerbity—with which Robinson expresses his opinions gives his text an agreeably lively surface. From time to time, a distinguished contemporary photographer will be, in effect, summoned to the headmaster's study and threatened with a birching. In 1956, W. Eugene Smith took a photograph of the Connecticut General Insurance Company Building in Bloomfield, Connecticut. The photograph is taken from the point of view not of a user of the building but of a hunter walking across some nearby fields in the depths of winter; Robinson writes:

> We see what Smith is trying to do—that is, to show the building as it "really" looked rather than as it was intended to look. It is, however, all too easy for a photographer to overwhelm a building with the environment in which he means to show it, and in his picture we can neither see the detailing of the Connecticut General building nor understand its organization. The landscape upstages and diminishes it to no useful effect, and the picture is at best well-meaning.

Yukio Futagawa is also summoned:

> Futagawa's manner of photographing is a sort of shorthand expedited by his not having to wait for people to play useful

roles in his pictures or for demanding sunlight to shine from the right direction. His methodology, instead of offering an alternative and more truthful way of photographing architecture, merely facilitates his prolific output.

Evelyn Hofer, however, is presented with a well-deserved gold star:

> Part of learning to photograph is finding out what light is articulate and can be counted on, and most architectural photographers have confined themselves to clear skies and sunlight. It is a pleasure to be given the illusion, as one often is in Hofer's pictures, that any sky that is characteristic of the setting can be included in a photograph.

Robinson evidently feels that the seductiveness of color photography to advertisers and other commercial interests has put architectural photography as it used to be practiced in a position of perhaps mortal danger. He is sure that it has led to a falling off in the quality of the printing of black-and-white pictures—as any author of a trade book containing black-and-white photographs will be quick to agree. All the more reason, then, for us to be grateful to the joint publishers of "Architecture Transformed" for achieving a level of excellence in its reproductions that can best be described as old-fashioned. Once upon a time, that adjective would have been an insult. In photography today, it is a compliment.

—Brendan Gill

•

CORRECTIONS WE HATED COMING TO THE END OF

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

In Errata

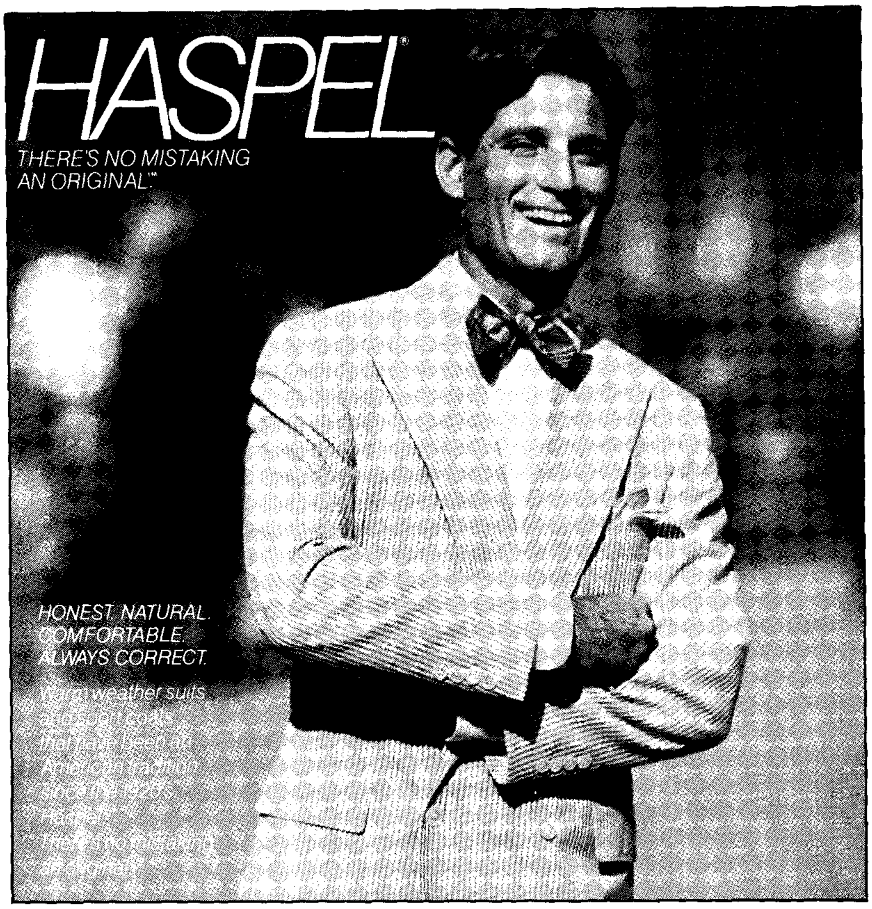
In Ed Berenson's review of "Festivals and the French Revolution" (Book Review, Feb. 28) incorrect transcription from dictation changed the meaning of what the reviewer originally wrote. Berenson's actual words are:

—"Above all, the Parisian leaders (*not league*), whether moderate or radical, used these civic celebrations to convince potential opponents that the revolution had gone far enough, that it had reached its perfect stage and ought to end with them."

—"Unlike Parisian rituals, which commemorated the triumph of Republicanism through the pallid imagery of royal scepters (*not sectors*) and busts of Rousseau, village festivals were rowdy, hostile, and graphically down to earth."

—"They mounted an effigy of the king or bishop backwards on a donkey and paraded it through town, mimicking the treatment of cuckolds (*not cockles*) in longstanding rustic ritual."

—"It seems clear (*not queer*) that the Liberty Tree owes its origins to the Maypole, as both symbolized the conquest of freedom and a community's act of leaving an old world and embracing the new."



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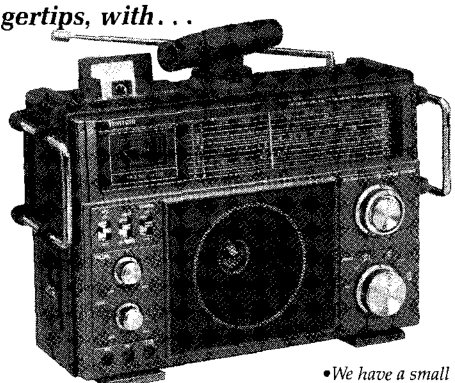

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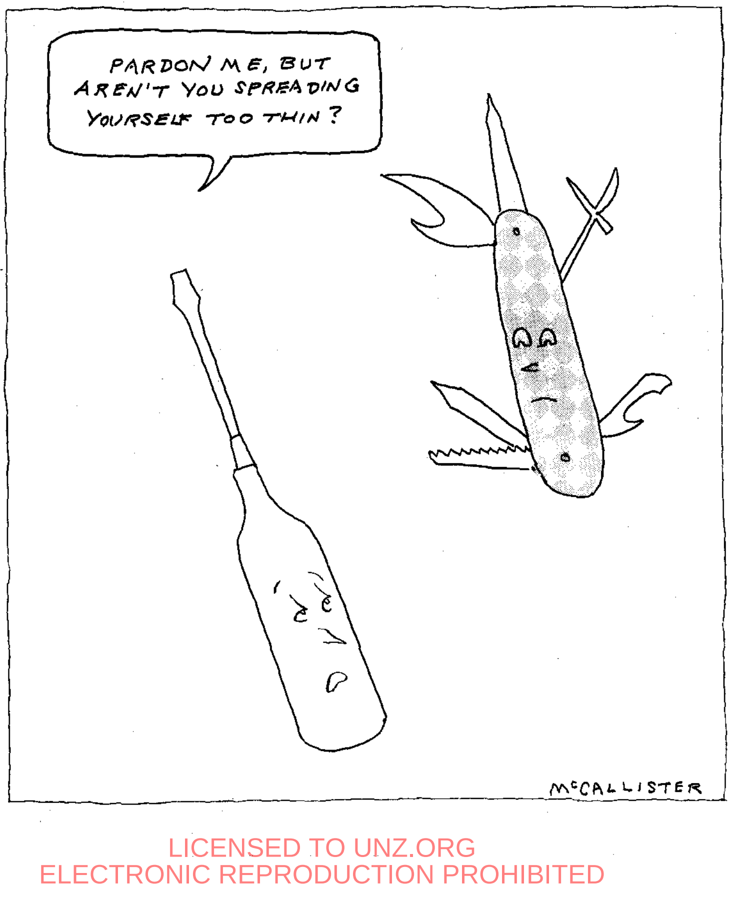
POPULAR MUSIC

Randy, Reba, and Hank

RANDY TRAVIS'S nearly instant emergence as the made-to-measure king of country music has been a source of delight and speculation to C. & W. observers over the past two years. On his first album, the 1986 "Storms of Life," he already sounded as if he knew he'd be singing in much the same way twenty years down the road, and were serenely confident that people would still be listening. Possessing a quavering, bottomless voice that often overwhelms the songs he sings, Travis can be doubly arresting, because that voice should not be coming from someone who looks the way he does in his frequent television appearances—lanky, formal, with a sleepy sexiness clouding his face. Even on up-tempo numbers, there's a meditative languor that keeps his voice behind the easy rhythm, as if just the prospect of a night on the town required solemn concentration. Listening to him, you sometimes suspect that he was never young.

Travis's careful traditionalism is the culmination of a strain that has run through country music in the eighties—a strain that seems remarkable only in a system as tightly closed as C. & W. Since the beginning of the decade, several figures have been credited with returning the music to its rudiments, uncorrupted by pop frills like string sections, large background choruses, and sugary melodies. Such singers have ranged from John Anderson to Ricky Skaggs, Reba McEntire, George Strait, and Dwight Yoakam, although many of them would bristle at the notion of being lumped together, no matter how much C. & W. likes to think of itself as one big, happy family. As befits a music so steeped in all things American, the question of reconciling conflicting roots is a difficult one for many of these young performers; the country-tinged soft rock of early-seventies Los Angeles probably had more influence on some of them than, say, Merle Travis or George Jones. Also, to some extent they are simply falling in line with the classicism that has become an eighties hallmark in all forms of pop, asserting a somewhat dubious ideal of musical purity even as the distinctions between different styles of music become more and more blurred. As a statement against the bored slickness of so much late-seventies country music, these singers' records can be engrossing, but often (as in the case of Strait and Skaggs) it's clear that the singers are simply in the process of working out their own definition of slick, and end up with a product so schlock-free that you hanker for some big blunder to shake things up. Yet the tone set by these performers has made country music more interesting, especially to the casual listener, than it has been in too long a time.


PARDON ME, BUT AREN'T YOU SPREADING YOURSELF TOO THIN?
McCALLISTER

Travis represents eighties country music so completely that you might think he'd been dreamed up by a simultaneous act of will emanating from the stage of the Grand Ole Opry and the boardroom of Warner Communications. "Storms of Life" and the more recent "Always & Forever" (both Warner Brothers) are alike in being painstakingly immaculate records, whose success has as much to do with the sheen of Kyle Lehning's production as with the hazy burr of Travis's vocals. Lehning cleanly accentuates the entrances of the coloring instruments (fiddle, steel and electric guitar, harmonica among them) as if each were a star turn, giving every one of them an isolated glow. Granted, many of the short musical comments (there are few remarkable extended solos here) are played by well-known session men: Larrie Londin on drums, David Hungate on bass, Jerry Douglas on Dobro, Mark O'Connor on mandolin and fiddle. This is as deliberately crafted a studio music as any pop trifle, and it's indicative that Travis's touring band includes none of the players from his records. As is true of so much eighties pop, the instrumental weave behind the songs consists of touches that sound cribbed from old records and laid on with an archivist's judiciousness: the fiddle poised somewhere between Texas and Appalachia, a bluegrass harmonica, a rockabilly guitar, even Dixieland horns. (The staged cover of "Storms of Life," displaying a country store with every nostalgic artifact perfectly in place, seems an appropriate analogue to the sound.)

These settings would be bright but finally indeterminate if it weren't for Travis's stoic calm. Except for the few songs he had a hand in writing, the material comes from that endless pool of free-lance songwriting talent that supports vocal stylists in all forms of pop these days, and, as with most such material, almost anyone could be singing it: nothing about the songs bespeaks Travis so much as their dogged good manners. Yet he defines them nonetheless. While fiddle and steel guitar unfold with a processional sense of ceremony behind him, Travis remains unmoved, even in the relatively sprightly "Forever and

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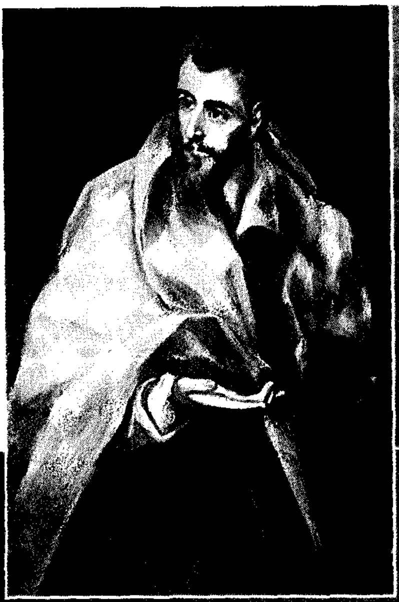
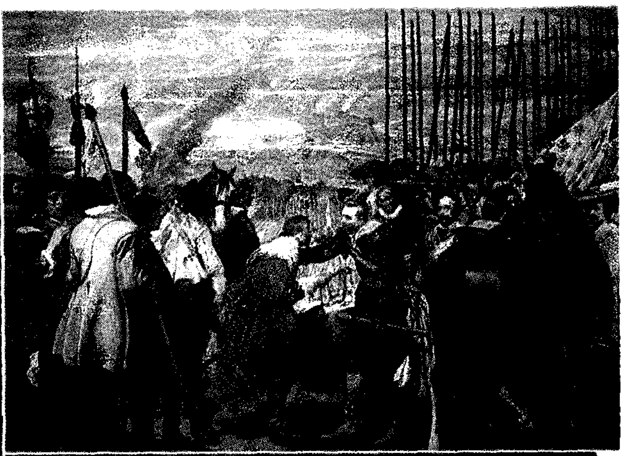
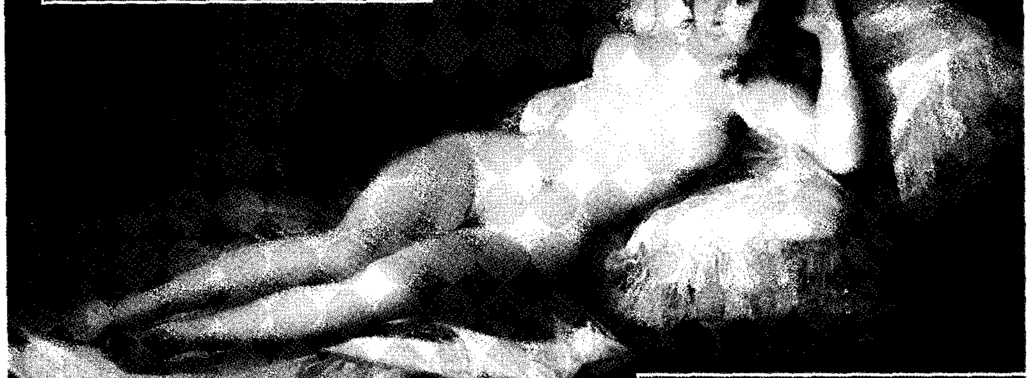


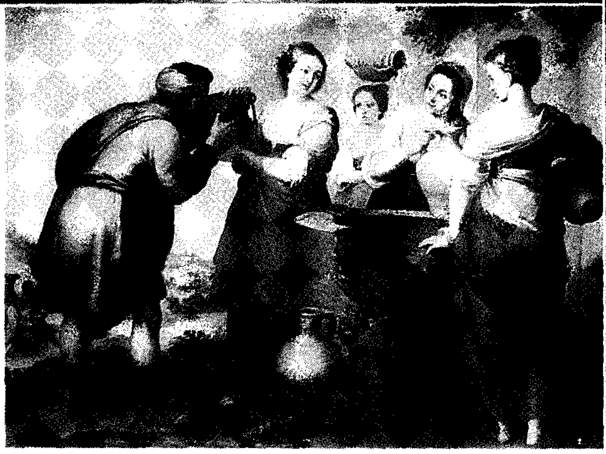
El Greco
"Santiago El
Mayor"



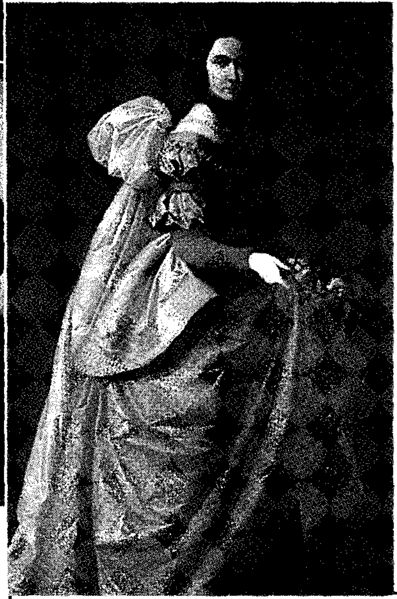
Velázquez
"La Rendición
de Breda."



Goya
"La Maja
desnuda"



Murillo
"Rebeca
y Eliezer"



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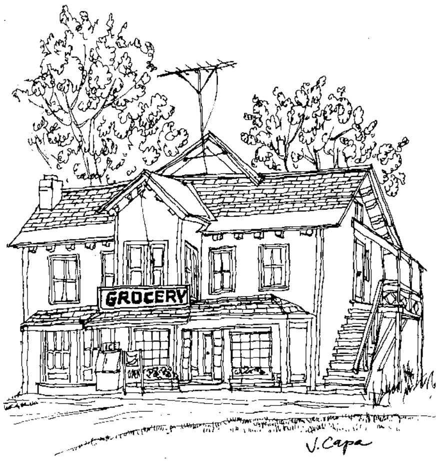
Ever, Amen" and "Too Gone Too Long." You don't notice quite how static his voice is until you hear it brushing up against the silvery whine of the steel guitar in "I Told You So," the guitar's shrill glide expressing much of the pathos he manages to hold back. As in most masterly country singing, Travis's voice is all about the quiet, painful acknowledgment of limits: the constrained ripple he gives to the end of a phrase betrays a struggle to maintain his reserve; in the melancholy purr he brings to songs of regret like "Reasons I Cheat" or "Good Intentions" you get a powerful sense of things that are not possible, and probably never were.

Travis makes an engaging old-fashioned romantic: few singers in any field bring to mind that seldom used word "gallant" as often as he does. He continues the bighearted, big-voiced tradition of love-happy fools like Lefty Frizzell, a lineage that most recently included John Anderson. (Travis, who shares Anderson's smoky voice, could be his younger, more responsible brother; it's not hard to imagine him fronting Anderson's bail money.) Travis is unusually adept at grateful expressions of fidelity, and, sometimes, the more banal the material is the more forcefully he sings. On "Always & Forever," the songs "My House," "I Won't Need You Anymore," and, especially, "Forever and Ever, Amen" make more of an impression than they have any right to. In them, and in most of Travis's work, marriage is the ultimate testing ground for morality, and all of country music's old themes of commitment and refuge are now played out in the cramped confines of the bedroom.

For all the clarity of his singing and his arrangements, Travis verges on being a cipher. At times, he could be a blank screen upon which the assembled horde of experts—producer, musicians, hired-hand songwriters—have projected their ideal vision of country music. This is partly a function of the evenhanded material that is scouted out for him to sing, and a comparison of the two albums shows that the first is graced with sharper, more briskly detailed songs ("1982," "Diggin' Up Bones") than the more complacent follow-up—not an encouraging sign. It's likely, though, that he's not a throwback to a simpler era but a symbol of the times whose surface calm deflects us from its meaning. Although one of country music's joys has long been its specific evocations of place (think of Bob Wills' Texas, Merle Haggard's Bakersfield), Travis's songs could come from anywhere and are probably most comfortable in the restrained lushness of some nameless suburbia. When he sings "There'll Always Be a Honky Tonk Somewhere," it's the vagueness of the "somewhere" that gets you: just where is it? Trapped between an idealized past and a present in which country music is as disconnected from its roots as any other kind of pop, he stands faithful—forever and ever, amen—even if he's not quite sure to what, or why. Given that this is not Travis's problem alone (not by a long shot), his small, unassuming pledges of devotion, and even his mild transgressions, say more about country music, and the country itself, than we may care to hear.

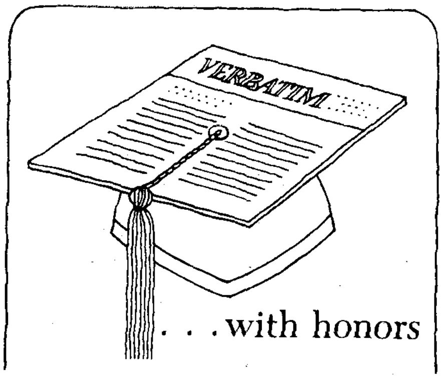
REBA McENTIRE is such an immensely likable singer that you find yourself excusing her lack of adventurousness as a gutsy expression of modesty. The dominant woman of mainstream eighties country music, she has about her a hardheaded moralism, even in the straightforward romantic material she prefers, that recalls Loretta Lynn in its directness and warmth. (When Lynn, who is one of McEntire's fans, returned to recording in 1985 after nearly three years, the album she made sounded very much like one of McEntire's, right down to the use of Jimmy Bowen as producer.) While McEntire may lack Lynn's gift for translating homely domestic truths into incisive songs, her voice alone is nearly enough to dispel the memory of the bland bombshells who chirped their way through late-seventies country music. Even when she throws herself into the role of the wronged wife, she sings as an equal rather than as a victim, her voice that of a grown-up tomboy whose brassiness is always hiding a layer of compassion. At its finest, her singing can both disarm and implicate the listener, turning you into the willing confidant that so many of these small stories require.



McEntire's 1984 "My Kind of Country" found her taking a cue from what other country singers were recording, and unburdening her voice of the large-scale arrangements that had often swamped it on previous albums. A heartening aspect of that record was the presence of material astutely picked with a fan's sense of history, even at the risk of sounding out-of-date: two Ray Price numbers from the sixties ("I Want to Hear It from You," "Don't You Believe Him") and Faron Young's "He's Only Everything." She then proceeded to fall into a common C. & W. trap: making too many records in too short a time in the same mold, each one only as durable as the two or three singles that provided its reason for being. When her greatest-hits album appeared, in 1987, wisely including a pair of songs from each of the five albums she released between 1984 and 1986, the record summed up her resilient voice so successfully that it was hard to imagine her telling us anything new.

Yet with "The Last One to Know" (MCA) she has made her most substantial record since "My Kind of Country," although it lacks that album's vigor. (A new album, "Reba," has just arrived in the stores.) "The Last One to Know" has the whiff of "concept" about it—it traces the disintegration of a marriage from the wife's point of view—but that's one of its least interesting features. After all, so many country albums, which matter-of-factly restrict their themes to cheating and reconciliation, could make a similar claim. And the forced resolution near the finish of the album, "Love Will Find Its Way to You," is a too pat message of inspiration that just doesn't sit well after the album's uneasy drifts between reverie and anger.

McEntire digs into the other songs (she wrote only one, "I Don't Want to Be Alone") without the chipper good will that she ordinarily falls back on, probably managing without it because there are enough lyrical details to keep



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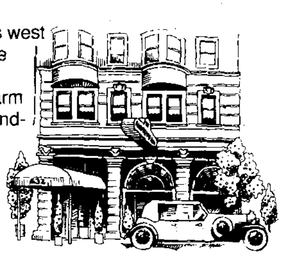

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her off guard. "Just Across the Rio Grande," about a husband considering moving his family to find work, is a clear-eyed prayer for deliverance. "The Stairs" is a scarily understated ballad about a marriage turned violent; all its menace is in the slow, swirling descent of its melody. (Part of what makes these two songs work is their reflective distance; both are sung by observers who refer to the main character in the third person.) And perhaps most striking of all is "The Girl Who Has Everything," about a woman buying a wedding gift for her ex's new bride. The premise of the song is pure corn: you can see the accompanying TV movie unfolding in your head as the song plays. McEntire sings with a rare light touch of irony, but by the end even that falls away, so all that's left is her nagging helplessness. The song's chorus question—"What do you give the girl who has everything?"—becomes a riddle that she has less chance of answering the more she repeats it.

JOURNEYMAN careerists like Travis and McEntire are restricted by the timidity of their own good taste: for them, country is a tradition they are assured of being welcome in as long as they don't break any of its rules. In a genre that loves its history too well, where the great performances of the past harden into dogma, a likable display of craft is often all that can be expected—just good records that remain good records. (You often worry that the committee style of record-making flourishes as a hedge against anyone's getting out of hand.) Country music has never been at a loss for expressive voices—as in R. & B., the wealth of anonymous vocal talent is staggering—but ambitious singer-songwriters have been in such short supply that the existing ones tend to mythologize themselves to death. It has long been a cliché that Hank Williams stands as the model for the singer-songwriter, yet there is something almost unfair in the very fact that the assertion has become a cliché. Polydor has recently completed the release of a retrospective of Williams' career, and the set's thoroughness is an opportunity for a journey into rediscovery rather than for an empty ritual of tribute. (Each of eight double-record volumes has as its title a Williams song: "I Ain't Got Nothin' But Time," "Lovesick Blues," "Lost Highway," "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry," "Long Gone Lonesome Blues," "Hey, Good Lookin'," "Let's Turn Back the Years," and "I Won't Be Home No More.")

Williams had been decently served by two double-album greatest-hits sets on M-G-M, which preserved many of his most famous performances, such as "Cold, Cold Heart," "You Win Again," and "Your Cheatin' Heart." (The second set, released in 1977, felt it necessary to affix "Sr." to his name, to distinguish him from his son, whose popularity was growing.) Yet, in addition to using disorienting electronically applied stereo mixes on what were originally mono recordings, those sets never gave the sense of Williams' career as a continuum, with favorite melodies returned to again and again, often enriched by restatement. On the Polydor set, alternate takes of songs as well as late-night material not performed for official recording sessions are starkly revelatory in a way that such bits—usually billed, tantalizingly, as "rarities"—too often aren't. And overfamiliar tunes like "Jambalaya" or "Hey, Good Lookin' " regain some of their lost freshness, sounding less inevitable, nearly as risky as the tossed-off takes.

More than almost any other figure in American popular music, Williams deserves to be freed from the myths that shroud him: the tireless supplier of songs, the drunken pessimist, the corpse in the back seat of the Cadillac. When he made his first records, in late 1946, C. & W. was still regarded with bemused scorn outside the South. (Sterling, the New York label that released Williams' earliest performances, advertised these "hillbilly" records with stereotypical illustrations of an unshaven hick playing a fiddle, a bottle of moonshine at his bare feet.) The courtly sadness of his writing dispelled much of that image for good, and Williams also opened the music to a range of expression it hadn't explored before, not least by asserting the primacy of everyday speech. Whether through the Tin Pan Alley influence of the producer-songwriter Fred Rose or thanks to Williams' own work as a disk jockey in Montgomery, Alabama, the singer was able to draw on old folk tunes, blues, even the cadences of New Orleans jazz, in addition to the expected cowboy tunes and white church hymns. Part of Williams' fluency could be dissipated in the throwaway exercises of a gifted hack, but even his stab at a mock-Cajun tune, "Jambalaya," is suffused with a lopsided affection for its source. A great many of his songs are transcriptions of the blues in both melody and temperament—"Moanin' the Blues," "Low Down Blues," "Honky Tonk Blues" (whose title phrase found its way into the chorus of the Rolling Stones' "Honky Tonk Women" twenty years later)—yet it could take a hundred listens before you made the connection. The sophistication of the material is all in its economy (one lesson Williams learned from the blues)—that's why the songs endured numerous cover versions during his career and have continued to be revived by such disparate voices as Al Green and the Screaming Blue Messiahs.

In the gallop of his up-tempo songs, the abruptness of his quick-witted rhymes, his sense of hedonism as escape, Williams anticipated much of what became rock and roll shortly after his death, at the age of twenty-nine, in 1953. His version of Bob Wills' "Roly Poly" (even without the electric-guitar overdubs added later) and the one of Rose's "Rootie Tootie" aren't far from early rock's trust that nonsense can give up its own incantatory meanings. "Kaw-Liga," about a wooden Indian who comes to life, has a breakneck shift between its doomy verse and its rollicking chorus which presaged the feel that the producer Sam Phillips got on some of his Sun recordings. Williams is not without a simple sense of fun: the ticktocking gait of the invitation "Settin' the Woods on Fire" can raise a smile, not to mention the way he rhymes "frock of yeller" with "I'm your feller." In "Why Don't You Love Me" and "Move It On Over" he was aware of how amusing it was to make himself the butt of a song's joke. One of his most extreme performances is the spoken "Everything's Okay," which was originally issued under the name of Williams' loopier alter ego, Luke the Drifter. In it Williams visits his uncle on the farm and makes the mistake of asking how he is. The uncle responds with a litany of woes, from a leaky roof to crop failure, ending each verse with the line "But we're still livin', so everything's okay." The song may be nothing more than a comedy skit intended to be vaguely uplifting, but the deadpan hush in Williams' thin voice at the end of a verse makes the song a peculiarly American expression of fatalism, a "What, me worry?" shrug in the middle of a hurricane.

Some of these tunes are nothing more than the barest fragments, often piercing in their offhandedness: "Sundown and Sorrow," "Alabama Waltz," "If You'll Be a Baby (To Me)." Many others convey an unshakable solitariness, which the occasional presence of background musicians (or even of Williams' wife, Audrey) does nothing to dispel. The songs always seem to drift out of a cold, dark room, which just a few hours before had been brightly lit and filled with the voices of friends. If country music's glory is its celebration of home, then its ultimate shame is to know no home, no community, while being taunted by its promise. In "Lost Highway," written by Leon Payne, Williams tells a younger man that all the stories he has heard about the thrill of the open road are lies. When he sings the line "When I pass by, all the people say 'Just another guy on the lost highway,' " you hear not only his shame at being gawked at but—what is more surprising—his concern for the boy; Williams' self-pity was no greater than his empathy. "May You Never Be Alone" is an offering to a former lover who has left the singer—is, indeed, long gone before the song's opening chords. Williams' voice is shot through with a tenderness he has trouble masking; it seems to curl around the edges even of the momentary curse he calls down as the song nears its end ("Forever on some day, you'll pay"). The song's last lines—"I pray the Lord to set me free. May you never be alone like me"—become a benediction, albeit one that the singer sadly knows he has no power to follow through on.

—Mark Moses

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The 37-year-old daughter of Queen Elizabeth II and her horse finished fourth in the National Hunt race at Hereford, 45 miles southwest of Birmingham in western England.—*Peoria (Ill.) Journal Star.*

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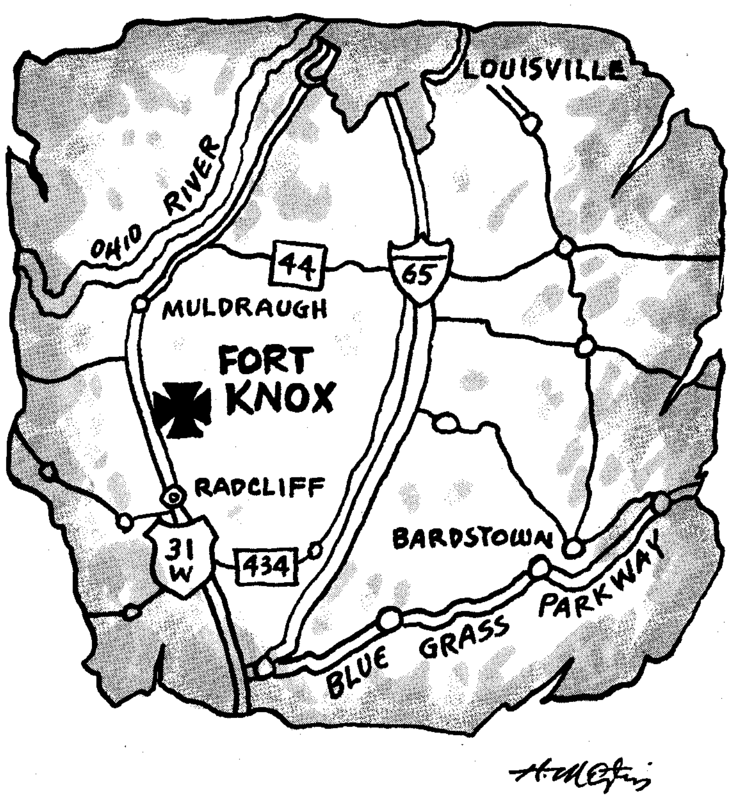
AROUND CITY HALL

BROKEN BRIDGES

IN mid-March of 1986, a couple of months after the first news of the municipal scandals here broke, a long-scheduled project to tear down and rebuild City Hall's limestone front steps got under way. For several weeks, the sense of disarray inside as a result of the scandalous revelations was intensified by the symbolic spectacle out front, which at first glance gave the impression that there must have been a terrible accident at the seat of local government. Within a few weeks, the steps were fully restored, but that couldn't be said of the good name of Mayor Edward Koch's regime at City Hall. The Mayor continues to point out that any misdeeds committed by political allies of his and former members of his administration who are now in jail, out on bail, on trial, or awaiting trial had next to nothing to do with him. On occasion, he suggests that the fault lies with the heedless practices of his two immediate predecessors as mayor—Abraham Beame, who left City Hall in 1977, and John Lindsay, whose second term ended in 1973. Last month, the names of the two earlier mayors came up again, in connection with another example of public works as political metaphor. On April 12th, seven days before the Presidential primaries here, the Williamsburg Bridge, an eighty-five-year-old structure that spans the East River between Manhattan's Lower East Side and the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, and over which a quarter of a million New Yorkers travelled daily by car and subway, was declared unsafe and had to be shut down to all vehicular traffic. State inspectors had discovered that corrosion had eaten away at the bridge's supports as a result of years of inadequate maintenance by the city; important sections hadn't been painted, for example, since 1973. "It's consuming itself" was the way the city's First Deputy Commissioner of Transportation, Samuel Schwartz, described it. Robert Reno, *Newsday's* economics editor, noted that Koch, although he was in his eleventh year in office, had suggested that Beame and Lindsay should be blamed for not having taken proper care of the bridge. "The Mayor," Reno wrote, "will, in any conversation, eventually come back to the sins of those two gentlemen whose exemplary qualities of mayoral dignity shine brighter every time their successor goes into the Blue Room to rant before the cameras." The Mayor, who was preoccupied with the Democratic primary, took a detached view of the matter, saying at one point, "I always thought Williamsburg was in Virginia." The problem of finding alternative routes to work was no joke to the thousands of daily commuters who had relied on the bridge in the past. At a neighborhood meeting in Ridgewood, Queens, a white resident complained that he now had to take "the African Queen;" that is, the A train, which he apparently saw as too heavily favored by blacks—a preference that would presumably not have offended Duke Ellington. Of the candidates in the Democratic primary here, only Jesse Jackson went out of his way to mention the plight of the bridge, ringing it in often as an example of lack of political leadership and of poor city management. (In one appearance, he cited it three times.) Two days before the primary, Jackson walked across the bridge, accompanied by two hundred of his admirers. As they marched, they sang, "Koch's bridge is falling down, falling down . . . Jesse's here to save our town—God bless Jesse." When they got to the other side, Jackson told the reporters who were along for the walk, "The real agenda of New York is to build bridges between races."

TREASURE MAP



THE question of why a city whose operating budget for the coming year is twenty-five billion dollars had been unable to find the money to paint and maintain a major local bridge sufficiently to keep it from having to be condemned as unsafe raised questions about the priorities and the judgment of the city administration at the same time that similar questions were being asked about Koch's priorities and judgment during the Democratic Presidential primary here. Asked why he didn't seize the opportunity of the candidates all being here for the primary to concentrate on their positions on such worsening city problems as homelessness, AIDS, crime, education, and inadequate housing, Koch said, "Oh, everybody says the same things about those issues. They've been talked to death." Since, not counting the ever inscrutable Governor Mario Cuomo, there was no candidate from this state, the Mayor could well have spent most of the primary weeks playing the polite host from the sidelines. This was essentially the role played in Albany by Cuomo, whom Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis had hoped to count among his formal supporters, but who did not endorse anyone in the primary. And,

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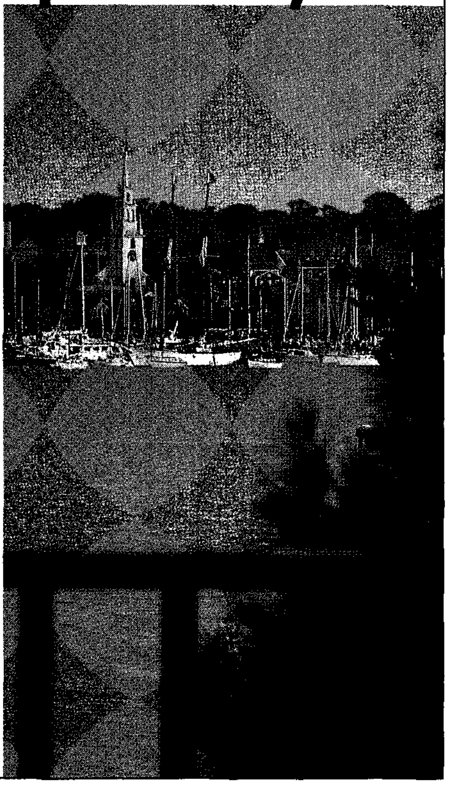

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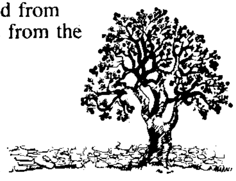

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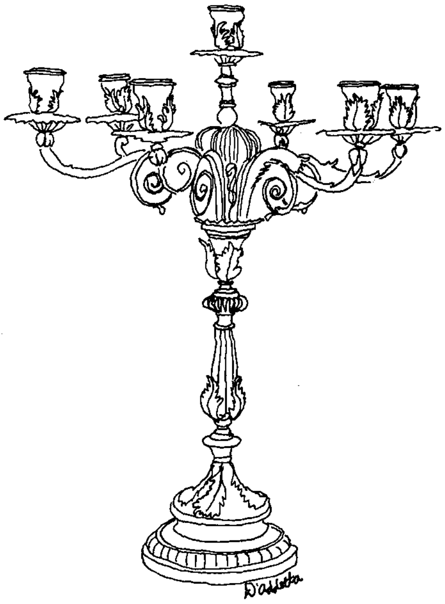
For more information on advertising in "Homes & Estates," please call (212)536-5463 in fact, Koch did not endorse his primary choice, Tennessee Senator Albert Gore, until five days before the April 19th vote. However, it is well known that the sidelines are not the Mayor's favorite seating assignment in any arena. As a result, since the primary's end, a number of prominent black and Jewish New Yorkers have been hard at work trying to heal the deep bitterness caused by Koch's savage attacks on Jackson—particularly on Jackson's position on Israel, including Jackson's willingness to speak in favor of self-determination for the Palestinians. In the process, the Mayor, who, although not a religiously observant Jew, is devout in his support of Israel, largely turned the primary into a confrontation between local blacks and local Jews, whose hostile relations here in the nineteen-seventies and early eighties had appeared to be easing.

On April 1st—the coincidence of the date was noted from time to time in the days that followed—the Mayor announced that Jews (and other supporters of Israel) would have to be "crazy" to vote for Jackson. His approach to most of the rest of the campaign was a relentless dwelling on what he called Jackson's "character flaws," forgetting, perhaps, that several years back Manhattan Representative Charles Rangel had said that Koch's own character flaw was an insensitivity to blacks. The Mayor denounced the first major black candidate for the Presidency as being, in effect, a liar, an unstable person, a fraud, and a coward.

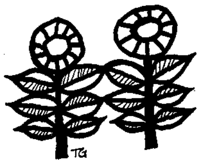
The charge of gutlessness was made after Jackson decided not to march in the April 17th Salute to Israel parade up Fifth Avenue, a move that Koch called "an insult to the city." "Oh, shut up, Ed," said Richard Cohen in a Washington *Post* column in which he accused Koch of treating New York "as something like Vatican City—a secular state encompassing five boroughs and also the seat of American Jewry." Jackson's decision not to march in the parade must have come as a great relief to the New York Police Department and the Secret Service. (The Secret Service required Jackson to wear a heavy bulletproof coat during his public appearances here.) Whether or not the Mayor was to blame—this is, after all, as the Mayor well knows, the town where Rabbi Meir Kahane founded the still active Jewish Defense League—Jackson said he had never in any other place received the death threats that he received here. On Primary Day, although Dukakis carried the state, of course, Jackson took the Mayor's own city—the first time a black had ever won a citywide election. "Some were making hysteria while I was making history," said Jackson. But, despite the immense pride over this accomplishment among blacks (who gave him ninety-seven per cent of their votes) and among many whites (who gave him fifteen per cent), including Jews (seven per cent), there were those who shared the view of the Reverend Wendell Foster, a black city councilman from the Bronx who had been a reliable ally of Koch's in the past. Foster said on Primary Day, "We will never heal the damage the Mayor has done in our lifetime."

A falling-down East River bridge was not the only metaphor seized upon during the New York primary. Fire was also a popular reference. The Mayor was accused of being an incendiary, of striking matches over a racial tinderbox, of pouring oratorical kerosene and committing "ethnic arson." Jackson said, not mentioning Koch (and, indeed, he rarely did mention him during the campaign), "I would hope that no responsible leader would shout fire in a theatre, and incite people's fears." In view of the wounding nature of some of the campaign rhetoric, it was no surprise that sharp instruments were also mentioned. Barry Feinstein, the leader of the union whose members work on the city's bridges, and in the past a certain Koch ally, said, "I resent his taking a dagger and attempting to stick it in the heart of this city." On the day he endorsed Jackson, Feinstein said of Koch's statement that Jews would be "crazy" to vote for Jackson, "He doesn't speak for the Jews. He doesn't speak for me, and I'm as Jewish as anyone who ever lived." Feinstein's action startled many of the Mayor's political advisers, since he is known as the most pragmatic of the local labor leaders: he seemed to be giving the signal that standing up against Koch was now the way to go. After the primary vote, a cartoon by Bay Rigby in the New York *Post* showed the Big Apple as the Mayor's head, his face grim and glowering, and an arrow through his cranium, reflecting the severe injury that, by common judgment, Koch's performance had inflicted on both himself and the city.



ANIMAL metaphors were also popular during the primary. Senator Gore laid claim to that highly valued designation of the politically needy "the underdog." This was fair enough, since early in April his rating in polls here ranged from five to seven per cent. His prospects had received a big boost—or so his campaign managers had thought—when he was able to sign on as his media adviser David Garth, who had presided over, among a long list of successful projects, all three of Koch's mayoral campaigns. However, Garth, despite his reputation for political wizardry, has had only a few substantial wins in recent years, one of them having been Koch's 1985 race, which offered no great challenge, since the Mayor had seven million dollars to spend on what was only token opposition. After Garth joined up with Gore, in late March, a spokesman for the Senator said jubilantly, "Garth knows media in New York like no one else," adding that the campaign would be spending a million dollars on television here. Dogs were also on the mind of Garth's most frequent local client. On the David Brinkley show two days before the primary, the Mayor discussed Jackson's position on Israel and the damage his election would do to the country. Sam Donaldson then asked, "Which country?" Speaking to reporters afterward, Koch said of the ABC commentator, "What a dog! What a dog! A stupid dog!" He said also, "Now, I have never referred to him as an anti-Semitic dog. Just a stupid dog." Other animals came to the mind of Jackson's campaign manager, Gerald Austin. When Austin, who was born and brought up in the Bronx, was asked to comment on New York State's two most prominent Democrats, he said, "One of them is an eight-hundred-pound gorilla. I wouldn't call Koch an eight-hundred-pound gorilla. He is more like a four-hundred-pound hyena."

Some weeks before the local primary, Austin, commenting on what he saw as the practice of Senator Gore, the sometime "Southern alternative," of taking on political coloration according to his latest geographic surroundings, said, "What will he do when he gets to New York? Get Bar Mitzvahed?" Indeed, it seemed that this was the very kind of celebration Garth had in mind for the Baptist senator as he had him move about the city, stridently concentrating on pitches for the pro-Israeli vote, accompanied in the last days by his even more strident endorser, the Mayor. Gore garnered just sixteen per cent of the Jewish vote on Primary Day, which hardly seemed to be a cost-effective reward; nor had the Mayor been much help. On the day after he endorsed Gore, a *Post* poll gave the Senator 9.1 per cent of the vote. On Primary Day, his total was ten per cent, and members of Gore's staff said openly that the Mayor had, in fact, driven voters away. Referring to the wild-tongued Reverend Louis Farrakhan, whose all-out support for Jackson in 1984 repelled many putative Jackson voters, a Gore operative said, "Koch was our Farrakhan." Some local political observers, contemplating the outcome, were reminded of a bad moment during New York's 1982 gubernatorial race, in which Koch, whose campaign was, as usual, a Garth operation, lost the Democratic nomination to Cuomo. "Some days you eat the bear. Some days the bear eats you," Garth had said then. On Primary Day last month, the bear not only ate the client but also took large bites out of two local political wizards, Garth and Koch. "We came into New York as the underdog, and we maintained that position," Fred Martin, Gore's campaign manager, said here on Primary Night, two days before Gore sadly announced that his active role in the Presidential campaign was over. Even an encounter of sorts with a dog which Gore had on the day of the primary did not work out well. During a photo opportunity with eight- and nine-year-olds at a public school on Manhattan's West Side, Gore, wearing his nicest smile, asked a little girl who had said she had a dog what the dog's name was. "Duke," she said.



SINCE Vice-President George Bush had said he planned to be "the education President," it was no surprise that he, too, visited a public school during the primary season here. (Though he had no active opposition in the Republican primary, it was important to remind New Yorkers that Republicans, too, would be on the November ballot.) His visit was with a group of third and fifth graders in East Harlem. By their own choice, the children sang for him "Bad," by Michael Jackson. Apparently inspired by the coincidence of names, they then began to dance about chanting "Jesse Jackson! Jesse Jackson! Jesse Jackson!" Nothing similarly untoward happened to the Vice-President at Shea Stadium on April 12th, the Mets' opening day, when Bush threw out the first ball, wearing what appeared to be the same shiny blue jacket he had had on when he was photographed chopping wood in Wisconsin and driving a truck in New Hampshire. The Mayor was also at the stadium that day, making what, if tradition holds, will be his first and last appearance of the season there unless the Mets make the playoffs. (Citing Koch's practice of staying at a game for a single inning, Mike Lupica, the *News* sportswriter, observed later that week that it could take the Mayor nine years to see a full Mets game.) When Koch was introduced to the crowd at Shea Stadium, the response was a loud chorus of boos. As he stood with his arms raised in the familiar body-language V sign, he could be heard chanting, apparently for his own reassurance, "More yeas than boos! More yeas than boos!"—though this didn't accord with the judgment of many others who were present.

Koch's name was also booed during one of the debates among the three Democratic candidates. Gore, who mentioned the city's presumably most popular officeholder, looked taken aback as the name was greeted with enough catcalls to halt the proceedings temporarily. It was Jesse Jackson who rescued the situation, moving in to urge the crowd to "preserve the dignity of the occasion." More respectful deportment was also on the mind of another black politician, Representative Rangel, when, at a meeting of civic leaders on April 25th, he said of the city and Koch's role in the primary, "Our image has been tarnished by the appearance that we have an entertainer representing us. We're entitled to more dignity." Two days after the primary, the Mayor was jeered at and hissed in person during a gathering of two hundred people rallying on Manhattan's Upper West Side in support of middle-class-housing legislation. This time, it was Cuomo who persuaded the crowd to give Koch a more seemly welcome, in a pitch that began, "You want to do me a favor, please?" A moment later, reporters heard him whisper to the Mayor, "Don't say anything about the primary." Someone in the crowd asked the Governor if he thought that Koch's actions in the primary would hurt the Mayor's chances in next year's election. The Governor said that people have very short memories. However, when a black participant at the rally asked Cuomo whether he thought that blacks would forget what the Mayor had done, he replied, "I'm not suggesting that they should."

After the Mayor left (his schedule is so full that his average stay at any event is about seven minutes), Cuomo complained that Koch's behavior had given New York "a black eye." There was no question, he said, that "the public impression was that this is some hellhole of contention and divisiveness," where "everybody curses everybody else." He also asked, "So where was all this hostility?" He pointed out that he had not attacked anybody, nor had Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan or any other prominent Democrats in the city and state. "It was only one voice," he said. "All that people remember" about the New York State primary is that "the Mayor attacked Jesse, and I wish he hadn't, to be candid." The Governor also implied that week that he wouldn't necessarily support the Mayor for reëlection, but then, inscrutable again seemed to take it back.

On the day after the booing of Koch at the housing rally, the *News* headline was "HE'S NOT EDIFYING." At a City Hall press conference, Koch, apparently angling for a headline that said "HE'S EDIFYING," complained—in all seriousness—that the press never wrote stories about occasions when he was *not* booed.

On April 20th, Cuomo, speaking at a Washington fund-raiser put on by Pamela Harriman's group Democrats for the Eighties, saw the Mayor as having done Jackson a favor: "I think Jesse was given an opportunity, in fact, by the very severe attacks he took from Mayor Koch. He responded brilliantly and with restraint." The Governor explained his rather tardy appearance at the fund-raiser by saying, "I spent the entire day trying to convince Ed Koch the primary was over. At about seven o'clock, he said, 'Really? Time flies when you're having fun!' "

IN the first days after the primary, the Mayor showed few signs of serious second thoughts about his attacks on Jackson. "There's not a single thing—and I defy you to bring me a single sentence—that I have to apologize for," he said following the vote. The fact that not one of the four major dailies here strongly criticized his behavior editorially while the campaign was going on may have persuaded him that all right-thinking New Yorkers approved of what he was doing. Then, two days later, an editorial in the *Times*—whose editorial board in the past has tended to take a tolerant view of his mayoral antics—accused him of having "exceeded taste and good sense," of having sounded like a tantrum-thrower, and of having hurt the whole city. Nevertheless, six days after the primary the Mayor was still saying that his having called attention to Jackson's "character flaws" had been "a public service." When Representative Rangel reported, on April 25th, that his fellow-congressmen kept asking him, "Has your mayor lost his mind?," Koch, in one more mayoral gesture toward easing black-white relations, responded that the congressmen *he* had heard from had assured him that they agreed with him about Jackson but couldn't say the same things themselves for fear of offending their black constituents.

On April 26th, however, Koch got the bad news that he had offended one of his own constituents—someone who was also a member of his administration and whose objections could not be waved away. At a promotion ceremony at Police Headquarters, and in a conversation afterward with reporters at City Hall, Benjamin Ward, New York's police commissioner, said that during the week of the primary, while he was travelling on police business in the western part of the country, he had heard, everywhere he went, angry comments on what the Mayor was saying back in New York. In January, 1984, Koch swore in Ward as the city's first black police commissioner, and ever since then he has proudly mentioned this appointment when any questions were raised about his alleged hostility toward blacks. Two months ago, he had suggested that Ward might be a candidate for city comptroller, running on the slate with him, in next year's election. Now Ward called on the Mayor to make a public apology to New Yorkers for his "divisive" outbursts against Jackson. "I have not met one black person—and damned, damned few whites—who support what he says," Ward said of the Mayor. Commenting on the fact that Koch had described himself as "bloodied but unbowed" after the primary, the Police Commissioner went out of his way to point out that there were people in the city for whom a reference to bloodied lives was not a jocular metaphor: "It's not enough to say 'I'm bloodied.' Hell, it's not a time for more people to get bloodied. If you're bloodied . . . you don't need somebody else with a bat and a hatchet." He said of the Mayor, "I don't know what the intentions were, but this city really can't afford what's come out of this. Enough is enough."

The following day, however, when, in a development that led to further headlines, Koch and Ward met at another public event, the Police Commissioner said that they were friends again and that he approved of a long, explanatory letter the Mayor had written to the *Times* in which he said that the language he had used against Jackson had reflected "what I perceived to be a danger at hand" and that "anyone who truly knows me realizes it had absolutely nothing to do with race." Whether or not others of Koch's pained and angry constituents will be as forgiving as his police commissioner, there was no doubt that the Mayor had turned an election in which he was not a candidate and had no official role into a spectacle starring himself, and he was maintaining that position.

—ANDY LOGAN

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Severed Futures

"NONE," Kobo Abe replied when an American journalist asked him, not long ago, which of his fellow Japanese novelists had influenced his work. For all its terseness, Abe's answer represented a show of two-pronged defiance. It was a reproach to a West that often regards Japanese literature as exclusively inbred and indrawn. And it was an act of subversion against literary traditions in Japan, where artistic discipleship continues to be viewed as a source not only of creative vigor but of spiritual merit. In his interviews and books alike, Abe aspires to confound, and a reader puzzled by one of his mulling, enigmatic novels—including the newest, "The Ark Sakura" (translated from the Japanese by Juliet Winters Carpenter; Knopf; $18.95)—can take consolation in the notion that puzzlement just might be what the author is after.

Among that loose-knit aristocracy of contemporary writers who could be termed world-class novelists—those elevated men and women whose failures no less than their successes demand translation and international scrutiny—probably none is more vexatious than Abe. Or, at times, more downright irritating. His novels can seem matchlessly uninviting, both for their mysteries of motivation (Abe rarely explains why anyone does anything) and for their grotesqueries of conduct (which include necromancy, human vivisection, incarceration, rape, kidnapping, murder, suicide, and a stubborn refusal to bury the dead). He tends to punctuate long stretches of murky uneventfulness with sharp moments of extraordinary grisliness, in an uneasy stylistic alliance usually subsumed, in dust-jacket copy and critical discourse, under the catchall designation "psychological thriller." But as is true of Poe and Kafka—two writers whose influence does seem apparent—Abe creates on the page an unexpected impulsion. One continues reading, on and on, while an internal voice alternately announces "This book is ghastly" and "This book is good."

Abe was an insect collector as a child, and bugs of every outlandish description, factual and ideal, flutter and scuttle and whirr and click from chapter to chapter. Even when insects are not his subject matter, or his vehicles of metaphor, he exudes the taxonomic coolness one associates with the entomologist; in the earlier novel "The Box Man," for instance, the desperate, constrained movements of his characters—starkly identified as A, B, C, D—suggest the wrigglings of pin-impaled specimens. Had Kafka never written "The Metamorphosis," Abe would seem the planet's likeliest candidate to compose something closely akin to it. Gruesome transformations abound in his work—including, unforgettably, the genetic tamperings of "Inter Ice Age 4," in which aborted human fetuses become free-swimming, gill-equipped "aquans." In that novel, as in Kafka's masterwork, much of the reader's satisfaction springs from a victory over his own squeamishness: one thrills to that gingerly, tender extension of sensibility whereby pathos and sympathy and beauty come to reside in what was deemed purely repellent.

Abe's elusiveness, his avoidance of generalization and summary, at times may foster—particularly at the typically abrupt close of one of his novels—a sense of incompletion and frustration. His books linger in the mind like obscure reprimands. One recalls an unspoken grief, the author's manifest dismay over the injustice around him, but little sense of where or how he would see it remedied.

OF the seven Abe novels so far translated into English, one can say, with remarkably little stretching of a point, that all concern missing persons. In "The Woman in the Dunes," which was published in this country in 1964 and which for Western readers remains his first book (some earlier novels have not yet been translated), the hero disappears, like Wonderland-bound Alice, into a hole in the ground—where he is condemned to spend the remainder of his days shovelling and transporting the down-drifting sand that threatens to smother his hellish new home. "The Woman in the Dunes" was followed, in 1966, by "The Face of Another," in which a scientist whose face has been grievously disfigured (in a laboratory accident, although his keloid scars inevitably evoke Hiroshima and Nagasaki) painstakingly constructs a resinous mask that promises him a new life. Like Dr. Jekyll in Stevenson's novella (a tale that "The Face of Another" echoes in numerous ways), Abe's unnamed scientist "vanishes" in order that an alternate, ascendant self can run amok. The hero of "The Ruined Map" (translated

"Tallyho!"

in 1969) is a detective on the trail of a fugitive who may have been murdered. "Inter Ice Age 4" (1970) centers on the shadow—glimpsed fleetingly through a window—of a man or woman who has killed an accountant. In "The Box Man" (1974), the hero retreats into a cardboard container (suggestive of an insect's carapace), which renders him indistinguishable from the "fake Box Man," a similarly outfitted acquaintance, who becomes his rival in what must be one of literature's most bizarre love triangles. The protagonist of "Secret Rendezvous" (1979) spends most of the novel wandering through a hospital in search of his wife, who was spirited away from home early one morning by a mysterious, unrequested ambulance. (He finally locates her inside a secret amphitheatre, where she is a formidable contender in an Orgasm Contest, and promptly abandons her for a teen-age girl suffering from a bone disease that, by the novel's close, reduces her skeleton to putty.)

In the new book, "The Ark Sakura," the missing eventually come to outnumber the present. Early on, a man disappears by the banks of a subterranean river; later, a party of junior-high-school girls vanishes (hotly pursued by a band of lecherous retirees); finally, in a visionary, sun-blasted coda, the world itself seems to shimmer into invisibility. The novel is labyrinthine in both method and setting: its piecemeal revelations are disclosed mostly under the earth, within the echoing vaults of a colossal and only partially mapped abandoned quarry.

Pig is the grossly overweight narrator's nickname, but he yearns to be addressed as Mole. As ambitions go, this drive to be perceived as a cousin to a rodent may seem pathetically modest, but it proves touching as well, since Mole reveals in time a winsome temperament. He calls the quarry an ark and designates himself its captain, although he has no crew; he passes his troglodytic life in solitude, studying aerial maps of Japan. The novel retails his attempts to enlist a suitable crew with whom to "set sail." But it turns out that few are prepared to exchange the pleasures of life aboveground for a dubious Ticket to Survival.

Like Noah's flood, the apocalypse that Mole envisions is a deluge—the

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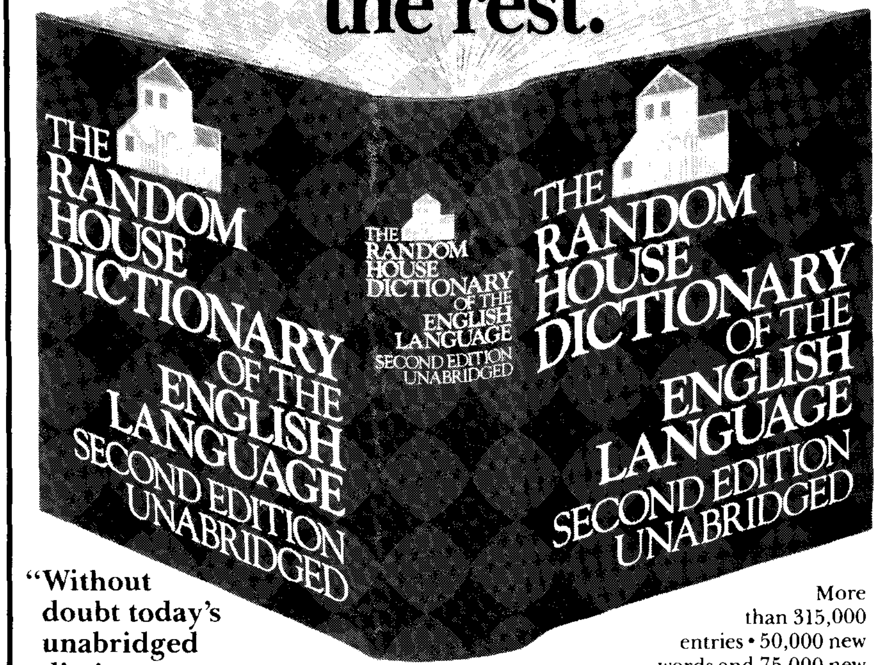
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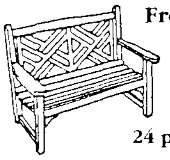

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radioactive rain of nuclear holocaust. "We're teetering on the brink of disaster," he announces amiably. Mole's ark is, of course, immovable, and the voyage he envisions will be temporal rather than geographical; snug in their subterranean chambers, captain and crew will float into the future. Unfortunately for Mole, the crew he winds up with is a supremely unreliable bunch. It includes an aging mountebank, who peddles an insect that "thrives on a peculiar diet—its own feces," a young man who has committed extensive credit-card fraud, and the young man's skittish and manipulative girlfriend. Mole quickly succumbs to the tarty charms of the girl—who, in order to soften his disapproval of her boyfriend, confides that the latter unknowingly suffers from cancer and has only six months to live. Later, the young man informs Mole that the girl does not yet realize that she is a cancer victim; she, too, has only six months left. Meanwhile, it transpires that the ark may be not only infiltrated by stowaways but also riddled with toxic chemical wastes.

Step by sinking step, Mole's pristine passenger ship comes to resemble human intestines. In time, he renders the equation explicit: "Until now these walls had seemed a second skin to me. They had seemed the inner walls of my own bowels, turned inside out for my contemplation." The novel is pervadingly scatological. Mole—who in early adolescence was chained for a week to the pipes of a toilet after falsely being accused of rape—spends the last quarter of the novel with one foot wedged inextricably in a toilet bowl. As the leg swells up, the reader begins to sense that the toilet, like some primitive deity, may exact a dire sacrifice—that amputation alone can win his liberty.

Lest all this sound hopelessly unsavory and contrived, I should hastily add that, as such vessels go, Abe's "Ark" is a buoyant, weathertight construction—clearly his strongest novel since "Inter Ice Age 4," and perhaps since "The Woman in the Dunes," which might credibly be judged a masterpiece. Humor isn't something one always associates with Abe, even though he has been called a Japanese Beckett—if he shares the Irishman's flair for rendering metaphysical confrontation in honed, visually dramatic forms, he often lacks the inspired loopiness that repeatedly saves "Waiting for Godot" or "Endgame" from ponderousness. But "The Ark Sakura," for all its grimness, reveals a droll, slapstick imagination. And one is heartened to discover, deep in the bowels of the earth, where a bickering, misfit crew awaits the world's end, intermittent bursts of belly laughter.

WHAT makes the book's triumph so fascinating is that most of the limitations one identifies with Kobo Abe are on display here. If funnier than its predecessors, "The Ark Sakura" departs very little from the obsessions and occlusions that have shaped his work from the outset. In this novel, too, adult affection and love—as well as all the novelistically fertile dissemblings, tensions, dares, and deliverances that accompany sexual desire—are virtually absent. Mole may be enamored of his one female crew member, but so adolescent are his yearnings (culminating, as they do, in an urge to swat her leather-miniskirted bottom) that one views their unfulfillment as amusing rather than desolating. And when minimal physical contacts do occur, a clinically detached, physiological exactitude renders them profoundly unromantic: "My voice was thick, as if spread with glue. The girl's continued massaging of the back of my hand had swollen the mucous membranes of my throat."

An even more significant absence is that of history. Japanese literature in this century has, in the main, been suffused by a grandly impersonal, elegiac nostalgia. A number of masterly writers—one thinks especially of Tanizaki and Kawabata—have taken as their core theme the submergence of traditional ways and outlooks by that ongoing torrent of influences which is called, for lack of an even more inclusive term, Westernization. Book after book glances back toward a society that, like a mountain village in a *sumi-e* watercolor, mists into a lovely obscurity. In Abe's world, by contrast, people seem to lack both a national and a personal history (a blankness turned absolute in "The Ruined Map," whose hero ultimately becomes an amnesiac). Abe's singular childhood—as a Japanese boy growing up in Manchuria, where his father was on the staff of a medical school—may explain why his books are so frequently set in an unlocalized Anywhere: the sterile, fortresslike hospital of "Secret Rendez-

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vous," the city "where every block bears exactly the same number" of "The Ruined Map," the derelict quarry of "The Ark Sakura." Abe once described himself as a "man without a home town." Naturally, one can descry traditional themes in his work (his obsession with electronic surveillance, for instance, might be linked to the porous, perilous households of the Kabuki stage, where an eavesdropper is forever poised beneath the floor or behind the shoji screens), but one does so at the risk of distorting the degree to which he has managed to deracinate himself.

Abe's indifference to the past is balanced by, and perhaps largely justified by, an obsession with the future. Each of his books seems to take up anew the task of extrapolation; each freshly investigates emergent aspects of modern life—nuclear proliferation, environmental spoliation, cybernetics, overpopulation, bioengineering, statistical prediction. He has a marvellous talent for conveying the dizzying welter of contemporary society, as where the Box Man reflects upon his addiction to radio bulletins:

> I couldn't stand it if there weren't fresh news reports coming in one after the other all the time. Battlefield situations go on changing minute by minute. Moving picture stars and singers keep marrying and divorcing. Rockets go shooting off to Mars, and a fishing boat sends off an SOS and blacks out. A pyromaniacal fire chief is apprehended. When a venomous serpent escapes from a load of bananas and an employee of the Ministry of International Trade and Industry commits suicide and a little girl of three is raped, an international conference achieves great success and ends by collapsing, a society is formed to breed sterilized mice, a child is discovered buried in cement at the construction site of a supermarket, the total number of deserters from troops throughout the world sets a new record, the world seems to be boiling over like a teakettle. The globe's capable of changing shape the minute you take your eyes off it even for a second.

Detail builds upon detail, all of it memorable—and all, finally, unassimilable. If this is our present world, the Box Man seems to be asking, what is our future?

In a postscript to "Inter Ice Age 4" Abe offered some observations about that novel's genesis which might also serve as a sketchy artistic credo:

> Thus I decided to grasp the image of a future that intrudes on the present, a future that sits in judgment. Our usual sense of continuity must give way the instant it faces the future. In order to understand

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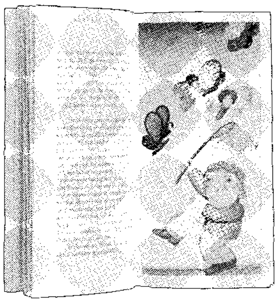

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> the future, it is not enough simply to be living in the present. We must be clearly aware that there is real evil in the very commonplace order of things we call everyday living.
>
> Perhaps there is no such thing as a cruel future. The future, properly speaking, is already cruel by virtue of being the future. The responsibility for this cruelty lies not on the side of the future, but on that of a present unable to accept the abyss that separates the two. . . .
>
> Yet I shall have fulfilled one of the purposes of this novel if I have been able to make the reader confront the cruelty of the future, produce within him anguish and strain, and bring about a dialogue with himself.

Like his Polish contemporary Stanislaw Lem, or his Italian contemporary the late Italo Calvino, Abe is a writer so obsessed with technology and its social impact that these can become a central artistic presence, to which mere characters seem subordinate. Lem is almost always grouped with science-fiction writers, Calvino and Abe are only occasionally so, but the three men evince a kindred impatience with the conventions of literary realism, particularly in regard to social change and technological expansion. The "real" world, each would remind us, is moving with breathtaking speed toward evolutions and upheavals that its inhabitants cannot begin to compass. And, given our velocity, what lies behind us increasingly blurs.

The Japanese reading public that composes Abe's primary audience no doubt has a heightened appreciation of the dislocation that comes from living in proximity to a future that threatens to engorge the past. Anyone familiar with modern Tokyo knows the giddy, befuddling feeling that derives from a gleaming, unweathered architecture. Although the city's mapped outlines may still reflect—as the guidebooks tell us—the careful, concentric encampments by which both shogun and emperor protected themselves from insurrection, what strikes the stroller's eye is the unbroken newness of it all: block after high-tech block of buildings erected in the last few decades.

Abe's latest novel extends the challenge he posed in "Inter Ice Age 4," where he asked the reader to contemplate "a rapidly evolving future, one which may well destroy, deny the present—a severed future." In "The Ark Sakura" he urges us to ponder a further —a final—dislocation: one brought about by nuclear devastation. He implies that in conceiving a world whose past has been reduced to deadly, glowing rubble we might see ourselves without any distorting overlay of pretension or sentiment. Although he once observed that "it is extremely doubtful whether one has the right to sit in judgment of the values of the future," the truth is that his projections are unrelievedly harrowing. Unlike Lem or Calvino, he seems unwilling to entertain, even occasionally, the possibility of a roseate future.

Abe's books threaten us with loss—of government, of the environment, of those values which sustain the dignity of humankind. One is left, dimly, with a sense of the sweet, vulnerable virtues of the past—and a suspicion that this implicit affirmation of historical values may approach as close to nostalgia as this dour and challenging novelist will permit himself to go. Anguish and loneliness, he suggests, must reside in the national soul that is severed from its past. And must reside, one is tempted to add, in the soul of any novelist who would answer "None" when asked which of his countrymen had influenced him. "The Woman in the Dunes," "The Face of Another," "The Ruined Map," "Inter Ice Age 4," "The Box Man," "Secret Rendezvous," and now "The Ark Sakura"—these are not the offspring of a happy man. But what else would one expect, given the vision that obsesses Abe? It's an abyss that lies before us, and a wall behind.

—BRAD LEITHAUSER

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